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GOLF.

THREE new things have come into our American life in recent years. All three have seemed to come suddenly, but all three have affected very notably the daily walk and conversation of such Americans as one ordinarily has in mind when one says "we" or "us." One of them, perhaps two, will sooner or later take hold also of that larger body of Americans which is not supposed to have much of thought or feeling in common with "us." As yet, however, the new impulses do not seem to have quivered through the Siamese bond of flesh which ties us to our other half.

But bring together anywhere a company of reasonably alert and reasonably well-to-do Americans, and the chances are their talk will shortly concern itself with one of three subjects which ten years ago would have gone unmentioned. They will talk of money, perhaps, but not as the Americans of Dickens's time talked of money. Money considered as an object of individual aspiration they will with one accord decri and deprecate; even trade will be euphemized into a career. It is money as a social and economic force, money massed in billions and warring with other billions, which they will permit themselves to discuss. Or they will talk of things military and naval and diplomatic; of colonies and races, and the exhumed East, and England's foreboded decadence, and our own emergence as a world power. Or, they will talk of golf. Empire, trusts, and golf,

— these are the new things in American life. From domestic cares we have faced about to world-wide enterprises; from an extreme of individualism and industrial competition we have turned to a marvelous development of coöperation and combination; from our passionate absorption in work we have somehow passed into an equally passionate absorption in play.

Now, of these three new things, but one, the trust, is a genuinely American growth. There seems to be little doubt, therefore, that our industrial reorganization is for good and all; at any rate, there is little likelihood of our going backward, even though it should transpire that our present stage is transitional merely. It is a new thing for the world, not for us only, and we have been the pioneers in it. But empire and golf are old, though to us they are new. Even with us, so rapidly do we exhaust a subject, their first newness is already worn off. Accordingly, one hears it said that they will go as they came; we acquired them both imitatively, and not because of any real liking for them. The one is by many thought to be inconsistent with all our past, and contrary to the very genius of our political life, and the other, ill suited to our climate and to our quick and lively temper. The Supreme Court set itself to answer the doubt about American imperialism, but neglected golf. Let us be judicial for ourselves.

And in truth there is need of some

judicial restraint, particularly if one has friends of two classes: of the class that never did play golf, and are proud of it; and of the class that began to play it, and have now gone back to tennis or — croquet. Neither class is numerically important, but both contrive to be exceedingly disagreeable at times. Of the two, the class that has given up golf is the more depressing to one who has not given it up and has no mind to, but is himself conscious at times that the pleasure it yields him is by so much lessened as it is now fathomed and measured, and no longer, as it was for a time, a delightful expectancy. To have found completely one's own limitation as a golfer is to have found a limitation in golf itself; and that is one of the analogies to life in which the game abounds. This, however, is a very different thing from the complete reaction from a spent enthusiasm which they who have abandoned golf are afflicted with and afflict their more steadfast friends with. I speak not now — and perhaps ought not ever to speak, for I should never speak within bounds — of such as not merely began to play golf, but kept on playing it, from no enthusiasm whatever, but only because it was the fashion. Kept on, I say; for none of us but is frail enough to do things now and then because they are the fashion. But the man who has actually learned to play, and played, and had still no other mind in playing than to be in the fashion and occupied according to the mode, and never once found himself playing for playing's sake, — that man should be a butler, a hired mourner at funerals. His point of view is like the attendant's at a Turkish bath, who protested, as in the way of business, that he was always mighty particular about "his" hands, — meaning the hands of his patron.

No, I mean the men who have played golf because they liked it, and some of them even well, and who play it now no more, or rarely. They are few, but they put us under a necessity, before

we predict for golf a permanently important place among our sports, to compare its vogue here with that of other imported games, — with that of tennis, for example, and with the sporadic popularity of cricket.

The beginnings of American lawn tennis are not so far away but that one can recall the time when to board a public conveyance or walk along a crowded thoroughfare with a racket in one's hand was to draw upon one's self the same curious glances, and perhaps the same irreverent remarks from street urchins, which a caddie bag will still sometimes provoke. It cannot be more than twelve years since I found the youth of a country town east of the Mississippi in heated debate over the question whether flannels or knickerbockers were the proper "uniform" for their tennis club. Tennis, however, was firmly established as an American sport before golf came, and it has swiftly emerged from the eclipse it then passed into. English cracks have striven in vain for our American championship, and picked English teams have been beaten in two series of contests for an international trophy. Good judges, in fact, incline to the opinion that quite recently the game has progressed faster on this side than on the other, and that our best men are now fully the equals of the best over there. Cricket, on the other hand, is clearly unable to make its way here. Save among people of English or Canadian birth, or in communities proverbially free from haste, it does not flourish and never will. Schoolboys do not take it up of their own motion. The history of the two sports would seem to show that no considerable body of Americans are likely to pursue, for the mere purpose of imitation, a sport in which they neither attain excellence nor find a genuine and unstrained pleasure. That is all tennis and cricket have to tell us of the future of golf in America.

The history of golf in England does

not help us, for in the matter of its foreign origin and the imitative character of its beginnings our English cousins are in much the same case with us. Until well into the eighties, golf among sports had no higher standing south of the Tweed than oatmeal had in Dr. Johnson's time among foods. The advisability of giving it space in the Badminton books in 1890 was seriously questioned, and Mr. Horace Hutchinson is authority for the statement that its earliest vogue was in no small measure attributable to the circumstance of Mr. Balfour's prominence in public life, and the undue attention which was drawn to his two extraordinary diversions of golf and theology. When clubs began to be formed, professional teachers were imported from Scotland, and for years the open championship seemed to Englishmen as remote and unattainable a height as our own open championship still seems to native Americans. The victory, in 1890, of Mr. John Ball, Jr., Englishman and amateur, was so great a surprise that Scotchmen refused to take it for anything but an accident. Taylor, an English professional, won in 1893, and his caddie, now a well-known professional in this country, tells with glee a story of the victor's successful encounter, conducted under the rules of a good old English sport, more popular in the eighteenth century than in this, with several astounded and irate Scotchmen who awaited him on the last green. For England, as for America, St. Andrews is still the source of golfing law and precedent. There, as here, it is impossible to forecast the future of the game from any adequate test of time. But it should be added that the English do not suspect themselves of such inconstancy to any sport they have once found good as they who predict the decline of golf here must suppose us capable of.

Its persistence here depends on the answers to two questions: Can we play it well? Do we genuinely like it?

Individually, some of us may find the two questions merging into one, and if golf were like other games a negative answer to the first would imply the same for the other. Each of us, on finding he could play something else better, would promptly relinquish golf. And collectively we are of such a temper that it is hard to conceive of our playing year after year a game which, whether because we play it in America or because we are Americans, we never could learn to play so well as other peoples. We set too much store by excellence, as well as success, for that.

But the first question must not be answered in the negative. Mr. Travis, a stranger to the game until he was nearing thirty, self-taught, has made himself the equal of amateurs trained from childhood on the best courses and in the best traditions of Scotland, and even of professionals but little below the first rank. The meetings of the national association last autumn, at Atlantic City and at Baltusrol, showed such an improvement within the year of the standard of play both for women and for men as none of us had expected. The prominence of players still in their teens, at these and other important meetings of the season, was particularly notable. As yet, there has been no such opportunity as in tennis to compare a group of our best players with men like Mr. Hilton and Mr. Ball and the lamented Tait, and Mr. Travis's tour of the English and Scottish courses was hardly a fair test of his prowess; for he was playing too constantly, and nowhere near the top of his form. Competent observers tell us that the standard of amateur play is still appreciably higher on the other side, and it is probably true that in golf, as in rowing, the very highest skill will rarely be attained through any course of training that begins after childhood. Nevertheless, there is every reason to believe that the generation now in school and college will have representatives on

the links, say ten years from the present time, quite as competent to defend our championship from invading Britons as their fellows are already proving themselves on the tennis courts. Florida and California compensate us somewhat for the milder winters and summers and the longer twilights of the British Isles, though none of our soils presents the firm, velvety turf, and none of our climates permits the freedom with decanters, which the Britons enjoy. That the effect of our climate, or of anything else peculiarly American, on our muscles and nerves, unfits us for good play is scarcely believable by any one who from experience knows the value in golf of that very American dash and *verve* and disposition to play better than one knows how which so markedly differentiates our tennis from theirs. In match play, at least, whatever may be said of medal play, and however little a mere observer may suspect it, cold-bloodedness is quite as apt to prove a weakness as a safeguard. We need to master our ardors, not to quench them.

There is but one reasonable source of uneasiness. Our tennis cracks have shown a tendency to retire at a far earlier age than is the wont of English players, and should our golfers do likewise the standard of play will be affected more than in tennis; for golfers do not reach their prime so soon as tennis players, or begin so soon to decline. Youth is not nearly so essential to excellence in golf as in most other sports. The best of the professionals are over thirty.

On that score, however, the history of American golf, brief as it is, and particularly of its first beginnings, is reassuring. It was not the schoolboys, nor yet the college athletes, who introduced it among us, as they did tennis and football. On the contrary, college professors were playing it before the first student team was formed, and long before Yale and Harvard and Princeton gave it a place in the lengthening list

of their competitions. In fact, it got its first chance in America because it seemed to be a game which men no longer young might hope to play with a measure of skill. Affected, therefore, by grown-up people of leisure, it was at once associated with wealth and with "society" as it has not been abroad, where it has not been considered distinctively a rich man's game. If it had broken out among the schoolboys instead of their fathers, probably our clubhouses would have been comparatively unimportant appurtenances of the links, as in Scotland; but in this respect the rise of country clubs and the general awakening to the pleasures of the country also had their effect. Even in America, however, the game has now a far wider popularity than it could have so long as wealth was necessary to the enjoyment of it. Many large cities have their public links; towns and small cities have their nine-hole courses; there are hundreds of clubs whose dues are within the reach of all but the slenderest purses. In the metropolitan districts, one is apt to find that the clubs whose representatives figure the most creditably in open competitions are content with unpretentious clubhouses, and devote their income chiefly to the upkeep of their courses. Wherever golf is played for its own sake, the feeling against extravagance, and particularly against anything like display in dress, is apt to be strong. The man in the ornate cardigan jacket, with the silver-mounted caddie bag, is not dreaded on the links, nor does his splendor arouse any envy on the clubhouse piazza. We seem to be rid of the people who thought they found in golf a new sartorial opportunity.

These departed to other costumes and poses, and with them all who never got beyond a mimetic delight in golf, and the few also who took their golf aright, but not deep enough, there abide on the links a host of players whom the peculiar merits of the game, now no

longer heightened by the charm of novelty or subtly commended by the fashion, continue to attract and hold.

Its merits, its points of superiority to baseball, tennis, cricket, and other of the infinite number of games built up from the simple primary exercise of hitting a ball with a club, are to be sought in two directions. There are the demands it makes upon its votaries, and the compensations it renders them in return. True, the only way to enjoy golf is to play it, — except, perhaps, to rest after, and talk of it. Nevertheless, the play is not play alone, but work and play, give and receive, object and subject, achievement and contemplation, as no other playing but life itself is. Let me see if I cannot make plain what I mean, and why golfers do actually find golf, *qua* game, not merely superior to all other games, but different from them all in a kind and degree of difference quite unlike their differences from each other.

The differences most susceptible of enumeration and analysis are in the matter of the demands it makes. From the variety of the situations it presents, there arises a constant demand upon the player's intelligence; from the unequaled importance of delicate adjustments, and the heavy penalties imposed upon very slight errors, there arises a constant demand upon his self-control; and it makes a quite peculiar demand upon his conscience by reason of the clearness with which its standard of excellence is defined.

True, there is a point of view from which it may be regarded as an extremely simple game, — the very simplest of all the games with a ball and a club. The player's object is simple and single to the point of simple-mindedness and singularity, one might say: to put a small ball in a small hole with the fewest possible strokes. But so are the objects of the highest ambitions, the guiding stars of careers the most perplexed and devious. It is true,

likewise, that all the countless strokes a golfer makes are resolvable into three kinds of stroke, — driving, approaching, and putting. But Mr. Everard, in a dictum unsurpassed for truth and brilliancy by any in all the extremely clever literature of golf, has declared that to make those three strokes aright one must have "art, science, and inspiration." From the moment the ball leaves the tee, whether it be topped, pulled, or sliced, or whether, struck in proper fashion a trifle below the medial line, and urged forward with an exquisite free lashing out of the wrists, it take flight as with wings, and seek its true course as with a mind and purpose of its own, until it drop into the cup with a tintinnabulation that no louder clang or pæan ever surpassed in its suggestion of victory and consummation, there is no foreseeing what perplexity or temptation to carelessness or overconfidence it will present. Not twice, off the tee ground and the putting green, will the possibilities and probabilities of the stroke be quite the same. In the lie, the wind, the distance to be traversed, the obstacles to be carried, there are variations not to be reckoned by any known mathematics. The state and prospects of the match, the situation in reference to the hole, — as, for instance, whether one is playing the odd, or the like, or perhaps the comfortable and beguiling one off two, — and the measure of one's superiority or inferiority to one's opponent, and one's own state of self-command and confidence, or rage, or blank despondency, must all help to determine how that particular stroke shall be played. For into each stroke there must go not merely the thought of the stroke itself, and all its parts, and of all the material conditions of it, but the thought of one's self and of one's adversary. If the match be a foursome, one's responsibilities are not halved, but doubled. If a mixed foursome, they are multiplied by as many fold as the thought of one's partner out-

weighs all thought of self. *Then*, as the match approaches its dreadfully quiet climax of defeat or victory, the responsibility may grow positively appalling. The very deliberation which, impossible in most games, is characteristic of this, so far from lessening the strain on one's nerves, undoubtedly heightens it. One has time to estimate the emergency, to realize the crisis. Not the fiercest rally at tennis, not the longest and timeliest home run at baseball, not the most heroic rush at football, requires a more rigid concentration of thought and energy, or more of the lover's courage, than the flick of a putter that sends the ball crawling on its last little journey across the putting green, when the putt is for the hole, and the hole means the match. There is not a quality of mind or body, — I will not except or qualify at all, — no, not one, that life itself proves excellent, which a circuit of the links will not test.

The like is true of those moral qualities which all games more or less shrewdly test. In fairness, for example, there is no such discipline in any other game, because no other game offers so constantly or so devilishly the temptation to be unfair. The rules are many and easy to misinterpret, and in ordinary matches, when there are no onlookers, the player is often at liberty to give himself the benefit of the doubt. To alter the lie for the better, to ground one's club in a hazard, to miscount one's strokes, — these are the ranker and grosser offenses, which only the self-admitted cad is in danger of committing. The lesser sins, for better men, are countless. Not infrequently, to state the case to your opponent is merely to have him give you the benefit of a doubt which your own conscience tells you should go to him. Cheating is so difficult to prove, and bringing a detected culprit to book is so thankless a task, that he will oftenest go unpunished, until, if he do not mend his ways, he is somehow gradually made aware

that he is fallen into disfavor with his fellows. Indeed, for this very reason, it is hard to see how any but honest players get pleasure from the game; for the dishonest cannot win even that low conceit of superior cleverness which they do seem to get from sharp practices at other games, as in business. The lighter virtues of good temper, patience, and courtesy are scarcely less essential than the sterner. Without them it is hard to play well, and impossible to play with enjoyment.

But there is yet another way in which golf tries a man's moral strength; and this is the respect in which the analogy of the game to life is most remarkable, — in which it is nothing less than profound. There is fixed, for every links, with an accuracy and preciseness possible in no other game I know of, a standard of good play. I mean the Bogey score. There is no such standard in tennis, baseball, cricket: in these, one can measure the excellence of one's own play, and estimate one's progress or decline, but vaguely, or against a particular opponent's, which is as variable as one's own. In golf, one can play alone against Bogey, and even in matches one has the Bogey score and record scores and one's own former scores in mind. Striving to do better than one's opponent is common to all games; striving to do well without regard to one's opponent, and with a perfectly clear understanding of what is good, bad, and indifferent, is quite another thing. The duffer, making his patient, solitary round, outlawed by the rules, a mark for the ridicule of clever writers, stands, nevertheless, for that in golf which no other game can boast, — a clear though to him unattainable ideal.

But the thing is deeper than that. The Bogey of the whole course, if that were all, would be like those very noble, but not practical or intimate, broad plans of life which high-minded youth sets up for the stress of manhood and the failing powers of age. It would

not with sufficient urgency make itself a part of every specific effort. Bogey, however, like an actual opponent, competes with us for every hole; at each, with perfect justice, he declines to profit by good luck. He will not count it if he hole his approach; he never lucks a putt. But neither does his approach overrun, and his second putt always goes down. There is a standard of excellence for specific tasks. Nay, more: with every single stroke we assail an ideal. There is no taking refuge in a breath-saving lob, as in tennis. Wherever and however the ball may lie, there is a certain right way to play it, a certain reasonable hope in the stroke from which we may be tempted by overconfidence and an adventurous trust in luck, or frightened by too low an estimate of our own powers. The ideal of golf, the moral law of golf, is thus, throughout, the ideal and the moral law of life: similarly persistent, silent, inescapable. A golfer's mistakes, his individual misjudgments, slices, pulls, fozzles, are sins, — nothing less; he will writhe under them ere he sleeps.

True, of each according to his strength it is demanded. There is, of course, one's handicap. But the consolation of a handicap is precisely such as it yields in the greater game, and no more. In both alike, to be quite consoled with it is despicable; to refuse altogether to be consoled with it is to reject philosophy; to strive on, either desperately or sweetly, to the end of doing without it, to the attainment of a positive, non-relative excellence, is the right virtue and heroism. The principle of the handicap is always an admirable one, and it is illustrated in golf as in no other game; for in no other, probably, does one's play so vary from day to day, in no other is there such need of patience under discouragement or of restraint in good fortune. To aim at a high average of performance, and not to be overmindful either of temporary fallings off or streaks of brilliancy, is

the principle turned into rule. Does life enforce another so wise, so practical, or so fine?

If it does, then it is the rule of self-study, and that too is a rule of golf, commended by like rewards, enforced by penalties as logical and as sure. This is the demand of golf that is oftenest discussed in the treatises, and set forth with the greatest fullness of illustration and analysis. But the true nature of it, the extent and limit of it, the little more and the little less of it, is best made plain, I fancy, only by persisting with this same analogy to life which already, no doubt, is growing tiresome. For the line between the self-study which is needful and the self-consciousness which is fatal is precisely the same in both. You discover, let us say, that the position of your left foot in driving is wrong, and by practice ascertain that you should set it thus, and not so. Nothing, surely, can be simpler; you will thenceforth avoid the error, and slice or pull no more. But it is not merely necessary to place that left foot properly; it is necessary to leave it there, to withdraw your mind from it, to redistribute your attention, or will, or whatever may be the right term, throughout all the parts of your anatomy. A hang, a catch, a snap o' the lid, and you are snared. That left foot will not down. At every stroke it will offend you. It is no longer yours, but is become a foreign and an alien thing. It rises up and kicks you. It shall be set upon your neck. Rebellion and civil war is let loose within your state. Conquer it you may, but you know not when it will again grow outrageous. You are cursed with a besetting sin, and in the time of stress it will find you out. Henceforth, only by a constant watching and willing can you doubtfully maintain your poise between the outward and the inward thought, and precariously regain the wholeness you have lost.

"Wholeness" is the word. Try it, if

it do not best express your achievement, physical and psychological, the thing and the sense of it, when you have made a stroke aright. Or try it, even, with the dream, the maddening vision of the stroke, which will surely visit you, though the thing itself you never once attain. To take apart, and then to put together again, — “all the king’s horses and all the king’s men” will not help you with the task. Envisage it however you may, consult about it with whomsoever you choose, it will baffle you with its mystery of many in one, until once, and by a single, clear, heroic effort of your will, you do accomplish it, and then your business is at every stroke to recall and repeat that effort, clear and single, as before, until by repetition it shall grow both familiar and easy, until each member and nerve shall sweetlier and sweetlier obey upon the instant and range harmonious at your call. That is golf, or I am not an honest duffer. It is life, or I have never ranged the turbulent, dismembered host of mine own powers, and strained them out to the great compass of a deed. Ponder it: a cosmology unfolds.

But this is growing a trifle serious. Our friend who has never played golf is getting disgusted again. Our other friend who has given over playing is blankly mystified. Even among us, the faithful, there be some disquieted. Let us face about, ere we amplify too much the active principle, the demands, of golf, and regain our composure with the thought of what it gives us. Nevertheless, what it asks is oftener than what it gives the secret of its hold on us, as giving is oftener than receiving the secret of any love.

The mere bodily delights of it are not to be hastened over when we take account of its compensations. If it be true, as many will no doubt incline to think, that the best criterion of any exercise is the number of one’s bodily parts which it involves, then it would be hard to find any superior to the full

St. Andrews swing. I know nothing comparable to it for bringing one acquainted with one’s body, for the reassuring sense it gives of power and vitality. Swimming is perhaps likeliest it in that respect. Rowing is less free. Tennis neglects an arm and a side. Baseball and football distribute the exertion less equally. None of these permit the deliberation essential to a full realization and enjoyment of one’s energy. In no other is grace and dignity so constantly possible as in golf; and in none is the repetition of the movement less apt to grow wearing and monotonous.

The sense of effectiveness, of competence, in a proper stroke, is also, to my mind, unparalleled. A great and complicated activity is centred upon an object exceptionally definite. Force, gathered from all one’s sources, tempered and restrained with all one’s balance, ordered and directed with one’s utmost of precision, poured out, as it were, through one’s arms and hands and finger tips, projected along the slender shaft into the head of the club, and lovingly imparted to the ball, is on the instant, and before one’s eyes, transmuted into a form of motion unrivaled for its likeness to animation. It is creative work. One breathes the breath of life into the thing. One begets and fathers. Even when one fails, there is always the sense of power misdirected, the leaping conception of the next stroke, which shall make amends. Mr. Arnold Haultain, who by common consent is entitled to the distinction of having come the nearest to putting it all into words, and so written the *Recessional* of golf’s jubilee, places a due emphasis on that persistency of the golfer’s hope. The unconquerable in us is nohow else so incomprehensibly manifest in the little.

The pleasing sense of one’s own physical parts is paralleled by the feeling for and of the implements of the play. The love of the golfer for his favorite

clubs passes the love of the cricketer or the baseball player for his bat, of the tennis player for his racket; the huntsman's feeling for his gun approaches it more nearly. Now, the inanimate things we take in our hands are by no means insignificant among the inducements of our moods. To be well fitted in our clothes and our canes, to be sweetly affected by whatever object we are brought in physical contact with, is important beyond our ordinary estimate of such "accidentals." The furniture of our rooms is very really the furniture of our minds, and our raiment does not clothe our backs alone. The golfer's clubs are often a delight quite apart from their uses in the game. Not one of us but has spent hours in mere idle addressing and wigwagging and swinging — often, perhaps, at some expense of glassware — with a driver whose several qualities of weight and balance and "whippiness" have been rightly adjusted to the physical personality of its master. For indulgence in such a gustation of one's clubs, rooms void of chandeliers are to be recommended. Mine were once fitted with electrical bulbs; they burst with a rather startling pop, and my recollection is, they cost fifty cents apiece.

If, in respect of the sense it gives of one's body and of one's clubs, golf is at least the equal of other sports, it is, I think, clearly the superior of any other I know in the matter of the relation into which it brings one with one's fellow player, whether as partner or as opponent. A principal distinction is that there is no direct opposition of force to force or skill to skill in the rivalry it involves. Save the stymie, there is no occasion when another's play can affect one's own otherwise than morally. Your opponent is never guilty of your cuppy lies; you are never irritated by a direct antagonism, or humiliated by the necessity of yielding to greater physical strength, or tempted to a mean exaltation. It is all of the

quality of well-bred argumentation over an impersonal theme. Moreover, the longish intervals between the strokes permit, or rather demand, conversation, which is so seldom possible in games, and the play itself, like a lawyer's brief, is an unfailing conversational resource. The strokes, on the other hand, like the puffs of a smoker, like a woman's crocheting, are capital pause-makers. The opportunities for courteous interchanges, for the shading of compliments and condolences, are many and constant. The very pace one falls into is conducive to companionship. It is certainly easier to talk with one's competitor on the links than with one's companion when one walks for walking's and talking's sake. I am inclined, in fact, to set a match at golf above any other known method of beginning an acquaintance. True, there are always the byes after the match is lost, or the difficult fifty yards from the last hole, where the putt went wrong, to the clubhouse; but one has usually a chance, brisk from one's tub, and restored to good-humor, to redeem one's self, and win the best part of any match, with a jest or a confession or an appreciation, over the Scotch or the tea. The number of such acquaintances that ripen into good-fellowship and friendliness, or even into friendship, must be very great. One of our veterans tells me that the very best thing he wins are not the cups and medals, but friends. If what I have said is true of the thoroughness with which golf tests character, the connection between that demand of it and this compensation needs no elaboration.

After all, however, golf is most rightly considered as one method of returning to nature, and the most reasonable criterion of golf as recreation is the mood and attitude in which it brings one in touch with nature. Probably the great majority of its votaries find in a fresh concern about nature the principal constant effect of it in themselves.

Though we must concede it acciden-

tal, the requirements of the game are ordinarily much at one with the demands of good taste and an artistic sense in the matter of the choice and laying out of a course. No doubt, courses have often been chosen merely for the reason that they were beautiful; but it is true likewise that in any given region the most attractive square mile or more is very apt to prove the best for a links. Every good links must have firm green turf underfoot; it must have vistas; it is better for swells and undulations; variety is essential. In but one respect, and there only superficially, is the artistic sense antagonized; trees are banned from the fair green. They are the worst hazards conceivable, because the most illogical and unjust. The loss, however, is hardly real. Proverbially, the greatest hindrance to the enjoyment of trees is other trees. The last place in the world to go to find trees beautiful is into the heart of the densest wood. Better even this Texas prairie, where I happen to be writing, treeless, and bare as yet of its richly embroidered mantle of spring wild flowers, — where people remember their childhood homes in Eastern states most tenderly as tree-clad places, and will always have trees in their pictures, and long backward for them as for no other delight they have left behind. To see trees, one must have at least a clearing, and the lake-like interval of an inland course, or the shore margin if it be seaside links, is often the best point of view conceivable. For the finest effect of trees, whether they mass in walls and make a skyline or stand apart, singly majestic, is rather architectural than domestic. Who cares for the underside of leaves? A high love would no more invade a tree than a cloud. Mystery is as much a part of its charm as silence is. It should wave before us, come athwart our vision, menace, invite, suggest, lift up our thought, — all of which is its function on the border of the course, or crowning the hill near the clubhouse, or sen-

tineling the drive. If the reader, not yet a golfer, find this far-fetched and fanciful, let me assure him, quite seriously, that golf has helped the present writer to develop a taste for Corot.

That, perhaps, will make it easier for him to bear with me while I add that golf is often the means of awakening a sense of the beauty of wild flowers, and many another delicate loveliness in nature. I have known the note of a song-sparrow to arrest a stroke. As for the larger appeals which nature makes to us, the skylines, the sunsets, the fresh green of the landscape in spring, and autumn's red and leafy splendors, I should but hurt my cause by too much protesting were I to attempt to explain how, after years of a mere case-ment acquaintance with these things, of a laborious and creak-kneed homage, the habit of golf has gradually made me truly aware of them, and of my rights in them and theirs in me. It is a matter of moods, I suppose, and golf permits and induces moods scarcely conceivable in other athletic competitions. It permits one to be contemplative. One can actually play it dreamily. That, in fact, is a mood I should recommend in driving to any one who affects the full swing, if his style be naturally slow, and grace not clearly beyond him.

Fairness, however, demands a certain qualification here, a concession of fact. The severity, and the frequent sudden changes, common to most of our American climates, and particularly the extreme clearness of our atmosphere, do somewhat diminish for us the golfer's peculiar privilege of a contemplative delight in nature, and prevent or disturb his characteristic mood. The tendency of these things is to induce an eager, high-strung, and even feverish responsiveness rather than serene enjoyment. That temper, though it be, as I have said, not on the whole detrimental to our play in respect of skill, does probably incapacitate us at times for the fullest measure of the delight we might

have in it. Even if it does, however, there would seem to be better rather than worse reason for us to play. Serenity and tranquillity are in truth the very moods which Americans of the classes who play golf need. To such as criticise the game because it is slow, and takes more time than busy, effective men can afford to give it, my favorite answer is that this is just what makes it so good a recreation for Americans, and particularly for the very Americans who, because they are so busy and hurried, will not take time for it, but prefer instead some sort of rapid transit through their diversions, and would have their relaxation without relaxing, and bolt their nature like their luncheons. They are men who do not know how to stroll. No golfer I ever played with has so often aggravated me, or so often moved me to pity, as a little man, all nerves and energy and alertness to opportunity, who cannot for the life of him move over the course at any fixed and deliberate pace; who cannot, indeed, walk at all, but alternates from lingering, leashed by courtesy, at the side of his partner, to bouncing after his ball. If through golf such Americans should come into the practice of a pace that is neither hasting nor delaying, it will prove not the least valuable part of the education of our masters.

For I go back to the point where I began, to make sure of not being thought to jest when I was in fact most serious. That cruelly overtasked individual, the future historian, if he should ever come to know our life one tithe as well as we do, and if he should have a right sense of values in civilization, and a keen eye to the sources of national character, will

not rate golf, if it survive and continue to spread among us, as the least of the three new things which came with the end of the century. In his bird's-eye view of us, he will not neglect the red-coated throngs which every holiday emerge from our great, throbbing cities, any more than he will neglect the marks of our material enterprise on the surface of the continent, and the network of our highways, or fail to pursue the fleets and armies which invade for us the lands we shall peacefully or violently conquer. He will note of us, as of the Romans and other conquerors, that in the very years when we took upon us the imperial tasks of older peoples we borrowed of them also their arts and their pleasures. It needs but a schoolboy's reflection on what came of the Romans' imitative indulgence to make us thankful that from our cousins of England and Scotland, our forerunners in sports as in empire, we can learn so much concerning the right spirit in both. That we should continue on this continent to play the same manly, healthful games they play on the little island, pursuing always in our golf, with a just balance between eagerness and sedateness, between overconfidence and despondency, its clear ideal of excellence, displaying the heroism of wholeness, and sweetening our natures with that fine, right sense of the human and wild nature about us which it so subtly quickens, — this is no little aspiration even beside our other aspiration to the right spirit in those vaster occupations which seem to be devolving from Englishmen, weary of the perplexities of empire, upon us, whom at last it visits in its westward course.

William Garrott Brown.

PUBLIC EDUCATION IN CUBA.

To appreciate properly the wonderful strides that have been made in public education in Cuba during the American military occupation of the island, it is absolutely necessary to know something of the educational conditions and privileges that existed in the Spanish colonial period. The casual observer of the public school system of Cuba very naturally compares it immediately with his own model that is usually the system of public schools with which he is most familiar in the United States, and from this comparison forms his conclusions as to the progress that has been made. If in such an unfair judgment, formed from so narrow a view, there is found much that is truly complimentary for those who have developed the work to its present state of perfection, it is evident that a more comprehensive study of the question, showing the starting point, the difficulties that have been encountered on all sides, and the unorganized and inexperienced body of workers that had to overcome these difficulties, will reveal much that is worthy of the highest praise, and assist in that full appreciation of the truly wonderful work that has been accomplished by the military government, which will not be attained until long years after the occupation has ended and its events have become history.

It is difficult, at a time when public education is almost as free as the air we breathe, for those who have known no other condition to form a proper conception of the abandoned state of public education in Cuba prior to the American occupation. Only those who grew to mature years under these conditions of absolute lack of educational advantages and opportunities are able adequately to appreciate the changes that have been made. Any statement except the unqualified one that there

were no public schools under the colonial system is misleading; yet statistics and records are not wanting to show a system of schools attended by varying numbers of children, but on close observation and study it becomes perfectly evident that most of them existed only in name, and that in those that existed in fact the results obtained were a minimum. The official census of the island taken in 1899, and with such care that its data inspire confidence, shows that out of a total population over ten years of age of 1,215,810, there were 690,565 illiterate. There can be no sadder commentary on the educational darkness of the island than these few figures, and nothing could indicate more clearly the narrow policy of the colonial government of perpetuating a despotic and arbitrary form of government by preserving the ignorance of the mass of the people.

In giving a brief history of the public school system of Cuba prior to the American occupation it shall be my aim to be faithful to facts, but at the same time to paint the picture with as few dark colors as may be, and with as many bright. It shall be the truth, but not necessarily the whole truth. I shall give figures just as they are to be found in musty records, without any comment on their authenticity. Higher education in Cuba, as in Spain, was always given more attention than primary instruction. It was for the few and favored, while the needs of the many were either not recognized at all, or if known were not heeded. Thus Havana had a university in 1728, when all Cuba had but 150,000 inhabitants, although it was not until almost seventy years later that public primary instruction was even considered. The few seminaries and convents and private schools furnished the preparatory training for this

university. Diplomas were secured from this latter institution with such ease that we find the number of such graduates ridiculously great at a time when the whole number of children attending schools in the island did not exceed 1500. To quote a noted Cuban writer, "The island was flooded with priests, physicians, and lawyers, but the mass of the people could not read." And for nearly three centuries after the discovery and settlement of Cuba, the government did not establish a single school for the free public education of the poor. Fortunately, during this period of darkness, there lived a few public-spirited, charitable persons, whose efforts on behalf of public education should always be remembered with gratitude. Had it not been for their work the colony would have reached a state of educational abandonment difficult to conceive of in a civilized country.

The appointment of General Luis de las Casas as governor of Cuba in 1793 marks the beginning of a new era in the educational history of the island. For the first time statistical information was secured, which showed thirty-nine schools in the city of Havana attended by about 1700 children. At this time Havana was practically the island; in fact, the remainder was of such little importance that it was not even considered in this attempt to secure information for educational reorganization. Some idea may be formed of the slowness of progress being made and of improvement that was considered flattering from the praiseworthy mention that is made in official records of the establishment in Havana in 1803 of two free schools, one for boys, the other for girls.

The following table shows the number of pupils enrolled in the schools of the entire island of Cuba in the years given. It will show in a brief and expressive way the meagre and insufficient progress in education made during the first half of the nineteenth century:—

	White.	Colored.	Total.
In 1817 . .	4,500 . .	500 . .	5,000
In 1836 . .	8,442 . .	640 . .	9,082
In 1845 . .	- . .	- . .	11,033
In 1851 . .	- . .	- . .	12,936
In 1860 . .	- . .	- . .	17,519
In 1863 . .	- . .	- . .	21,283

The population of the island in 1817, when there were but 5000 children attending school, was a little more than half a million, so that but one child for every hundred inhabitants was receiving any instruction. In passing it might be mentioned that to-day one child for every six inhabitants is receiving some instruction. In 1836 the yearly revenues of the island were more than \$11,000,000, more than one half of what they are now, yet only 9000 children were in the public schools, and more than half this number paid for their tuition. They were public schools because they were under government control, but they were not free schools except in certain cases. In 1863 the allotments from the public funds of Cuba were as follows:—

Department of Justice	\$847,623.37
Department of Public Works . .	980,467.52
Department of Government . .	2,098,062.50
Department of the Navy	3,637,904.45
Department of War	7,779,032.66
Department of Finance	10,279,938.76
Sent to Spain	3,495,770.00
Sent to Island of Fernando Po . .	343,573.00
Total	\$29,462,372.26

It is indeed astonishing that of this bountiful revenue not a penny was allotted or expended for public instruction. It is not remarkable that General Concha, when Governor-General of the island, wrote to his home government: "Your Excellency knows but too well, and does not require my proving this to him, that the school statistics of very few civilized countries show such poor and saddening results as those of the island of Cuba. And such a situation is the more to be deplored, inasmuch as public instruction is extremely flourishing in the neighboring states of the American Union, a circumstance

from which very unfavorable comparisons may be deduced that might exercise a damaging influence on the minds of the inhabitants of this colony."

The first attempt at organization under a well-defined system was made in 1843, when the first school law was enacted. Twenty years later a new law was promulgated, which departed widely from the first, and again in 1880 the second law was substituted by a third, which was in force at the beginning of the military occupation. The first of these statutes removed the schools from under the control of a private corporation, and placed them under the direct control of the government. By the second, the schools were to be supported by the incomes they had, which, in fact, were practically nothing; by the amounts that they might receive from the state or municipal governments, which were even less; and by the fees that were paid by the pupils attending them. It was from the last of these that they received their greatest support, and this made them, not free public schools, but a poorly paying business adventure of private individuals supported by the few fathers that were able to pay for educating their children. In the course of studies of the third law enacted we find Christian doctrine and sacred history; instruction was free to only those who could show inability to pay tuition. To be eligible for appointment as teacher it was necessary to be a native born Spaniard. None of these laws was adapted to the necessities of a free public school system, and even less intelligence and energy were displayed in enforcing than in enacting them. In framing the present school law they were disregarded entirely. They did not contain a single feature that was worth copying.

The latest statistics that can be found are for the year 1893. This was two years before the outbreak of the last revolution, and five years before the beginning of the American occupa-

tion. They show 35,000 children receiving instruction in the entire island, in 898 schools. The abnormal state of affairs which was produced by the revolution of 1895, which terminated with the American intervention and the evacuation of the Spanish army, rendered it impossible for the most of these schools to continue, if they ever existed, and at the beginning of the American occupation the truth is most nearly expressed by the statement already made in this article that there were no schools. If there were any they exerted no appreciable influence on the average intelligence of the community. The teachers were chosen by favoritism. A certificate could be gotten or not for the asking, depending on the name or connections of the applicant, and not on his qualifications. The teachers' work was so poorly paid, and so devoid of attractions that would invite competition, that it often became a last resort for those who had been unfortunate in everything else. They were promised good salaries, which were never paid, from which they were expected to rent a building for the school, and were moreover expected to furnish it with desks and books from a monthly allowance which also was never paid. From the first, it resulted that the school was established in the teacher's house, as a rule in the most undesirable room; and from the second, as may be inferred, it resulted that the school had no furniture except such as the child might possess, and the textbooks, if any at all were possessed, were of the crudest and most antique editions.

Such was the condition of the department of public education that confronted the military governor at the beginning of the American occupation. When the present military governor early in his administration definitely decided to place a free and generous education within the reach of every future citizen of the republic which he was to create, whatever the sacrifices

he might have to make in other departments of the government in order to do so, he adopted a policy, the wisdom of which can never be doubted, a policy which has done more than any other one thing toward making possible the establishment of a free government in Cuba, and with it the successful termination of his task in the island. That policy, begun in the last days of 1899, has been consistently followed for more than two years, not always without a struggle, and not without at times sacrificing other interests which were wisely decided to be of less importance in their ultimate influence. We have seen that Spain in 1863 collected and spent \$30,000,000 of the island revenues, not one penny of which was expended for public education. In contrast to this, \$16,977,239.68 were collected in 1901, and more than \$3,000,000 of it were expended in public instruction. In 1863 there were 21,000 children receiving instruction in the schools, while in 1901 more than 250,000 Cuban children were registered and taught. It should be plain that to create a school system under the conditions that existed and with the appliances and assistance that were obtainable was to hew a mansion out of the standing timber, without saws or planing mills, and with no other tool than the adze.

The work began with the framing of the school law. There have been two such laws enacted during the occupation. The first a few days before the present military governor took possession of his office, and the second about six months later. The first served its purpose well, which was to tide over a period when schools were being established at the rate of a hundred per day, and when the most important consideration was to get the children into the schools. It fulfilled its mission in a very short time, and was replaced by the present comprehensive and democratic law, and under it the thousands

of schools that sprung up in less than six months have been gradually organized into a system, remarkable for the discipline that is observed in all its departments, and for the smoothness of its operation.

This law was framed not only to meet the ordinary requirements of a public school system, but also to meet the unusual conditions that existed in the island of Cuba at the time it was enacted, and which in a large part still exist. While the authority of the chief executive officer of the school system under the law extends to all branches of the school administration, yet the technical work connected therewith was separated as far as possible from the pure executive work, and the details of the work of the schoolroom were placed directly in charge of a board of superintendents, composed of a superintendent for the entire island, who is the president of the board, and superintendents for each of the six provinces, who are members of the board. The island was divided into three grades of school districts, namely, the municipal districts, the city districts of the second class, and the city districts of the first class. At the time of enacting the law there were 121 of the first, nine of the second, and five of the third. These numbers have been changed somewhat since that time, and at the present time the city of Havana constitutes the only city district of the first class. The schools in each of these districts are administered by a board of education elected by the popular vote of the people, excepting only those of the city districts, where the present boards of education have been appointed by the military governor to serve until their successors are elected, as prescribed by the school law. The details of the school administration in any particular district have been left as far as possible to the local board of education, although there is probably a greater degree of centralization than is

to be found in most school systems of the United States. The nature of the work and the governmental system in the island render this necessary. While this arrangement has thrown more work upon the central offices, the better results of this central supervision and control of certain details have more than repaid the increased work. Instead of a loss of local interest due to this centralization there has been a gain; and mistakes and inefficiency being brought to the attention of the higher authorities at the earliest possible moment are corrected with a minimum of delay.

The law provides for a complete system of statistical reports beginning with the teachers, and after passing through the various intermediary offices, ending in the office of the Commissioner of Public Schools, it provides for the yearly enumeration of the school youth; it provides that the yearly school session shall be for nine months; it establishes the school age as from six to eighteen years inclusive, and provides for compulsory attendance during twenty weeks of the school year for all children between the ages of six and fourteen years. This part of the law is very complete, and was made as simple, in the way in which it was to be enforced, as was possible under the judicial system of the island. It establishes the minimum and maximum of teachers' salaries at \$30 and \$100 respectively; it provides for yearly teachers' institutes, which shall continue at least four weeks during the summer vacation period, and for the enforced attendance of teachers at these institutes; it provides for the yearly examination of teachers, and the granting of certificates to teach for varying periods. The law, since the date of its promulgation, has been modified in a few particulars, and as occasion demanded it has been added to and made more perfect. The latest additions of importance were certain regulations placing the private schools

of the island under government supervision, and providing for their proper organization and improvement.

From this brief résumé of the present school law it will be seen that it does not differ materially from the laws governing the schools of any well-organized modern system. It was said at the time of the enactment of the school law that it would not be possible to enforce it, and at first glance the difficulties appeared to be well-nigh insurmountable. The territorial division of the island into municipalities was not one that lent itself readily to the necessities of an efficient school administration. It was necessary, however, to assume the municipal boundaries as the limits of the municipal districts. There was no authentic map of the island showing the actual positions of these boundary lines, and they frequently overlapped. The appointment and organization of the boards of education of the city districts were easily accomplished. It was in the municipal districts that the greatest difficulties were encountered. The law provided that these districts should be divided into sub-districts, and that a director should be elected in each sub-district by the popular vote of the people to represent the sub-districts in the boards of education of the municipal districts. Elections were held in more than 2000 different sub-districts. Under the law which preceded the one we are considering the board of education in a municipal district was composed of the mayor and four other members appointed by him. The work of dividing the municipal districts into sub-districts and providing for the first elections was under the new law intrusted to this old board of education, which was to cease in its functions on the election and qualification of the new board.

If the task of enforcing the law had not been undertaken in the most practical way, it is quite possible that the attempt would have been a failure. A

special inspector was appointed for each province of the island, and was thoroughly instructed in the proper method of procedure to faithfully enforce the law. These inspectors went from district to district in their provinces, taking personal charge of the division of the districts into sub-districts, the holding of elections, etc. It is not within the limits of this article to give any details of the numerous and ludicrous mistakes that were made before the organization was finally extended all over the island. With the election of the boards of education, the most difficult part of the enforcement of the school law was accomplished, and from that time to the present the work has been one of instruction in the letter and spirit of the school law, intended to impress the school officials with the idea that all of the school law was enacted to be enforced, and that no part of it is supposed to be a dead letter. Two general elections have been held under the school law, and arrangements are now being made for the third. It was not expected that a law so vastly different from anything of its kind previously enacted in the history of Cuba would be thoroughly understood in all its details until actual experience had furnished opportunity for understanding its mechanism, and it is not remarkable that in the first elections there was a certain lack of public interest which permitted the school administration in some districts to fall into the hands of inexperienced or unscrupulous persons; but as the people appreciate that under this democratic enactment they are the guardians of one of their most valuable personal interests, they become more zealous in their attendance at the school elections, and in their efforts to secure the best possible boards of education.

The first school law enacted by the military government, in the last days of 1899, provided that every city or town of over 500 inhabitants should have at least two public schools, one

for boys, and another for girls, or a single one for both sexes, and left to the discretion of the boards of education the organization of such other schools in their districts as they might deem necessary. In a remarkably short time the number of authorized schools in the island grew from nothing to more than 3000. These schools were not equipped with any of the necessary furniture or material until some months after they had been authorized. The instruction given was necessarily mostly of an oral nature. The growth of the schools was so rapid that it is not surprising that they escaped almost completely from under the control of the school authorities, and that disorganization and lack of system reigned supreme. This sudden development produced an abnormal state of affairs, not only in the school department, but also in the financial department, and it was some months before a system was arranged which secured regular and prompt payment of teachers' salaries and other school liabilities. The important consideration, in the opinion of the military governor, was to place the maximum number of pupils in a condition to receive some instruction, although it might be the minimum, and although the teachers were poor, the schools lacking in books and furniture, the houses badly selected, and the administration not as economical as it might have been under a more perfect system. It was left to the future to introduce discipline, system, proficiency, and economy. Within four months from the beginning of the educational movement there were more than 100,000 children attending the public schools of the island, and in the remaining few months of the school year they probably received more instruction than they had had in all of their previous lives.

The task of introducing system into this rather chaotic state of affairs has been a most difficult one, requiring unlimited energy and perseverance, and

firm determination to be guided only by a consideration of the best interests of the island. More than 100,000 desks and other school furniture in proportion were purchased and judiciously distributed to the most remote parts. In three provinces the means of communication could scarcely be worse. In the other provinces railroad communications are somewhat better, but communications to interior points are by way of trails or well-nigh impassable roads. Thousands of these desks were hauled by bull carts, or packed on the backs of mules.

Good Spanish textbooks did not exist, and to supply them it was necessary to begin with their compilation and publication. Inside of six months after the first movement was made, hundreds of thousands of Spanish textbooks were published in the United States, shipped to the island of Cuba, and distributed in the same manner as the school desks. The textbooks of the school systems of other Spanish-speaking countries were examined, but none of them were accepted. It remained for the educational department of the island of Cuba to prepare and place on the market textbooks of all the branches commonly taught in the first four grades, as good as those to be found in any language, although they are susceptible of certain improvement. The first orders given for school furniture and textbooks amounted in all to nearly a million of dollars.

At the beginning of the American occupation there was not to be discovered in all Cuba a single public building which had been constructed for or was being devoted to public school purposes. Every town of any importance contained a church and a jail, and hospitals and barracks were plentifully scattered all over the island. Public funds had been lavishly expended for this purpose, but not a penny had been devoted to the construction of public school buildings. It was necessary, therefore, to rent private dwellings for use as schools. The

style of architecture prevalent in the island rendered these buildings almost worthless in their original design, and partitions had to be knocked down in some instances, and in others built up, and their sanitary arrangements underwent a thorough remodeling. After two years of such constant changing and moving from one building to another as opportunity presented itself to secure more desirable locations, the schools of the island are as well located as it is possible for them to be under the circumstances. The military governor very soon recognized the necessity for constructing school buildings, and a little more than a year ago the work of remodeling public buildings and of constructing new school buildings *ad hoc* was energetically begun. Almost every available barrack, hospital, or jail in the island of Cuba has been thoroughly renovated and converted into a modern schoolhouse, with the very best pedagogical appliances and equipment to be obtained. Up to this date, more than \$400,000 have been expended for this object alone. Almost every city of any size or importance in the island has today at least one school building of which it may well be proud, and which will serve in the future as a model for the entire surrounding neighborhood. In the city of Havana, for example, an old hospital was converted into a school giving space for thirty-three classrooms, a drawing academy, kindergarten and manual training departments, gymnasiums for girls and boys, shower baths, and other arrangements in proportion. It is safe to say that there does not exist in the entire United States a more perfectly equipped school, if, indeed, there are any that are so complete. In other places where this work has been done it has been in the same thorough way. In some towns and cities of the island which were fortunate enough during the colonial period to have no necessity for jails, hospitals, or barracks, entirely new buildings of stone, concrete, or wood

have been constructed. The first hard-dressed stone building of any kind erected in the island of Cuba during four centuries is a schoolhouse in the city of Santiago de Cuba, now nearing completion.

There are employed to-day in the island of Cuba, in round numbers, 3600 teachers. The great majority of them have had about two years' experience in the public schools of the island. The results that are now secured in their classrooms are the product of this experience, and were it not for the fact that they possess a natural fondness for teaching, and are peculiarly fitted by nature and disposition for the teacher's work, it would have been an utter impossibility to have wrought such wonders in the field of public education in Cuba. In the months that witnessed the marvelous growth in the number of schools the teachers were selected with very little reference to their ability and efficiency for such work. They had had no previous experience, and it is quite probable that many of them knew only a little more than the child they were going to teach, but they possessed the exceptional power to teach all that they knew. After two years' constant efforts of the head of the department and his assistants, boards of education which hold the power of appointing teachers have, with a few exceptions, been led to see that the selection of teachers is the most important duty imposed upon them, and there has been a slow yet constant weeding out, and only the fittest have survived. The teachers' institutes of two different summer vacations have furnished instruction to approximately 4000 teachers yearly for a period of six weeks. These institutes have acted as a stimulating influence upon teachers, and have secured wonderful improvement in their work. There was a well-organized and stubborn position on the part of the teachers to all attempts to compel them to be examined. For more than a year they occupied their positions with no

other guarantee of their fitness than that which may have existed in the minds of the boards of education that appointed them. The author of this article was equally stubborn in his determination that they should submit themselves to examinations, and now no teacher may be employed in the public schools of the island if he has not previously demonstrated his fitness to teach before a duly appointed board of examiners. There are, in Cuba, more than 4000 young men and young women holding such teachers' certificates.

For many reasons it has not been possible to found normal schools in the island; mainly, because of a lack of efficient personnel for such schools unless it is brought from foreign countries. To found a normal school in the island of Cuba with no more experience in normal school work than at present exists in the island would be to perpetuate the very evils which the school was founded to root out. Recognizing normal training, however, as one of the most urgent necessities for the proper development of the school system, arrangements were made with the state normal school of New Paltz, N. Y., for the training of sixty Cuban women teachers, who are now attending this school under contract with the island of Cuba, which secures their services in the public schools of Cuba after their graduation in consideration of certain privileges extended them while at the school. This is, it will be seen, a notable project in the history of public education. After almost a year's trial the experiment has proven so preëminently successful that the creation is contemplated of yearly scholarships for thirty Cuban teachers, to be chosen from all sections of the island, for a two years' course of instruction in this normal school at the government's expense.

There are nearly 200,000 children attending the public schools of the island of Cuba to-day, receiving as good or better instruction than is given in the

average public school of the United States. They are all graded under one system, and a child in the third grade at Cape Maisi is studying the same textbooks, and has reached the same point of advancement, as a child in the third grade at Cape San Antonio. The great majority of this vast number of children are in the first three grades. There are a few in the fourth grade, and still less in the fifth. Age is not an indication of the grade to which a child can be assigned. A boy fourteen years old may be in the same grade as one six years old. There is no better illustration of the complete lack of opportunity for free public education prior to the American occupation than these statements. These 200,000 children have learned all that they know in the last three years. If the present number of schools is maintained, and approximately one sixth of the population continues to receive some instruction in the public schools yearly, the next official census of Cuba should show a marked change in the percentage of illiteracy.

It is rather difficult to form an opinion as to what effects the change in government will have on the Cuban school system. Two points stand out prominently in their relative importance. At the present time, with the exception of the author of this article, all of the important positions in the school system are occupied by Cubans. They have had almost two years' training under the law now in force, and are thoroughly familiar with its organization and with the policy that has given such splendid results up to date. If the services of these trained officials can be retained, it is a guarantee that this system will be continued as far as it is within their

power to continue it. If, on the other hand, the change in government results in a change in the personnel of the educational department, placing its future in the hands of those who are not in sympathy with the present organization and have had no experience or training under it, it is conceivable that so-called radical reforms will be made, and so-called radical reforms mean the destruction of the school system. The second point is the possibility or impossibility of the new Cuban government being able to continue the present bountiful appropriation for public education. The military government has been expending between three and four million dollars yearly for this purpose. This has been done only with the greatest of effort, and not without sacrificing other important measures of public utility. For perfectly obvious reasons, which it is not important to mention here, it will not be possible for the new government to continue this appropriation unless there is a radical change in the economical condition of the island, and this does not appear probable. It can be stated almost without doubt, that the number of schools existing in the island will have to be materially reduced, perhaps one half. If the coming administration finds this imperative and attempts to maintain the present number of schools, teachers' salaries will not be paid, necessary supplies will not be furnished, other liabilities will not be met, and there will be a speedy return to the conditions that existed in the colonial period. If, however, the inevitable is accepted, and expenses are kept within the appropriation, the number of schools may be decreased, but their efficiency will be maintained.

Matthew E. Hanna.

THE NEWSPAPER INDUSTRY.

THE old American ideal of the press was undoubtedly that represented to the eye by the Franklin hand printing press, supplemented in the popular mind with some such figure as Ben Franklin himself in his shirt-sleeves, pulling the long sweep of the lever, bringing the flap with the sheet down upon the type on its bed, and applying the pressure, producing a single impression. It was not at all out of keeping with the editorial functions in this tradition for Franklin to have set the type, after writing his leader, and to have handled the inking-balls or roller before thus going to press. The editor had wholly, solely, and really edited the paper that he was now sending forth to his countrymen, summoning them to the duty of citizens as he saw it. It was a personal and individual, and very prominent and responsible, relation that he held to the community as a public man. The editor of the olden time was, as we say now, "the whole thing;" this because his machinery was of the simplest character. His press was hardly more important or more complex than the wheelbarrow in which the single clerk of the establishment trundled the edition for mailing, after writing the wrappers, to the post office. At the present day the machinery of a newspaper fills a whole basement and sub-basement, the clerical force whole floors, of a great city building, and the editor — who knows who or where the real editor is, or how much the nominal editor really edits? The fact is that the editor and the editorial are nowadays but means to the circulation and advertising, — the main objects to be kept in view, — and the publisher, the manager of the circulation and the advertising, is supreme. The newspaper has become an industry, a business conducted for the usual ends of business, with public teaching and influence but a by-product.

Consider the revelations of the last census as to increase and profits of this new form of industrial enterprise. There are, it appears, over 15,000 establishments for the publication of periodicals, an increase of twenty-four per cent in the decade since the previous census. About 400 are started every year, or more than one for every day of the year including Sundays. Of the 15,000 existing journals, about 2200 are dailies and 13,000 weeklies. Considerably more than half of the whole number of these publications are really very unimportant, as but 6000 out of the 15,000 have more than 1000 circulation. The aggregate of the capital invested is about \$192,500,000. Now about \$50,300,000 are paid out in wages, and \$50,200,000 for material; and the value of the product is stated to be \$223,000,000. Here is a profit on the capital invested, if the United States census is to be relied on, enormous after reckoning in also the advertising receipts. What wonder that, as a "business proposition," the newspaper is exceedingly attractive to capital, and that the pecuniary object far outweighs the political, — in short, that the press has grown to be so fancy an "industrial" that it might well have already become a "trust," and been completely lost to public benefit and behoof.

It was in the year 1898, the year of what the original "yellow journal" claimed as "the Journal's war," that the development of "yellow journalism" rose to national and even international importance as the direct and immediate inspiration of the war on Spain. The parent stock on which had been grafted this flaunting saffron efflorescence, now running wild and luxuriant, was a class of journals that just before had appeared in the larger cities of the coun-

try, East and West, — published, not as newspapers generally had hitherto been established, to advance political ends and champion public causes, but primarily, indeed solely, for the profits to be made in the publishing of them. In this development of “modern journalism” a great change was accomplished before anybody realized it, or at all events reckoned upon the gravity of the necessary consequences. The initiative had been transferred from editor to publisher; the editor no longer hired the publisher, — the publisher hired the editor. The projectors of this new sort of newspaper substituted means for end; put the cart before the horse. They eschewed politics and all taking sides on serious questions, and set themselves to being merely “newsy,” “gossipy,” and entertaining. Their tactics were all directed frankly and openly to one objective point, — the large circulation that brings advertising into the counting-room.

In their editorial proclamations in especially prominent type they asserted nothing so frequently or so emphatically as the growth of their circulation and advertising business. In these papers the public press abdicated its public character and functions, and practically became a mechanical industry and commercial enterprise. Now industrial and commercial enterprise is nothing base. But journalism had hitherto pretended to be a profession; not business prestige, not commercial success, but intellectual abilities and moral qualities, gave it its force and vitality. To be sure, the designation of “The Fourth Estate,” which the newspaper press has proudly assumed without knowing exactly what it means, was originally borne by the lowest classes, the proletariat, — that order of society which is one degree lower than the commons or third estate. The editor may not ever have been the most important of forces in the state, the politician of high or low degree who used him may have always outranked

him in public consideration; but the journalist was at least thus associated with the statesman in the affairs of government, and ostensibly, at least, voiced public opinion on matters of highest moment.

But the new type of American newspaper had no opinions. The counting-room conception of the newspaper is one never offending with opinions to displease anybody, one so conducted if possible as to turn no business away from the door. The old-fashioned editor was wont to assume, sometimes very amusingly it is true, the rôle of Sir Oracle. The journalist of the new development contentedly occupies the position of manufacturer and distributor of a salable print. He vaunts his journalistic sagacity in placing himself on the level of the smiling Boniface, and his newspaper on a parity with the “American plan” hotel bill of fare; you don’t expect every guest to eat everything in the list, he says, but you intend everybody to find whatever he wants there. The American people did not always respect Horace Greeley’s enthusiasms, — sometimes hooted at his foibles. The English even took the liberty of putting very distinguished radical editors like Leigh Hunt and John Wilkes into prison. Perhaps Ben Franklin and the great Doctor Samuel Johnson, as editors, were not to be taken seriously always, and they would doubtless have agreed to this themselves. But such journalists of the elder day were dignity itself, any one of them you please a Pericles of distinction, leadership, and power, compared with the editor of a modern newspaper with its mainspring in the counting-room. Indeed, the editor of such a paper can hardly be said to exist in the old sense of the word; the sheet is practically minus a real editor, and hence of course has no editorial opinion. In the old place of editor is the business manager for the capital stock of the enterprise, and any opinions are what the business demands in the view of the

one really responsible man, to wit, the business man whose main function it is to make contracts for advertising, for paper supply, for fifty-thousand-dollar presses, and for the huge labor force of the establishment, mechanical and intellectual, to earn dividends of twenty to fifty per cent. His chief responsibility, however, lies in his supervision of the editors, so that their indiscretions may not reduce the circulation or offend important interests.

How many newspapers are there of this kind? you ask. How many newspapers are not of this kind? would be an easier question to answer. You can name on the fingers of one hand existing American dailies really edited by editors, or which have editors known of at all outside of their own local circles. In what has called itself "modern journalism" the news outlay and material development have so enormously increased the cost of carrying on newspapers that great investments of capital are called for, such as can ordinarily be commanded only by joint-stock companies. Every corporation's capital is, of course, its prime concern; "corporations [having] no souls." Hence the managing director of the capital at stake in the enterprise is necessarily a most important man, — the most important man. It is for him to know and report to the stockholders the effect of the editorial course of the paper upon its business returns and business prospects. Consequently it is upon his judgment that the editor's views are to be supported or reversed by the capital invested. The editor necessarily becomes his subordinate, holding his place during what is determined by the business manager to be good behavior. The only exceptions to this obvious businesslike rule are those journals the capital of which is owned or controlled by the editors, and such in modern journalism are few and far between.

What is naturally to be looked for, in the way of leadership in public

thought from a press inspired and controlled by business men? The stream cannot rise higher than its source. If the ethics of business be based on the modernized Golden Rule, "Do your neighbor, or he will do you;" or, as that eminent business authority, David Harum, phrases it, "Do unto others what they would do to you, and do it *fast*," it can hardly prove socially or morally upbuilding. With the ear of shrewd business management close to the ground, the business-managed and business-seeking press will not vary much from the dead level of the average masses of business men. It is a fact of record where the business class stood in the anti-slavery agitation. It is an only too well-attested fact of business experience that it is a dangerous thing for a business man's credit and standing as a business man to allow himself to take a very active part, making public speeches, or by committee work showing any deep or intense interest, in public affairs; it is inferred that he must be neglecting his business. Even if he confines his energies in a political way to forwarding the success of one or the other of the two orthodox parties, he must do it only in the conventional ways and in moderation. If he espouses the cause of any reform which is to cut into the privileges of public-service corporations, capitalizing public utilities, let him look to it that he is not rated by his business friends as at least soft-headed in going in for limiting, instead of seeking to participate in, the spoliation of the public. But to join in any radical forward movement or lend his name, even, to broad social or philanthropic philosophies, is to earn the reputation of being a "crank" and consorting with Socialists and Anarchists, — all one to the average business mind.

With the press in the hands of business men, therefore, its abdication of leadership in the style of the Thunderer and of the famous journals of the past in this country is a foregone conclusion.

It may have been absurd for the elder journalism to style itself the "Vox Populi," with the implication that it was by that token the "Vox Dei." One smiles to note at the top of the front page of some time-stained sheet of other days the legend: —

"Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,

Unaw'd by influence and unbrib'd by gain."

But this bounce was at least the survival of a noble ideal, — a fiction that was evidence of, and a tribute to, the civic sense of responsibility which is the broad base of the national ethics of a self-governing people. In place of such legends nowadays you shall find, in large letters and black-face figures, strenuous sworn affidavits as to the monthly increase in circulation and yearly gain in columns of "want ads." The modern journal *à la mode*, frankly organized for business gain, is periodically carried off its feet into double-leaded editorials setting forth its business prosperity in tabulated statistics. Such purely commercial considerations are injected into the midst of its comment on public questions, and the latter are dealt with in ordinary type because they are of minor importance to the pecuniary rewards of the publishing corporation, in the scheme of commercial journalism. Of course there will be the usual quantum of matter that looks like editorials, but on examination it is found to be what might well be patented under the name of editorialene. Editorialene shrewdly selects men of straw to trample upon. It enunciates axiomatic platitudes with a ponderous affectation of wisdom. It "socks it to the satraps" of a safe distance in the past and a safe geographical remoteness. It also twitters sprightly commonplaces about minor moralities. But you will seek it in vain for direct, courageous, helpful dealing with the burning questions, the political and social and local issues really engrossing the best minds of the community, on the one side among high-priced legal talent,

and on the other among reformers, and demanding to be handled without gloves for the good of the city and the safety of the state. If a "gas deal" threatens to mortgage the future of a prime necessity of life to dividend charges on shoals of stock-issues, or a railway combination to monopolize the transportation of a city or of a vast region, the modern journalism will find space, in spite of any "pressure of news," for the arguments of corporation lawyers at so much per column on either side, but its own editorial on the question, if indeed it pretends to have any, will be elaborately sinuous, flat, and foisonless. This it is to manage a journal with approved business sagacity. Of course, the Republican papers will conventionally attack the Democrats, and Democratic journals attack the Republicans, as Jay Gould's railroad policy was to be Republican in Republican counties, and Democratic in Democratic counties; but this perfunctory beating of noisy drums only helps them keep silence upon the issues that are really pressing on the actual living and well-being of the people.

In a press managed by business men for business, you will not have these troublesome and divisive questions stirred up. You will never see the great liquor-selling interest, for instance, disturbed in any way to hurt. The advertising of the large grocery establishments is too important a matter in newspaper receipts to be jeopardized. On none of the great social or political questions do men absorbed in business pursuits feel very keenly so long as their own immediate business prospects are not interfered with. The most ordinary tradesman will wax hot instantly if a dollar of his own seems to be at risk, as in some clashing of employers with employed. But on sociological questions in general the business end of the paper is content to assert its possession of the power to stop all discussion of innovating principles. It has no emotions or convictions to prevent its ad-

herence to "whatever is," or, if a forward step be no longer avoidable, to opportunist measures; and it stolidly denies those to whom principles are as the breath of their nostrils, and the forwarding of social progress the gratification that serves to inspire their life-work instead of the gaining of wealth, the exercise of their best powers in discussion of movements for the public weal. Of the great Pennsylvanian motto, "Addition, Division, Silence," — the greatest of these was silence.

And silence is the stronghold of the business-run press of the country to-day. "Hero Funston," with characteristic cunning and audacity, put it into words when he demanded of the United States Senate to "shut up," under penalty of a general hanging of talkers until all was over in the Philippines. The Associated Press had obeyed this behest before it was uttered, and the country has had vouchsafed to it, under the dictation of that commercial and political machine, almost no material on which to base judgment of events or educate public opinion. That silence has been broken at last on events of two years' ago does not contravene this charge or condone this dereliction of duty. Happily in the weekly journals is to be found the antidote for this pernicious dry rot of silence on great issues. There one finds, for instance, the latest paper of President Schurman, the first Commissioner of the first Philippine Commission, in which he touches on this very point in these burning and memorable words: —

"For the all-important function of education we are dependent almost entirely upon agitation and discussion.

"When, therefore, I hear men in these opening years of the new century reprobate discussion of the greatest of public affairs, when even civil and military officials, in spite of the assurance of the government that the pacification of the Philippines is now practically complete, conjure their fellow citizens to hold their tongues and swallow a Philip-

pine policy of force and silence, I feel that, however brave and patriotic these spokesmen may be, they are champions of a new faith which is treason to democracy, and which, if it ever prevailed, would be death to the American republic. Even if free speech and unlimited discussion in the United States had the effect throughout all the Philippine archipelago of rendering the natives dissatisfied with our present military and semi-military government, and inspired them with the love and hope of liberty and independence, so that larger armies would be needed to keep them in colonial subjection, — that, ay and more than that, would be preferable and infinitely preferable, to our renunciation of the principle of free speech, of the sovereignty of public opinion, of government of the people, for the people, and by the people, which is the soul and glory of our republic.

"To attack or belittle popular government, to decry free speech and discussion by which it lives and acts, is to plunge the sword into our mother's bosom, because the outgoings of her heart of charity render some remote ward too hopeful and independent to suit our temporary convenience. We can live without the Philippines, but the republic cannot endure without free discussion. The people have a right to talk and will talk whatever their servants, civil or military, may choose to say about it. Had these servants of the sovereign people, who now pose as masters, more wisdom and sagacity, they would perceive that in a free republic it is only a policy of despair which would hide behind a conspiracy of silence."

The classic tyrants took care to provide bread and circus shows for the people while robbing them of participation in the politics of the day; and to make up for its suppression of the data of intelligent public opinion, modern journalism gives its patrons a sort of continuous performance of vaudeville. The

London Evening Sun celebrated April Fool's Day in the "modern" fashion. Dan Leno, the comedian, was given editorial charge of the sheet for the day, and it appeared dressed in motley garb. Leno received £150 for his day's editorial work. Think what it means that the congressional debates are no longer a regular feature of the daily papers of this country, as the parliamentary reports are still of the English papers. What is given of Congress appears under headings aiming to lure the reader with the idea that it is something else. Unless there has been a scene of fist-cuffs in Senate or House, one may have to search long to find any mention of Congress at all. All through the recent exciting debates in the Senate on the Philippines, touching on the very foundation principles of the republic, the daily congressional report, except in the case of the Tillman-McLaurin episode, or in the interchange of witticisms between Senators Bailey and Depew about the ladies, was less than half a column in length, on the average, and the absorbingly interesting and all-important examination of the generals and civil officials from the islands was even more drastically abbreviated by the Associated Press, in spite of all protests, for the daily papers of the country. At the same time whole pages were devoted to tattle of Jenkin's detailed to describe the furnishings of the visiting German prince's car, table, and bedrooms, with copious full-page illustrations, and lists and portraits of both notables and nobodies assisting at the respective local functions through which his royal highness rushed to his returning steamship. Compared with the great London daily papers, the chief New York dailies are essentially local sheets. To be sure, much happens in the great city and on a grand scale. Boston constructed her model municipal underground railway system without even interrupting the use of the streets for a day or an hour, while New York's subway

has progressed through a series of awful catastrophes. But in the absence of such events the gambling losses of a young multi-millionaire, his farewell supper as a bachelor to his young friends, his scrape with the police for reckless automobile driving, are equally good fish for the metropolitan daily's net. It apparently doubts the interest of its public in the betrayal to the beet-sugar interest of our national pledges to Cuba, but the murder of — or by — a young woman of doubtful character will exhaust all the resources of its "reportorial," detective, and photographic staffs.

This yellow journalism is plainly commercial, and therefore the direct and natural outgrowth and flowering of the journalism for commercial ends. The step having been taken away from the original purpose of the press, to instruct and appeal to public sentiment on matters of political importance, we have brought up in journalistic vaudeville. If the purpose of publishing newspapers is not to lead, or to teach or preach or advocate or champion, but to avoid doing these very things and to draw in the pennies of the untaught and the unthinking, in order to build up circulation and advertising, then the frivolous must be thoroughly done. So the most popular of the newspapers of the largest cities are printing puzzles, colored pictures, music, dishing up in sensational type the startling, the painful, the shocking, and the funny. In voluminous supplements old stories from scrapbooks and cyclopædias are rehashed, appealing to the childish love of the marvelous. Worst of all, the brute instinct and passion for battle, destruction, and destructive engineering are fed by copious illustrations of ramping battleships, torpedo explosions, pugilistic "knock-outs," football "oafs" in muddled heaps, — all this cheek by jowl with pictures of saints and martyrs and surpliced choir boys and Easter and Christmas carols, for the Christmas advertising and Easter fash-

ions are two of the great harvests of the year for the modern journalism. Yellow journalism is simply the business journalism of the modern development at the top notch. It differs only in degree, not in kind, from the more respectable journalism which for business abdicates the old function and dignity and duty of the press in leadership, and instead of fronting the mob, follows it. Not that the yellow journal is not duly strenuous in its shrieking. It shrieks so continually, and on so many diverse subjects, so evidently for the sake of the shrieking and to attract attention thus to itself, so obviously without sincerity, conviction, or moral purpose, that it can lead in no particular direction. For example, the original "yellow," still the leading paper of this class, whose worked-up hysteria over Cuba, with photographic pictures of the reconcentrados in all stages of starvation, at last communicated itself epidemically to the country and to Congress, and brought on a war which it is now known was not necessary to the freeing of Cuba, but was a great thing for the yellow journalism, — this "great daily" stands for both Militarism and Populism at once. It shrieked loud and long, after the little war with the big consequences, for a navy large enough to wipe out all the fleets of the world and a standing army to match, with new military and naval national universities, at the same time that it was shrieking for the throttling of bureaucracy, the smashing of plutocracy, and the municipalization of city lighting and transportation and all other public utilities; for the protection of the weak against predacious power, and in the same breath for the forcible retention of everything grabbed from the weak. Imperialism and Socialism, pounded out by the big bass drums of two competing brass bands perched upon the same stand, do not tend to lucid reflection on political programmes in the popular mind. The commercial impulse to add

every possible attraction and impossible combination to the variety shows maintained in its tall towers of Babel is manifestly the rationale of such journalism.

Now between the timorous inanity of the respectable commercialized press and the insanity of the yellow journalism, where is the chance for light and leading for this newspaper-reading country? If the salt has lost its savor, wherewith shall this great democracy get the relish for public issues necessary for the proper digestion of the elements of the exacting problems of self-government? It is possible that as a consequence of the smothering of free and independent editorial expression by the characteristic and necessary conservatism of the commercial instincts of the counting-room, representing the capital involved in the vast plants of daily newspapers, public opinion will have to turn to the weekly press. Here the large amount of stockholders' capital required to maintain an example of modern journalism may be dispensed with. About one tenth of the capital needed for a daily will suffice for a weekly. The editor need not be a millionaire, or the tool of a millionaire, to own his paper and so really edit it. For bare safety \$500,000 must be in hand before the modern sort of a daily paper can be started, while for a well appearing weekly \$50,000 would answer at a pinch for the trial and see the paper through the perils of infancy, if it prove to be really a useful addition to the community.

There are not wanting signs that some such shifting of the strength and dignity of the press that really represents the best public opinion of the country has already set in and reached considerable proportions. One of these signs is to be discovered in various attacks that have recently been made on the weekly press. Far-sighted tactics have been resorted to to limit the advantages of the weeklies in the United States mails.

For years, under the leadership of Congressman Loud of California, chairman of the Committee on Postal Affairs, the attempt has been renewed to cut off large classes of cheap publications from the enjoyment of the low rates allowed to newspapers as second-class matter. It has been repeatedly demonstrated that the true cause of the so-called deficit in the post-office department is not the amount of cheap printed matter carried at second-class postage rates, but the disadvantageous contracts made with the railroads for carrying the mails. It has been fully shown that twice as much per mile per ton is paid the railroads for carrying the mails as they receive from passengers, and many times as much as they charge for carrying the express companies' tonnage. It has been repeatedly shown that the annual rate paid by the government for the use of a postal car is enough to pay in six months for the construction of the car itself. It has been shown that the annual payments to railroads by the post office to be made for a series of years have been on certain routes estimated on mails artificially swollen for a few months for the purpose of securing high figures. And yet all the consequences of corrupt postal outlays is shouldered off upon the weekly press. The so-called Loud bill, which has been thus far regularly defeated on its recurrent appearances, enlists the support of the daily press by appealing to its commercial interest as against the weekly press, — a shortsighted selfishness, as whatever induces the reading habit must benefit the daily press. This same Congressman Loud is on record in more than one of his committee reports in favor of abandoning the post-office service altogether, and giving to private enterprise the rest of what business advantages he cannot manage under existing arrangements to throw to the well-intrenched and most ably generaled express corporations with their almost incredible profits.

A wholly new, and really very star-

ling and significant, incident in the warfare on the weekly press was the ruling of Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden, within the past twelve-month, that weekly journals edited by cranks, two that advocate Socialism, for instance, — and there is no reason in logic why such as advocate Single Tax, or Anti-Vaccination, or Anti-Vivisection, should not come under the same category, — shall be denied the privileges of the newspaper mail rates. This intrepid reformer has thus placed under a ban intended to make their distribution impracticable two widely circulated sheets with tenets which he could not approve, on the ground that they were virtually advertising-circulars, because they are devoted to "advertising" certain ideas. This sounds like Gilbert-and-Sullivan opera bouffe, but it is the official action of the present Third Assistant Postmaster-General. If it be one of the necessities ahead in our new departure in national evolution to destroy the independence of the press and smother the expression of public opinion, or rather to prevent the formation of any public opinion, this Mr. Madden, otherwise unknown to fame, will have earned a high place on the roll of glory containing the heroes of the American war on Spain and the Philippines.

But this preposterous assumption is no real danger; it is too absurd. The real danger lies in the atrophy of public opinion induced by a press conducted for commercial ends, and without sensibility to delicate promptings of national honor, without resentment of palpable social injustice, without any ideal so dear to it as commercial prosperity. What was enforced by Napoleon III. upon the newspapers of France has come to pass in this country by the surrender to commercialism. "Agitation is forbidden," wrote Bagehot, describing French conditions after "thirteen years of Cæsarism," "and it is agitation alone that teaches. The speculative

thought of France has not been killed by the Empire, — it is as quick, as rigorous, as keen as ever; but though still alive it is no longer powerful, — it cannot teach the mass. The Revue is permitted, but newspapers — effectual newspapers — are forbidden. . . . The daily play of the higher mind upon the lower mind is arrested." Despotism is no less despotism for being many-headed, with an aggressive representative (perhaps unwittingly so) of the imperialistic commercialism ruling the hour in each newspaper office, clothed with the authority to hold down the editor to the safe, commonplace editorial output of commerce. "Enlightenment be ——" Thackeray's Jupiter Jeames is made to say, "I want the fool of a thick-headed reader to say 'Just my own views,' else he ain't pleased and maybe he stops his paper." The New York Evening Post, the other

day, pointed out that with one or two honorable exceptions the American press was completely silent for days after the terrible revelations of the ordered killing of men, women, and children — "above the age of ten" — by our army in Samar. "Dry minds, which feel no glow of faith in them," says Bagehot, "often do not know what their opinions are." It is the business of the business man to keep his mind "dry," and the journalism that is in the business man's hand can manifestly give to the community nothing of the commanding, high-souled spirit, — guiding, enlightening, and, above all, leading, and inspiring with faith in itself, which that sage and practical English political philosopher, concerned always with problems of self-government similar to our own, rates as of the highest value in self-government, — "the intense emotion of conviction."

Brooke Fisher.

DAWN.

A SHIP with cargo laden to the guards
Has come to port! Lo, how her masts and spars
Above the kindling clouds begin to lift,
And her great peak has dashed the skies with light!
For all on earth she brings a royal gift,
More precious than was ever sung by bards.
Her hold is stuffed with incense and with myrrh,
And round her clings a fragrance and a scent
Of Thule or some distant Orient,
With whiffs of a diviner air, the swift
Sidereal blast that bore her from the stars.
The woods and hills rejoice to welcome her,
As though she bore to earth some envoy or
Some God-accredited ambassador,
Sent hither from beyond the Pleiades.
Near and more near she draws! The heavens grow bright
With her approach! Lo, in what vessel-yards
Were her stout timbers hewn? What workman laid
Her starry frame? What fearless pilot weighed
Her anchor, steered her through the chartless seas?

William Prescott Foster.

THE LIONS IN THE WAY.

"I DON'T see why you turn down the light like that," said Mrs. Axtell querulously, "unless you're expectin' a ghost to call, — the kind that come about dark, — a sort of spiritual bat," she continued, with grim humor. "That makes me think: I see Elsie out lookin' into a mud puddle one day, so I put up the window, — it was the northwest window of the parlor," she explained with a born realist's passion for detail, — "and asked what she was lookin' for.

"God," says she.

"Why, Elsie!" says I surprised like.

"You said he was in de sky," says she, "an' de sky's in de water, an' I'm goin' supp'ise him when he comes. I see an angel alweady — just de tip of her wing goin' by."

"She's a cute one," said Mrs. Axtell fervently. "She's most too good for this world, seems to me sometimes. and it's a kind o' relief to ketch her stealin' my pickles, 'cause then I know she's got enough original sin to season her and keep her human."

"No trouble about that, I guess," said Myra, more as a form of words than an attempt to reply.

She did not explain that the dim light suited her mood as she sat close under the white mantel, very still except that her hands closed nervously now and then upon the arms of the chair, and her face moved as the earth seems to quiver at times under the shadow of a passing cloud. Her eyes were always stealthily seeking the door, along the paths of dust — that cement of our common mortality that binds us together — as it gathered insolently in her very sight. She had lost her courage for work since this terrible suspense had caught and held her in its net.

"Kerosene's cheap," said Mrs. Ax-

tell, returning to her grievance; "that is, some cheap," she added cautiously. "There ain't no great need o' settin' in the dark."

"I wish you'd stop making such a guy of yourself, mother," said Myra, a little fretful under the nervous tension, and with some notion of applying a counter-irritant. "Little Barbara Lane asked me the other day when you were going by if you were Mother Goose."

Mrs. Axtell laughed. She was a grotesque study of a woman, small, and so spare that the joints showed like knots under the withered skin, her shoulders hidden by a black shawl that must have been gifted with immortality, it had outworn so many generations, and her head concealed within the depths of a great poke bonnet. She had found the bonnet in a chest in her garret, and was wearing it more in the interest of her gospel of economy than the economy itself. From under this awning her large eyes threw out a watchful, half-humorous light.

"Well," she said, "I ain't one to let good silk and the time spent in shirrin' it go to waste on account of its not bein' the fashion of this generation. I'm makin' myself a kind o' trumpet call to this village, to warn 'em against extravagance."

"That bonnet looks as much like a trumpet as anything," said Myra impatiently.

"Besides," continued Mrs. Axtell, "I see they was so bent on talkin' about Linda Brett I thought I might as well draw off a little attention on to myself. So I put on the bunnit — an' it done it."

"I should think it did," said Myra irritably.

"What's the matter, anyway?" asked Mrs. Axtell, when she had watched her daughter in silence for a

few minutes. "You act as if you was afraid of something. You have n't really got the light turned down for a ghost, have you?" she inquired facetiously. "I've always heard they was mighty poor company — especially a body's own. Everybody has their own ghosts, they say, and they get quite a neat property in them when they're poor enough other ways. An' they have to lay 'em one by one, here, or there, or somewhere, nobody knows. That's what your aunt Rebecca Chase used to say — an' I guess she knew." Mrs. Axtell's statement that a thing was what her sister Rebecca said, and she guessed she knew, was to her as the seal of Solomon — and beyond it there was no appeal.

"Come, what is it?" asked the mother. "You've taken to worryin' too much. There's no use tryin' to regulate the sunset and the moonrise all the time; you've got to let things blunder along by themselves once in a while. That's what your aunt Rebecca said — an' I guess she knew," she added softly, after a few minutes. Mrs. Axtell's whole creed of conduct was made up of the proverbs and epigrams of her sister Rebecca. It was as if she had tried to throw her whole personality into the mould which her sister had fashioned.

"Elsie been runnin' away, or tellin' a fib?" she inquired anxiously. Myra, the daughter to whom she had done maternal homage for so long, had been deposed at Elsie's coming, and had sunk to the lower estate of being merely Elsie's mother.

"Or would n't say her prayers or somethin'?"

"No, no," said Myra desperately. "It's that old story — *you* know. I'm afraid Glory's told him."

"What story?" asked Mrs. Axtell blankly. "That about Elsie's gettin' into the brook and" —

"No, no," said Myra impatiently. "About myself. What makes you so

slow, mother? When I was a girl — don't you remember?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Axtell, as if a sudden light had dawned. "That! Why, I supposed you'd forgot that long ago."

"I've never forgotten it a minute since Glory Ann said she'd tell him."

"Well, you should n't have told Glory Ann."

"But I did," said Myra almost angrily, "and she said she'd tell him some time; and he was there a week before she died. She always kept her word, you know, — she prided herself on it."

"Yes," said Mrs. Axtell, "I remember how she used to stickle over the truth, — like her tellin' me Millie Pond paid fifty cents for a white apron, an' then walkin' clear over to Scranshope to say she was mistaken, an' it was only twenty-five, and askin' my pardon to boot. Think of it!" Mrs. Axtell shook her head solemnly. "There was a queer streak in Glory — let alone the quarrelin'. It ain't any use tryin' to live and tell the truth like that. Well, maybe she did n't tell him. Dyin' 's different from 'most everything else," she said grimly, "and it might upset one's ways some, I should think; and maybe she was tryin' to save her soul, — people do generally put it off till it has to be done, you know. It don't pay to believe the worst till you know it's so. That's what your" —

"Yes, yes, mother," said Myra hurriedly.

"I know how you feel," said Mrs. Axtell. "I ran away from my mother once when I was a girl, huckleberryin'; an' I remember, when I was to the foot of Huckleberry Hill, lookin' back and seein' her comin' on alone so quiet and uncomplainin'. I've done lots of worse things than that in my life; but when Elder Sweet used to call on us all to repent, my conscience always picked out that Saturday afternoon to be sorry for."

Mrs. Axtell fell into a long, silent

musings, over that day, perhaps, while Myra bent forward, and resting her elbows on her knees, covered her face with her hands.

The story which Myra dreaded was of her own girlhood, — of that time when the dangerous love-longing stirs in the heart of every woman, and leaves her at the mercy of that mischievous fairy who still roams the world with the juice of the herb called love-in-idleness, to anoint his victims' eyes so that, waking, they glorify and worship what first catches that wondrous love-light.

Love was higher than law, some one had pleaded with her in those days; *stronger even than the spiritual death* hidden within the forbidden fruit. Love was its own good. Even the sulphur fires of the Puritan's underworld could not prevail against a heart that was filled with it. Myra had listened shrinkingly and doubtfully, yet yielding her will little by little to the fascination of the tempter who was offering her her heart's desire.

They had planned to meet in a distant city; but Myra, in her nervous haste and fear of detection, had taken an earlier train than the one agreed upon, and arriving, had found no one to meet her at the station. She had never been in a large city before, or even far from home; and she shivered in the loneliness of the unfamiliar air like a southern flower brought to a northern sky. The noise and constant motion of people passing about her like the quick-moving shuttles of a loom did not reassure her, but filled her with a senseless self-consciousness that made her cower at any casual glance.

"What is it?" asked a kind-faced, elderly woman, evidently country bred like herself. "Can I do anything for you?"

Myra had been standing motionless against the walls of the station for a half hour. "He — has n't come," she stammered. "I — I'm lost."

"Who?" asked the woman.

Myra made some incoherent attempt to explain, yet not reveal the truth; but her eyes fell away guiltily from the other's clear gaze. The stranger laid a hand on her arm. "In your mother's name" — she said solemnly.

It is usually some woman to whom the final great appeal is made. That is why the Catholic Church has instituted the worship of the Virgin. It has tried to reincarnate God in the form of a woman.

"Is she living?"

"Yes."

"Go home to her and talk it over. I don't understand, but I'm sure you're making a mistake. Will you go?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes," said Myra humbly.

There was an east-bound train ready to leave, and on the impulse Myra had taken it, without asking about its route. She had been carried out of her way, and as she had been obliged to change her course and wait for trains, it was after midnight when she reached Stanton. From there she had walked the four-mile distance home. The road led across the lonely plains, where the trembling of the shadows or the gossipy talk of the leaves had set her pulses throbbing. She ran when the rapid beating of her heart gave her breath to run, and came out of the plains pallid with fear, and so weary that when her feet stumbled and she fell at her father's gate, she lay there a few minutes to rest, though the house was only a dozen steps away.

The house was dark; but her people rarely took the trouble to lock doors, and she had no difficulty in entering. In passing through the kitchen she had awakened her mother, it seemed.

"Is that you, Myra?" asked Mrs. Axtell.

"Yes," faltered Myra.

"You did n't stay with Glory, then."

"No."

"You did n't let the cat in, did you?"

"No."

"All right."

Myra had crept upstairs to her own chamber without further challenge. She had not slept, tired as she was, but, sitting by the window, had watched the slow progress of the stars. There, beyond, somewhere on the limits of the night, she had caught a glimpse of a girl walking blindly amid dense clouds that hid a treacherous way. Some chance breeze had blown the clouds aside for an instant, and the girl had seen the black abyss close to her feet. She had drawn back in terror; and at that moment — perhaps the sudden sense of her own peril had quickened her imagination and with it the sympathy that always follows hard upon — there had come to her the cry of another woman, who complained that the love she had won had been stolen, and the same hand that had robbed her of love would take her honor and her home.

It was strange that Myra's conscience had never troubled her very much before in regard to this other woman, for now it was hardly concerned about anything else, and even for the moment shut out her pity for her lover, perplexed and chagrined at her failure to keep her promise. Myra had caught a glimpse of the other woman once, — a plain, dull, plodding figure. She had not wondered that such a one could not hold a man's heart; she had pitied her a little in a girl's thoughtless, cruel way, and complacently remembered her own reflection in the glass. But now, again and again, she begged forgiveness of the woman she had wronged, and humbled herself with bitter shame before her memory of that figure, as if it represented the womanhood of the world. The morning had brought her a new era. She had begun to put away her infatuation as something sullied and unfit; and in time all that had remained was a sense of her own potential guilt, and a prayer for the woman who had been her friend.

The secret was her own, and might have been forever buried in her own memory if once, in the early days of her engagement, when the sunshine was flooding earth and sky, and her heart was drunk with the joy of it, she had not told the story to her lover's sister. Myra had often wondered how it happened, and could only understand it as the outcome of her own love-intoxication, the moonlight, the perfume of the lilacs, and the mesmeric influence of the slowly swaying leaves. There had come to her a sudden longing to tell her story, — Glory had been doing some of hers in detail, — and its seasoning of sin had added only a keener zest, a spice unknown to Glory's prosy tales, and made the temptation greater. When she had once begun, she entered into it with the self-forgetting passion of the artist, describing its first scenes with picturesque effect, its development with fervor, and its climax and possible tragedy with a dramatic skill that made her a trifle conscious of her own power, even in the telling. "I just wanted to show you a human heart still beating!" she cried, with a sweeping gesture. "That most wonderful vision of all the world!" Glory looked at Myra as if she were afraid her friend had suddenly become deranged. Myra had blushed, remembering that she had plagiarized the words from a story, — the one story that she had ever tried to write, — and laughed at Glory's matter-of-fact surprise and disapproval. She had been so lost in her interest in the story that she had hardly realized how she had betrayed her own past. In truth, it had not come to her fully till her quarrel with Glory, and Glory's threat to tell the story to her brother, then Myra's husband.

"I shall tell him some time — when I'm good and ready," Glory said vindictively, knowing by some evil intuition that the sword that hangs by a thread kills a thousand times.

Myra had gone to her mother to

make confession and ask for comfort after Glory's threat.

"I should n't mind," said Mrs. Axtell. "Cookin' 's what a man cares about most after he 's married, and you do beat anything. You get a knack from the Axtells, I do believe, for mother Axtell had a way with flour that was better 'n mine. She said the first thing to do was to show it you wa'n't afraid of it. An' as for Glory Ann, she 'd quarrel with anybody. I never see nobody like her. She 'd pick a quarrel with Moses himself if he 'd come down, I do believe. As if you had n't a right to speak to Caroline Peck if you wanted to!" she exclaimed indignantly, for it was Myra's defense of a friend that had brought Glory's wrath upon herself. "An' he 's got Elsie!" she added triumphantly. The small Elsie filled so large a part of her own field of vision that one could hardly wonder that she fancied Elsie's existence would atone for anything.

She had ceased her own retrospect now, and watching Myra a minute, as a botanist might scrutinize an unclassified flower, resorted to her old mode of comfort.

"Well, he 's got Elsie," she said.

"Yes," said Myra huskily.

"I don't pretend to make you out," said the mother, "but you 're frettin' yourself old over this; and what good does that do? Next to cookin', a man likes to have a woman have some looks. It 's the same with a plant. You would n't bother with it if it did n't look pretty, would you?"

"But a plant has n't got a soul," said Myra, rather resentfully.

"No, maybe not," replied Mrs. Axtell dubiously. "Of course not," she continued, as if suddenly coming to herself; "who said it had?"

"I 've often thought I 'd tell him myself," said Myra after a while.

"Oh, I would n't tell him," answered Mrs. Axtell quickly. "Wait and see if Glory did. It never pays to

tell a man anything. He 'll seem all right at the time, and afterwards he 'll throw it up to you, when the bakin' 's turned out poor, or your folks have done something that don't suit him. Never tell anybody anything unless you 're in a terrible takin' to have 'em know. They 're bound to find out more 'n what 's good for 'em anyway."

There was such an air of inspired wisdom about Mrs. Axtell's shake of the head that Myra could hardly help smiling, even then.

"Let 's see! How long has he been gone?"

"Three weeks and one day," said Myra.

"Lackin' some odd minutes, I suppose," remarked Mrs. Axtell, with a laugh. "I 'll tell you what 's the matter. You set too much store by him. It never pays to put yourself into anybody's hands like that. Besides, you can always manage any one better when you don't care too much about 'em; and you want all your senses about you when you have a man to look after. There 's Elsie, now! Sometimes seems to me children are a kind o' dispensation to draw off a woman's mind from bein' so set on a man. An' when they 're grown up you have grandchildren to pet, maybe; and if not, there 's always the sewin' society and the prayer meetin' to fall back on. Never put all your eggs in one basket."

"If I could have told him myself!" said Myra. "I 've tried to. I 've begun, 'There was a girl once' — or 'Once when I was a girl of sixteen' — but it was like trying to run in a dream — I could n't."

"It 's just as well," commented the mother, "though I don't believe Rael would mind anyway. A man don't want an angel for a wife. He 'd be mighty lonesome if he had one. He 'd wish he 'd saved a piece of the apple and given her a taste, I guess," she said, laughing grimly. "There were Deacon Obadiah Spooner and his wife over in

Scranhope, — you don't remember 'em. He was one of the meek, quiet kind, and she was n't; and she said she believed she'd have thought more of him if he'd given it back. It was reported she said one time she thought if she'd been Jezebel she'd have been glad her husband was Ahab and not Jero—no, no, the other Boam—what was his name? He was one of the good ones, anyway, and Heaven knows they was as scarce as hen's teeth in them days. I would n't worry, daughter," she said in conclusion. "I would n't worry."

"He won't understand," said Myra. "He won't believe a good woman could have ever thought of such a thing. You can't tell a man you're a good woman. It ain't a matter for tellin'. He has to know of himself. He'll think I've cheated him. It was another woman he married — another woman he's taken care of — another woman that was Elsie's mother."

"Don't take on so," pleaded Mrs. Axtell. "If you had n't been as good and trustin' as a spring lamb it would n't have happened, anyway; and 't wa'n't anything, anyhow. He won't care. You can depend on that. An' you must have surprised him with the cookin' — you did me. I used to imagine he thought I ought to teach you somethin', so you would n't have to practice on him so much after you was married; but I never could get to it, someway. I never liked to see you in the kitchen handlin' dough," she said apologetically. "I liked to see you in a pretty dress in the sittin'-room with a book, or crocheting, or playin' the organ, or pickin' flowers. It's always the way. You raise a girl for yourself, and somebody comes and takes her; and he acts as if all the raisin' had been for him."

"Not that I was ever sorry — in a way," she droned on. "I don't know what would have become of us after father died if it had n't been for Rael. An' the woodshed and coal-bin full

every fall, an' garden sass till I'm tired of the sight of it, an' Rael callin' out 'How are you, mother!' across the road, an' a brown envelope with three dollars in it comin' under the kitchen door every Sunday night as if the good little people brought it, *and* Elsie."

"I d' know as people ought to talk about investin' their flesh and blood, but it was the best investment we unlucky folks ever made, father and I."

"I often wonder how he'll look when he comes," moaned Myra, who had hardly heeded her mother's talk, — "if he will show the difference in his face. I think of Jane Garner sometimes, and how she went to Europe and saw Mt. Blanc; and I remember when I was a little girl going over there when she came home, kind of awestruck to see her face, — but it was just the same."

"She was a homely thing, anyway," said Mrs. Axtell, rising. "The stage's late to-night, or he would have been here long ago. I guess I'll be steppin' home. Rael will be tired, and won't want to be botherin' with me, anyway. I'll be over to-morrow."

"Don't worry so, Myra," she said, looking around the stove pityingly at her daughter. "He ain't goin' to trouble himself about what happened before the flood. An' maybe Glory has n't told him. I don't see what good it would do her at this late day."

"To keep her word," said Myra.

"Pshaw! 'T ain't likely she's been thinkin' o' that. More likely she's been thinkin' o' her sins. I hope they'll keep a watch on her up above, or she'll be havin' the angels in a fuss."

"There's no use frettin' before you know you've got to, and gettin' the color washed out of your cheeks and the shine out of your eyes, when you'll need 'em most, maybe. Better get an old mullein leaf and rub up your cheeks a bit, and put a little cayenne pepper on your lips. They look as if the blood did n't run in 'em. A man'll forgive a good-lookin' woman a lot more'n he

will a homely one. Have you got anything good for him to eat?"

"N-no," said Myra reluctantly. "I could n't remember about it. I forgot the soda in the cake, and it's like lead; and I forgot the bread, and that's sour."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Axtell. "That is too bad! I can't help you out, either; I had to get a loaf of the baker myself. I made a lot of molasses cookies a few days ago, but Elsie kind o' took to 'em, an' she's about lived on 'em, I guess. They're gone, anyway. Well, well!" she said meditatively, after a pause.

"Well, I guess I'll take a peek at Elsie before I go." She took the lamp and went through an open door into an adjoining bedroom, Myra following and standing on the threshold. Mrs. Axtell tiptoed silently across the room, and shading the lamp so that it should not disturb the sleeper, bent over the iron crib. A small fair face, as delicate and daintily fashioned as the petals of a flower, and with as little personality as it waited for the chisels of heart and brain, lay on the pillow. The grotesque figure in the great bonnet made a quaint picture, there bending over the child. She might have been one of Elsie's Puritan ancestors returned to watch her sleep. The grandmother's face slowly suffused with pleasure, even so that it threw off some of the effect of the years under the magic of that great restorative, the joy of reincarnation in another life. One hand had strayed outside the patchwork quilt, her own handiwork. She drew the covering gently over it. A single curl had fallen down upon the child's eyes. She brushed it away as if it had been thistledown.

"Looks pale," she whispered, as she moved away.

"Too many cookies," said Myra.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mrs. Axtell. "I don't believe in crossin' 'em much. Let 'em have what they want and trust 'em to nature, I say."

"Well, I'll be goin'." Now don't fret any more," she said, patting Myra's shoulder in a shy, odd way. "I'll look in to-morrow, and I'm sure it'll be all right. You can know your old mother will be thinkin' of you, anyway." She went out of the door, found the lantern which she always carried at night, even in moonlight, and bending to see her way step by step, picked a path slowly across the street. When she had reached home she turned to wave her lantern toward Myra, as a signal that she was safe. Myra was on the porch, and waited a minute to see the night. It was full of soft magical moonlight, that gave a faint semblance of the day. Though the month was January, the ground was still bare, except for a handful of snow in a pocket of the ground here and there, or a patch of ice which the moonlight turned to satin spar. The trees, cenotaphs from which the life had slipped to find refuge in the root-crypts below, stood bleakly out against the sky, and revealed the secrets of the nests, — homes which the falling of the leaves had laid bare to any curious eye. Myra shivered, but fancied that it was not so much from the cold as from weariness of the death-like gloom. "Oh, will the spring never come?" she thought. It seemed ages since that icy chill had fallen on the sky and that brown quiet on the ground.

A figure coming rapidly along the road made her look again quickly, then creep noiselessly back into the house and close the door without sound. She waited in the sitting-room, all eagerness to learn whether he would come in at the sitting-room door or go round to the kitchen entrance. He came on quickly, his footfall resounding heavily on the frozen ground. As he neared the house he began to whistle a strain of "The harp that once through Tara's halls." Those measures were a signal which they had arranged, so that Myra might always know that it was he who was coming. He passed the sitting-room

and went on toward the kitchen. Then Myra took the lamp and put it on a bracket by the kitchen door, that it might throw a light into the kitchen, yet not so illuminating it that a man could see how pinched and sallow a woman's face had grown. She was panic-stricken as she thought of her mother's words. It seemed to her, too, that she would have given her one diamond, or a day's agony, for a loaf of good bread or a sweet, light cake.

He opened the door quickly, pausing there to look about and call her name.

"Rael," she responded faintly.

"Oh, there you are!" he said, going toward her eagerly with outstretched hand. There was a shy perfunctory kiss, but when he had paid this tribute to conventional forms, he put an arm about her and drew her close.

"Well! Glad to see me?"

"Ye-es."

"Ye-es," he repeated mockingly. "What do you mean by that?" He lifted her face and kissed her cheek so harshly that the blood rushed to meet his lips. "There!" he said. "That's for punishment. Well, how are you and Elsie? I hope you did n't think I took any stock in what you wrote. 'We are very well, and getting on nicely,' " he quoted the words with absurd mimicry. "Always the same. I knew you'd write it as long as you could hold up your head. I was so out of patience once I came near telegraphing to Nate Trask to let me know the worst, — it was enough to make a man suspicious in itself. Elsie asleep?"

"Yes."

"Let's go see her."

They went in and stood together by the crib. The little insubordinate hand had stolen outside on the coverlet again. He drew it gently under the quilt. His big brown face quivered for an instant.

"Come, Myra," he said after a while, "let's go out and see the horses. Put on your duds and come on. I can't let you out of my sight quite yet," he

added, laughing shyly. Myra put on her hood and shawl and went with him to the barn. "It does not seem as if he knew, as if he knew," she told herself over and over, her heart beating time to the measured words.

The horses recognized Rael's step as he opened the door, and whinnied a greeting. He went about patting each one. "How has Jerry treated you, old chaps?" he asked gayly. "I know they've been fed, but I must give them an oat or two just to celebrate." He laughed like a schoolboy as he dealt out the grain.

"Do you know what the new one, Tyrone, said to me the day I went away?"

"What was it?"

"I was out here feeding them, you know, and Tyrone says to me, —

"'Is that tall, slight, pretty woman?' " — Myra laughed — "'that comes out here with apples your wife?'

"'Yes,' said I.

"'She's a little afraid of me, is n't she?'

"'I guess she is,' said I.

"'Well, perhaps it's just as well,' said he." Rael laughed mischievously.

"But she is n't afraid of Jack — old Jackie," he said, putting an arm about the head of an old horse that had a stall apart, and laying his cheek against the creature's muzzle. He laughed again, rather consciously, glancing at Myra.

"I can't help it," he said, as he drew her to his side. "I expect to meet him in the other world; and who knows? perhaps he'll say a good word for me to God when I shall need one most. Come, let's go see the cows."

The cows were lying or standing in their stanchions, engaged in the miracle of turning hay to milk with rhythmic motion of their great jaws. Rael called each one by name as he passed along the line, distributing the meal. "There! That's to celebrate!" he said, still laughing, as he put down the measure and went toward Myra.

"Now let's go and get warm and have supper."

It was not till they were in the sitting-room by the stove that they spoke of the sister's death. Myra had moved the lamp so that its light did not shine full upon her chair, and, hidden in that shadow, said hesitatingly, —

"So Glory's gone."

"Yes, Glory's gone," he repeated slowly.

"Did she leave — any message — for — any one, or about any one?" she asked timidly.

"N-no. I don't know as she did specially," he answered thoughtfully. "I believe she mentioned some of the folks she'd quarreled with. I believe she said to tell 'em she forgave 'em — if she did n't get well. It did n't hold if she did, I suppose," he said, checking a smile.

"Not a word — about me?" inquired Myra with a great effort.

"No, not in particular. She asked how you were once or twice. Oh yes — one day at the last she said tell you she could n't keep her word, after all. It was something she was to tell me, I think — I could n't make it out. 'Well, perhaps I'll see you in the morning,' she said, looking kind o' queer. She died that night." He was silent a while, then went on to speak of some of the incidents of his stay.

"His folks wanted Lena, or I'd have brought her home with me. I don't know but as we're all bent on spoiling' Elsie — specially your mother. It would be good for her to have to fight it out with another child of her own age; might take some of the edge off, anyway. Queer how helpless a man feels with a girl baby."

Myra hardly listened; the relief, the joy, was so boundless that it was even hard to bear. Her senses swam under the pressure of it.

"I'd like to tell you that story," she said breathlessly. "I know it. It was about a girl" —

"Well," he said, smiling quizzically, for Myra had paused.

"She thought she cared — for some one" —

"Oh!" he said, laughing. "That ain't uncommon."

"No; but — but — he was" — she shrank bitterly from the word — "married."

"Well, that was unfortunate."

"She went to Boston to meet him," Myra went on rapidly, "but he was n't there — and she came home — and was sorry" —

"Ever afterwards," he said, smiling as he turned to watch her closely a minute.

"Yes," she said, trembling, "I — I was that girl."

"Indeed!" he said quietly. "And what next?"

"There was n't any next. That's all."

"Oh," he said suddenly, "this is what's been troublin' you. I knew there was something. I used to think I'd ask you, but I could n't do it. 'If she wants me to know, she'll tell me,' I thought; and I — I was afraid you were disappointed in your marriage."

"Oh, Rael!"

"I'm very glad you've told me — so long as you might worry, perhaps, till you did tell me," he said, with an odd smile. "Oh!" he exclaimed, changing his tone, "did you get to Stanton after midnight?"

"Yes."

"I saw you, then. I went by the station on the way home from Lucy Springer's," he said, laughing at his own confession, "and I saw a girl come out of the station and start toward the plains. I followed her just far enough away so she would n't know, and near enough to see her safe through. But when she came out of the plains, I thought I'd no business to be spying to see who she was or where she went, so I sat down," he said, laughing at his own Quixotic impulse, "and waited till she was out of

sight. An' it was you! Well, well! I've wondered a thousand times who that girl was — a thousand times! It's a great relief to me to know," he said, laughing. "I suppose," he said, not looking at Myra, "you had forgotten that—that other—when I came to"—

"Oh yes, yes!" she cried huskily.

"That's all right, then. We won't speak of it again. I'm sorry you've worried. You ought to know me better," he added, beating her hand against his knee.

"Oh," she cried, drawing away her hand impulsively, "did I make it plain? quite plain? Did you understand—I was the girl?"

"Why, yes," he said, puzzled. "So you said."

"You—you forgive me?"

"Forgive!" he exclaimed impetuously. "Why, I ain't fit to breathe the same air with you! Strike me, or call me a cur, but don't ask me to forgive you. It makes me want to look around for a knothole to crawl into."

There was a patter of small feet, a falsetto call of "Papa!" and they saw a small, white-robed figure in the doorway.

"Elsie!" he cried, as she came running to his arms. He cuddled her under his coat, and wrapped the folds of her nightgown closely about her feet.

"Whose girl is this?" he asked, "and has she been good all this long time?"

"Co'se," said Elsie, looking a little defiantly at her mother.

"Good every day?"

"Co'se," said Elsie, watching her mother closely.

"I'll tell you, Myra," said he, "I'm hungry. I have n't had any dinner. I was n't going to pay fifty cents for a cup of coffee and a slice of ham, and swallow them whole for fear the train would go off and leave me. It was n't the money, but the bargain instinct in me, you know," he said, laughing. "Do you suppose you could get a fellow some of

those extra superfine griddlecakes of yours?"

"I want a g'iddlecake," said Elsie.

"Of course," said he, laughing a challenge at the mother. "With honey on 'em."

"I want some honey on 'em," repeated Elsie.

"Where are somebody's fig leaves?" he asked. "I'll put 'em on—it's like fitting the parts of a puzzle to do it, but I'll try, while mother bakes the cakes."

"I know how they go," said Elsie.

Myra sat staring at the two as if a film had been woven over her eyes. When it had burned away she saw clearly, and knew that they were still her own, and not those of that other possible Myra, the better woman whose feet had never stumbled among the stones and briers of this world.

She went joyfully to the kitchen, but before she began her work laughed silently—laughed and laughed again, till her frame quivered with the vibration of the mirth. Once more love had chained the dreaded lions in the way, and passing on beyond them, her heart was trying to get some of its arrears of joy as recompense for its needless agony.

She ran to the looking-glass and peered within, to see if indeed she had grown so very old, and rubbed her cheeks to bring back the color; then remembering her mother's suggestion in regard to the cayenne, ran to get it, but hesitated about the righteousness of its use.

"I must n't make another mistake," she thought, "not the tiniest one," reasoning as one who has already used all one soul's allowance of sin; and the cakes waited while reason and conscience took counsel over this important ethical point. Suddenly the memory of Rael's hunger came to her as a reproach; she ran to the stove again, and rattled the lids to let Rael know that she was really at work, while a song rose of its own buoyancy to her lips.

"Oh, don't you remember sweet

Alice, Ben Bolt?" The music floated into the other room, where a man had paused before he began to fumble with the small footwear, and his face had whitened as he muttered between his

closed teeth the one terrible oath of his life. "Curse him! The hound!" he added, his hands closing like steel. "God help him when he comes my way!"

Dora Loomis Hastings.

AUSTRIA AND PAN-GERMANISM.

THE Pan-German synthetic annexation scheme, as it is now defined by prominent advocates and adherents of the movement, embraces not only the German-speaking populations of Austria, but includes in its political orbit Bohemia with its admixture of Czech and Slovak, and the Slavonic and Latin elements of Carniola and Istria, while it aims at the assimilation of the Teutonic cantons of Switzerland.

The state thus formed will number some 70,000,000 of inhabitants, of which 62,000,000 are of German race and speech, 6,000,000 of Czech and Slovak stock, and scant 2,000,000 (on the Adriatic seaboard) of pure Latin or mixed Slavonic origin. This percentage of alien blood, admitted reluctantly and by force of geographical and commercial conditions, is by reason of its density — especially in Bohemia — a source of considerable perturbation to those Pan-Germanists who view the synthetic movement from the ethnological standpoint alone. To the vast majority of practical Pan-Germanists the unavoidable and, in reality, insignificant admixture of races is lost sight of in the splendid opportunity offered by the geographical acquisitions in the Mediterranean basin. Not only do the ports of the German Ocean and the Baltic obtain direct railway connection with those of the Adriatic, but by means of the Danube, and the proposed system of canals uniting that river with the Rhine and other German waterways, a cheap and facile access is secured to the

Black Sea and the "Hinterland" of Asia Minor, while over railways built and controlled by German capital the industrial output of the Fatherland can (within a few years) be advantageously distributed along the shores of the Persian Gulf.

It will be readily understood that such an amalgamation of political, industrial, and commercial interests must entail not only the destruction of the existing political equilibrium of Europe, but radically revolutionize the economic factors regulating the trade channels of the world. The object of the present study is, therefore, to establish, as comprehensively as is feasible in the limited space at my disposal, an appreciation of the national and political solidarity of the Pan-Germanic movement; together with the probable economic results, in so far as they are likely to affect international relations, not excluding those with the United States; and to examine the probabilities of the formation of a European coalition to safeguard the integrity of Austrian territory.

The entrance of the United States as an active participant in international affairs, as well as a competitor in the world's industrial centres, assigns to her diplomacy no vague and sentimental rôle in European politics. President Roosevelt, in his recent message to Congress, expressed the conviction that "whether we desire it or not, we must henceforth recognize that we have international duties no less than international rights."

Nor would it be correct to infer that such responsibilities can be limited to the protection of our interests in the far Orient.

While the present financial crisis in Germany would appear to disprove the arguments of those who contend that the United States is menaced by a dangerous industrial competitor, it would be unwise to underestimate the inevitable and very considerable development which is likely to follow closely upon the materialization of the schemes for a "Greater Germany," so ardently and so pertinaciously advanced by the adherents of Pan-Germanism. The economic struggle will be a fierce and protracted one. It is, moreover, inconceivable that with the declaration of a war of tariffs, and the contest for supremacy in the world's markets, political friendship should coexist. This aspect of the situation is fully understood in Germany, and the realization of the Pan-Germanic principle will undoubtedly find our Teutonic rivals adequately prepared.

The attitude of the United States toward militant Pan-Germanism, together with its schemes for the disruption of the Austrian Empire, cannot therefore be one of indifference.

The commercial aspect of the question is significant, although the nature of our principal exports to Germany to-day precludes any adequate appreciation of the essentially industrial competition which is feared. Statistics show that during the last decade exportations from the United States to Germany increased from 405,000,000 marks in 1890 to 907,000,000 marks in 1899, while the same period registers a shrinkage in German exports to the United States of nearly 40,000,000 marks (416,000,000 in 1890 against 377,000,000 in 1899). Overconfident enthusiasts in the United States will see in these figures reason to snap their fingers at the spectre of German competition, and accuse the writer, perhaps, of "reckless assertion based on groundless assumption." It is probable,

however, that triumphant Pan-Germanism would entail the loss of the major portion of this trade, while it would indubitably mean the total exclusion of American manufactures from the markets of the amalgamated Teutonic states. And such exclusion of American manufactured products would as inevitably follow should triumphant Pan-Germanism take the form of territorial annexation, or assume the temporary disguise of a Zollverein extending to the furthest limits of the Austro-Hungarian Empire as it is now constituted. German manufactures have reached a high degree of technical perfection, counterbalanced in the present instance, it is true, by certain economic disadvantages; but these, it is claimed, the practical application of Pan-Germanic theories would speedily overcome. Nor is the expenditure of any considerable rhetorical effort necessary to demonstrate that the partial loss of the raw material at present drawn from the United States need not cripple, or prove unremuneratively onerous to, the industrial manufactures of a commercial nation practically controlling the carrying trade of the eastern Mediterranean and the Orient, which has both sources of supply and markets so readily and cheaply accessible from national emporiums at Trieste and adjacent Adriatic ports, or by means of fluvial communication with the grain and petroleum depositories of Russia.

Mr. Williams in his *Made in Germany* has opened English eyes to a true appreciation of the peril to which British manufactures are exposed. The conditions governing the American output are, of course, very different; yet, given the industrial and political coalition referred to above, and the ability of the American manufacturer to oust his Teuton competitor from the markets of Europe and the near East is at least debatable. The political, industrial, and financial amalgamation — the pooling of the combined interests of 70,000,000

Germans, possessing in a major or minor degree characteristics and aptitudes which have made Germans commercially preëminent the world over, and their competition in many instances irresistible — suggests a problem which Americans, in spite of the vast natural resources at their command, and an apparent unassailable financial preponderance, would be ill advised to ignore.

It is, consequently, this pooling of international interests, not the individual industrial competition of German or Austrian manufactures, which concerns us. Nor need we stop to examine those most intangible of financial wraiths — the “invisible trade balances” — which supposedly regulate the swing of the pendulum in our commercial and social intercourse with Europe, and which some experts assert are not so overwhelmingly in our favor as official figures would indicate.

In one form or another, and through a dozen crises of German history, the Pan-Germanic principle has made itself felt in Central Europe for centuries. Previous to the Congress of Vienna the rulers of Austria had maintained a crushing supremacy in the hierarchy of German princes. After 1815, however, Metternich, and his successors in office, had reason to view with increasing apprehension the unobtrusive growth of the prestige of the House of Hohenzollern, and the gradual obfuscation of the star of the Hapsburgs as a luminary in the darkness of European politics. The cleverly dissimulated policy by means of which Bismarck led Austria to association in the outrage perpetrated in the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein suddenly and rudely opened the eyes of European diplomacy to the magnitude of the peril, and to the realization that the rivalry between the ruling houses had entered upon a phase which must eventually culminate in the supreme struggle for mastery. To a less astute and far-seeing political mind than that

of Bismarck it might have appeared that the humiliations of Austria in 1866 marked the opportune moment for the material triumph of Pan-Germanism together with the apotheosis of the Hohenzollern. An offensive and defensive alliance had been concluded between Prussia and Italy, and Italians were in a mood to be disproportionately grateful for the part played by Prussia in securing the incorporation of the coveted Venetian provinces with the Kingdom of Italy, and already inclined to belittle the importance of French assistance in 1859. A satisfactory arrangement for the disposition of the Trentine — the Italian-speaking Tyrol — would undoubtedly have overcome the scruples of Italian politicians had the victor of Sadowa formulated demands for territorial concessions. Bismarck had, however, too vivid a consciousness of the inevitability of the coming struggle with France to risk the complete alienation of a crippled but still formidable rival, or to excite by a too apparent show of Prussian arrogance the jealous susceptibilities of the rulers of southern Germany, whose sodality formed the corner-stone of the ambitious edifice of United Germany. Nor even after 1870 could the condition of European politics or the internal affairs of the empire have warranted an attempt to coerce the dynastic sympathies of the German-speaking subjects of Francis Joseph.

Those who presaged the foundation of the German Empire as the beginning and not the end of national development looked to Pan-Germanism for the fulfillment of their ambition. Notwithstanding his prudent reserve, or his public opposition to militant international Pan-Germanism, there is ample proof that Bismarck recognized the rational connection between the ambitions of the movement and the commercial requirements of the empire. While, for reasons already given, he discountenanced his royal master's covetousness in 1866, he cease-

lessly labored to guide the forces he could not control. He disclaimed any ambition for the possession of territories the heterogeneous composition of whose populations and the disquieting increase of the Catholic element in national representation would, he judged, prove more detrimental than beneficial. The guiding spirits of to-day belong to a different school, or are perhaps impelled by forces which inexorably constrain a modification of the theories held by a former generation. The value of a sentimental basis in popular action when dealing with adjacent linguistic territories has not been lost sight of; yet, as has been evinced by the policy relentlessly pursued in the French districts of Alsace and Lorraine, official Pan-Germanism is determined to eliminate where it cannot assimilate. "*Salus Germaniæ suprema lex!*" The Slavonic and Latin elements in Carniola and Istria will be counted but infinitesimal obstructions in the broad swath to be cut for Teuton feet to tread from the shores of the Baltic and the German Ocean to the headwaters of the Adriatic.

Meanwhile prudent conservative Pan-Germanism relies on the numerous international associations founded for the propaganda of its tenets. A host of such societies, political, religious, or economic, all more or less openly and avowedly connected with the movement, exert unmolested their seditious influence within Austrian territory. Mindful of Bismarck's warnings, and with the memories of the "*Kulturkampf*" still so fresh, the workers in Austria strive to combine the religious with the political Protestantism of the Pan-Germanic principle. Seeking to minimize the inconveniences of a disproportionate Catholic parliamentary representation, the "*Gustav-Adolf Verein*" alone distributed in 1894 nearly 6,000,000 marks in its propaganda in about 600 evangelistic communes of Cisleithania. "*Los von Rom*" is the battle cry of the Pan-Germanists

of the Fatherland; and the Austrian society of that name is generously subsidized from the coffers of the associations beyond the Danube. "*Be free; be Germans, and therewith also Protestants!*" is the consecrated formula accompanying the printed exhortations scattered broadcast within Austrian dominions by the numerous emulators of the "*Alldeutscher Verband*" in their eagerness for religious and political proselytism.

With Austrian Catholics the principle of "nationalism," exalted by the alluring potentialities of the "*Weltpolitik*," while it may not destroy the devotional attitude toward Rome, goes far to counterbalance secular influences emanating from the Vatican. While the necessity for a "*Greater Germany*" is perhaps less universally felt in Austria, it would be a mistake to suppose that the industrial and commercial classes alone anticipate a beneficent revival as the result of the political and economic broadening of the national horizon. Official, parliamentary, and private life alike contain and disseminate the germs of the principle — at once destructive and constructive — of Pan-Germanism. The industrial depression, or more correctly stagnation, from which Austria is now suffering would explain in a measure the attitude toward Pan-Germanism of those who discern amongst its benefits a remedy for overproduction, did not, indeed, a more careful scrutiny of the existing crisis lead to the conviction that the Austrian manufacturer, in the competition of the open markets of a "*Greater Germany*" with northern rivals immeasurably his financial superiors, must inevitably succumb. On the other hand the motives which sway the official and aristocratic sympathizers with the movement, while more complex and elusive, are probably also more disinterestedly "*nationalist*," and prompted by racial affinities. However this may be the subserviency of the political to the economic importance attached to Pan-Ger-

manism in Austria affects but imperceptibly the significance of the movement in its entity, and is the result of individual surroundings rather than of divergence of opinion on fundamental principles.

The suppression of political and economic barriers between the Teuton nations must of necessity be of vast import to the whole of continental Europe; but to no country would the triumph of Pan-Germanism constitute a more direct menace than to Italy.

The policy followed by the Austro-Hungarian government on the coast and in the hinterland of the lower Adriatic is construed by Italians as a moral preparation for territorial compensation in that direction for losses in another. A note of warning was recently sounded in the Italian Parliament by Signor Guicciardini, who significantly protested that Italy could never permit the absorption of Albania "by a first-rate power, or by a second-rate power which belongs to the political system of a first-rate power." And he specifically insisted that the occupation of the ports of Valona and Durazzo, both magnificent natural harbors capable of development as military strongholds, must constitute a serious menace to the preemptive rights and privileges of Italy in the land-locked waters of the Adriatic. Nevertheless the international character of the intrigues fomented in the Adriatic and lower Balkan peninsula is but imperfectly discerned. Abuse is freely heaped by Italian politicians and the press upon the Vatican, which is popularly credited with the instigation and secret advancement of Austro-Hungarian covetousness. So eager are the anti-clericals to detect evidences of the baneful influences of the Vatican and its efforts to attain the disintegration of Italian national unity, that the true purport of Pan-Germanism is overlooked, and the essential principles which guide the colossal movement are missed.

Italy's commercial decadence in the

Adriatic is unfortunately only too apparent. The condition of affairs at Venice, Ancona, Bari, and Brindisi is most unsatisfactory. The Queen of the Adriatic, fallen from her high estate, now ranks sixteenth in the order of importance of Italian seaports. But although the ascendancy of Genoa is accountable for a corresponding wane of Venetian prosperity, owing to the partial deflection of her former trade, many are found who aver that cause and effect must be sought outside the limitations of commerce.

No refinement of hypercriticism, however, can neutralize the significance of the situation when comparison is drawn between Venice and Trieste. Here the geographical conditions demanded by modern trade requirements are practically similar, what slight advantage exists pointing rather toward Venice, which possesses more direct and shorter railway connection with important Central European emporiums. Yet while Trieste registers a steadily increasing gross tonnage, which in 1899 had attained a total of 4,354,000, Venice varied between an annual register of 2,407,000 in 1895 and 2,773,000 in 1899. The latter figure has, however, dwindled, according to statistics for 1900, to 1,260,000.

Gradually the fine fleets of the Austrian Lloyd and the Adria have driven competitors from the Adriatic, and with them the smaller Hungarian-Croatians and Ragusa now practically monopolize the coasting trade, and maintain international communication with the eastern fringe of those inland waters formerly termed comprehensively the "Gulf of Venice." Numerically their combined fleets outnumber the Italians four to one, while in the case of the Austrian Lloyd the larger vessels which ply between Trieste, Brindisi, and the far East compare favorably with those of the great European lines.

Nor is this exodus from the waters of the Adriatic confined to Italian shipping

alone. Venice, Ancona, and Brindisi have recently been abandoned by the vessels of the great British "Peninsula and Oriental" Company, notwithstanding the subsidies accorded by the Italian government.

Austrian commercial supremacy in the Adriatic has been acquired by the investment of large capital, attracted and encouraged by generous subsidies ungrudgingly granted by the state to enterprises calculated to develop not only commercial resources, but political influences. With this object constantly in view the national expenditure of vast sums on steamship lines of doubtful commercial value, and the construction of strategical as well as industrial railways through the Adriatic hinterland, has been deemed sound political investment. In the near future direct railway communication will be opened between the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina and the Gulf of Salonika, isolating Albania from the rest of the Turkish continental dominions. A branch line now connects the Dalmatian coast with Serajevo and Buda-Pest, and others calculated to afford ready access to the sea are being pushed forward.

Although excessive apprehension leads some critics to conclusions which cannot be substantiated by an analysis of the facts as at present known, there would seem small reason to question the activity of Pan-Germanism in shaping the policy adopted in the Adriatic basin. Moreover, it may be asserted with tolerable certitude that this influence will continue to be exerted with a view to the eviction of such vestiges of Italian commercial autonomy as still survive, together with the gradual absorption of international, political, and economic interests.

Turning to the field of political and social forces, it will be seen that the peril which threatens the realm of the Hapsburgs, although primarily founded on racial affinities, is to-day complicated

with problems quite beside the original scope of Pan-Germanism. Undoubtedly a certain number still cling to the fundamental principles of their doctrine; but the large majority lend their individual support to the propaganda with motives of an essentially material nature. This is proved, as we have seen, by the fact that the Pan-Germanist of to-day — very generally, if not universally — subordinates the synthetic and ethnological profession of his creed to the geographically advantageous commercial aspect.

In Austria the disaffection of an influential minority of the subjects of Francis Joseph does not in itself necessarily presage the disruption of that heterogeneous empire; yet it would be fallacious to suppose that the prevalent Pan-Slav agitation is without significance, although its aims and aspirations are not disloyal to the reigning house. In the words of an English critic¹ the Slav population may have lax notions of subordination, and be disposed to "treat their Emperor as a Neapolitan treats the image of his favorite saint;" but at most they only wish to control him, not to part from him. Nor are the Czechs anti-dynastic; neither do they aspire to make Austria a Czech empire. The Polish elements in Galicia, constituting nearly one half of the population of that province, or about 4,000,000 souls, sympathize more closely with their Austrian masters than with either their German or Russian neighbors. With these Pan-Germanism has no sentimental significance; yet to them an economic federation of Central Europe might mean much.

The crisis which will precipitate the solution of this great political, social, and economic problem cannot long be deferred. It is hardly conceivable that — although sacred as a doctrine of government — the voice of the Pan-Germanic people will be passively accepted by diplomacy as the voice of God.

The shifting sands of European pol-

¹ The Spectator, December 14, 1901.

itics make it unprofitable to speculate on the alliances or coalitions which may be called into existence within the next three or four years. In a recent article, entitled *Will Italy renew the Triple Alliance*,¹ I endeavored to outline the advantages and disadvantages to Italy as a partner in this compact, and hinted that its renewal was already compromised by the ambiguous policy adopted by the Austro-Hungarian government in the eastern Adriatic. France, Italy, Russia, England, and presumably the United States, will make their voices heard, singly or collectively. Pan-Germanists are fully aware that they will be called upon to vindicate any attempt at the practical application of their theories by force of arms. Three years hence (1905) Germany will be in a position to assert herself at sea as well as on land. Until that date, and as long after as circumstances necessitate, the Pan-Germanic propaganda will be unceasingly carried forward, for the issue is one of vital importance to the very existence of the state, and admits of no drawing back.

A word in conclusion. It would be a grave error for Americans to suppose

that the focus of human energy has been displaced from the Old World to the New, and that the manufactures of continental Europe are doomed to speedy decay. The present economic crisis in Germany is due to local conditions which even limited expansion would obviate. Foreign manufacturers are becoming more universally convinced of the superiority and economy of American methods, and their adoption is spreading rapidly. Flattering as this may be as a tribute to American ingenuity, it constitutes fresh cause for apprehension when the difference in the scale of wages and living is considered.

With the formation of an economic federation of Central Europe the United States is powerless to interfere; but the geographical and political disruption of Austria for the glorification of Pan-Germanism, and the opportunities for the exercise of the "Weltpolitik" of the "Greater Germany" thus formed, is an issue which must call for the active intervention of the world powers, amongst which the United States has assumed so important a place, and corresponding responsibilities.

Remsen Whitehouse.

THE HUMANITIES.

It was with something of the spirit of true prophecy that Herbert Spencer proclaimed in his work on Education the approaching triumph of science over art and literature. Science, he said, was to reign supreme, and was no longer to be the "household drudge" who had "been kept in the background that her haughty sisters might flaunt their fripperies in the eyes of the world." The tables indeed have been turned so completely that art and literature have not only ceased to be "haughty," but have

¹ The Atlantic Monthly, December, 1901.

often been content to become the humble handmaids of science. It is to this eagerness of the artistic imagination to don the livery of science that we already owe the "experimental" novel. A Harvard Commencement speaker last June promised us that we are soon to have poetry that shall be less "human" and more "biological." While awaiting these biological bards of the future, we may at least deal scientifically with the poets of the past if we are to trust the title of a recently published Laboratory Method for the

study of poetry. Many of us nowadays would seem to be convinced with the French naturalist, that if happiness exists anywhere it will be found at the bottom of a crucible. Renan regretted in his old age that he had spent his life on so unprofitable a subject as the history of Christianity instead of the physical sciences. For the proper study of mankind is not man, but chemistry; or perhaps our modern attitude might be more correctly defined as an attempt to study man by the methods of physics and chemistry. We have invented laboratory sociology, and live in a nightmare of statistics. Language interests us, not for the absolute human values it expresses, but only in so far as it is a collection of facts and relates itself to nature. With the invasion of this hard literalness the humanities themselves have ceased to be humane. I was once told as convincing proof of the merit of a certain classical scholar that he had twenty thousand references in his card catalogue.

The humanism of the Renaissance was a protest against the excesses of the ascetic. Now that science aspires to be all in all, somewhat after the fashion of theology in the Middle Ages, the man who would maintain the humane balance of his faculties must utter a similar protest against the excesses of the analyst in whom a "literal obedience to facts has extinguished every spark of that light by which man is truly man." In its mediæval extreme, the human spirit strove to isolate itself entirely from outer nature in a dream of the supernatural; it now tends to the other extreme, and strives to identify itself entirely with the world of phenomena. The spread of this scientific positivism with its assimilation of man to nature has had especially striking results in education. Some of our higher institutions of learning are in a fair way to become what a certain eminent scholar thought universities should be, "great scientific workshops." The

rare survivors of the elder generation of humanists must have a curious feeling of loneliness and isolation.

The time has perhaps come, not so much to react against this nineteenth-century naturalism, as to define and complete it, and especially to insist on its keeping within proper bounds. The nature-cult is in danger of being pushed too far, not only in its scientific but in its sentimental form. The benefits and blessings that Herbert Spencer promises us from the scientific analysis of nature are only to be matched by those that Wordsworth promises from sentimental communion with nature.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can."

The sentimental and the scientific worship of nature, however far apart they may be at some other points, have much in common when viewed in relation to our present subject — their effect on college education. The former working up into the college from the kindergarten, and the latter working downward from the graduate school, seem likely between them to leave very little of the humane ideal. The results are sometimes curious when the two tendencies actually meet. I once overheard a group of undergraduates in search of "soft" courses discussing whether they should elect a certain course in Old Egyptian. The exaggerations of Wordsworth and Herbert Spencer may have served a purpose in overcoming a counter-excess of tradition and conventionalism. But now the nature-cult itself is degenerating into a kind of cant. The lover of clear thinking cannot allow to pass unchallenged many of the phrases that the votaries of the Goddess Natura have come to utter so glibly, such phrases, for instance, as "obedience to nature" and "natural methods." The word nature — covering as it does both the human world and the world of phe-

nomena — has been a source of intellectual confusion almost from the dawn of Greek philosophy to the present day. To borrow an example from French literature, it is equally in the name of “nature” that La Fontaine humanizes his animals, and that Zola bestializes his men. By juggling with the twofold meaning of the word, Renan arrived only a few years ago at his famous dictum that “nature does not care for chastity.”

It is a disquieting fact that Rousseau, the man whose influence is everywhere in the new education, was remarkable for nothing so much as his inability to distinguish between nature and human nature. He counts among his disciples all those who, like him, trust to the goodness of “nature,” and so tend to identify the ideal needs of the individual with his temperamental leaning; who exalt instinct and idiosyncrasy; who, in their endeavor to satisfy the variety of temperaments, would push the principle of election almost down to the nursery, and devise, if possible, a separate system of education for every individual. For we are living in a privileged age, when not only every man, as Dr. Donne sang, but every child

“thinks he hath got

To be a Phoenix, and that there can be

None of that kind, of which he is, but he.”

Our educators, in their anxiety not to thwart native aptitudes, encourage the individual in an inbreeding of his own temperament which, beginning in the kindergarten, is carried upward through the college by the elective system, and receives its final consecration in his specialty. We are all invited to abound in our own sense, and to fall in the direction in which we lean. Have we escaped from the pedantry of authority and prescription which was the bane of the old education, only to lapse into the pedantry of individualism? One is sometimes tempted to acquiesce in Luther’s comparison of mankind to a drunken peasant on horse-

back, who, if propped up on one side, slips over on the other. What would seem desirable at present is not so much a Tory reaction toward the old ideal as a sense of measure to save us from an opposite excess, — from being entirely “disconnected,” as Burke has expressed it, “into the dust and powder of individuality.” The need of discipline and community of ideal enters into human nature no less than the craving for a free play of one’s individual faculties. This need the old curriculum, with all its faults, did something to satisfy. According to Dean Briggs, discipline is often left in the new education to athletics; and athletics also meet in part the need for fellowship and communion. However much members of the same college may be split up in their intellectual interests by different electives, they can at least commune in an intercollegiate football game. Yet there should likewise be a place for some less elemental form of communion; so many of the very forces in the modern world that make for material union would seem at the same time to tend toward spiritual isolation. In this as in other respects we are at the furthest remove from mediæval Europe when men were separated by almost insuperable obstacles in time and space, but were knit together by a common ideal. When it comes to the deeper things of life, the members of a modern college faculty sometimes strike one, in Emersonian phrase, as a collection of “infinitely repellent particles.” The mere fact that men once read the same books at college was no slight bond of fellowship. Two men who have taken the same course in Sophocles have at least a fund of common memories and allusions; whereas if one of them elect a course in Ibsen instead of Sophocles, they will not only have different memories, but, so far as they are touched by the spirit of their authors, different ideals. Only a pure radical can imagine that it is an

unmixed gain for education to be so centrifugal, or that the outer and mechanical devices that are being multiplied to bring men together can take the place of this deeper understanding.

The sentimental naturalist would claim the right to elect Ibsen instead of Sophocles simply because he finds Ibsen more "interesting;" he thus obscures the idea of liberal culture by denying that some subjects are more humane than others in virtue of their intrinsic quality, and quite apart from individual tastes and preferences. The scientific naturalist arrives at the same result by his tendency to apply only quantitative tests and to translate everything into terms of power. President Eliot remarks significantly that the old distinction between the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science "is fading away, and may soon disappear altogether, for the reason that the object in view with candidates for both degrees is fundamentally the same, namely, — training for power." Our colleges are very much taken up at present with the three years' scheme, but what a small matter this is, after all, compared with the change in the degree itself from a qualitative basis to a quantitative and dynamic one! If some of our educational radicals have their way, the A. B. degree will mean merely that a man has expended a certain number of units of intellectual energy on a list of elective studies that may range from boiler-making to Bulgarian; the degree will simply serve to measure the amount and intensity of one's intellectual current and the resistance overcome; it will become, in short, a question of intellectual volts and ampères and ohms. Here again what is wanted is not a hard and fast hierarchy of studies, but a sense of measure that will save us from the opposite extreme, from the democratic absurdity of asserting that all studies are and by right should be free and equal. The rank of studies will finally be deter-

mined, not by the number of intellectual foot pounds they involve, but by the nearness or remoteness of their relation to that essential nature of man, the boundaries of which by no means coincide with the boundaries of physical nature: —

. . . "man hath all which Nature hath, but more,

And in that *more* lie all his hopes of good."

The future will perhaps arrive at a classification of studies as more or less humane. However desirable this humane revival may be, we should not hope to bring it about mechanically by proposing some brand-new scheme of educational reform. For this would be to fall into the great error of the age, and attempt to create the spirit by means and appliances instead of taking as our very point of departure the doctrine that man is greater than machinery. The hope for the humane spirit is not in the munificence of millionaires, but in a deeper and more earnest reflection on the part of individuals. Emerson's address on the American Scholar is a plea for a humanism that shall rest on pure intuition; the only drawback to Emerson's programme is that he assumes genius in his scholar, and genius of a rare kind at that. On the other hand, a humanism so purely traditional as that of Oxford and the English universities has, along with elements of great strength, certain obvious weaknesses. Perhaps the chief of these is that it seems, to the superficial observer at least, to have forgotten real for conventional values, — the making of a man for the making of a gentleman. Herbert Spencer writes of this English education: "As the Orinoco Indian puts on his paint before leaving his hut, . . . so, a boy's drilling in Latin and Greek is insisted on, not because of their intrinsic value, but that he may have the 'education of a gentleman.'" All that may be affirmed with certainty is that if the humane

ideal appear at all in the future, it must in the very nature of things be more a matter of individual insight and less a matter of tradition than heretofore. Our age has seen a weakening of every form of traditional authority that has some analogy with what took place in the Greece of Pericles. One may perhaps say without pushing the analogy too far, that we are confronted with the same alternative: either to attain to the true individualism of Socrates, the first of the humanists as he has been called, or else to fall away into the intellectual and moral impressionism of the sophists. Unpleasant signs of this impressionism have already appeared in our national theatre and newspaper press, in our literary criticism and popular novel. Are we to be impressionists in education also? The firmness of the American's faith in the blessings of education is only equaled by the vagueness of his ideas as to the kind of education to which these blessings are annexed. It is hard to consider our prodigious educational activity — the laboratories and committees and conventions and endowments — without being reminded at times of the words of Sir Joshua Reynolds: "A provision of endless apparatus, a bustle of infinite inquiry and research, may be employed to evade and shuffle off real labor — the real labor of thinking."

Changes may very well be made in the mere form of the A. B. degree, provided we are careful to retain its humane aspiration. But through lack of clear thinking we seem likely to forget the true function of the college as opposed to the graduate school on the one hand and the preparatory school on the other. This slighting of the college is also due in part to German influences. Some of our educational theorists would be willing to unite the upper part of the college course with the graduate school and surrender the first year or two of it to the preparatory

school, thus arriving at a division similar to the German gymnasium and university. This division is logical if we believe with Professor Münsterberg that there are but two kinds of scholars, "receptive" and "productive" scholars, — those who discover knowledge, and those who "distribute" it; and if we also agree with him in thinking that we need give "the boy of nineteen nothing different in principle from what the boy of nine receives." But the youth of nineteen does differ from the boy of nine in one important particular, — he has become more capable of reflection. This change from the receptive to the reflective and assimilative attitude of mind is everything from the humane point of view, and contains in fact the justification of the college. Professor Münsterberg stigmatizes our college scholarship not only as "receptive," but as "passive" and "feminine" (though, to be sure, this bad state of affairs has been somewhat mended of late by the happy influence of Germany). But this is simply to overlook that humane endeavor which it is the special purpose of the college to foster — that effort of reflection, virile above all others, to coördinate the scattered elements of knowledge, and relate them not only to the intellect but to the will and character; that subtle alchemy by which mere learning is transmuted into culture. The task of assimilating what is best in the past and present, and adapting it to one's own use and the use of others, so far from lacking in originality, calls for something akin to creation. Professor Münsterberg regards the relation between the productive scholar and the college teacher as about that between an artist like Sargent and a photographer. He goes on to say that "the purely imitative thinker may make a most excellent teacher. Any one who has a personality, a forcible way of presentation, and an average intellect will be able to be a fine teacher of any subject at six weeks' notice."

This German notion of knowledge as something that is dumped down on one mind and then "distributed" in the same mechanical fashion to other minds is precisely what we need to guard against. The ambition of the true college teacher is not to "distribute" knowledge to his students, not "to lodge it with them," as Montaigne says, "but to marry it to them and make it a part of their very minds and souls." We shall have paid a heavy price for all the *strengwissenschaftliche Methode* we have acquired from Germany if it makes us incapable of distinguishing between mere erudition and true scholarship.

Granting, then, that the receptive attitude of mind must largely prevail in the lower schools, and that the productive scholar should have full scope in the graduate school, the college, if it is to have any reason at all for existing separately, must stand, not for the advancement but the assimilation of learning, and for the perpetuation of culture. This distinction is fairly obvious, and one would be almost ashamed to recall it, did it not seem to be overlooked by some of the men who are doing the most to mould American education. President Harper, for example, in his address on the future of the small college, proposes that some of these colleges be reduced to the rank of high schools, that others be made into "junior colleges" (in due subordination to the larger institutions, and taking the student only to the end of the sophomore year), and that others justify their existence by cultivating specialties. The great universities, for their part, are to be brought into closer relations with one another so as to form a sort of educational trust. Now, President Harper is evidently right in thinking that the small colleges are too numerous, and that no one would be the loser if some of them were reduced to the rank of high schools. Yet he scarcely makes mention in all his scheme of

what should be the real aim of the small college that survives, namely, to teach a limited number of standard subjects vivified and informed by the spirit of liberal culture. From whatever side we approach them, these new theories are a menace to the small college. Thus the assumption that a student is ready for unlimited election immediately on completing his preparatory course puts at a manifest disadvantage all save a very few institutions. For only a few institutions have the material resources that will permit them to convert themselves into educational Abbeys of Theleme and write over their portals the inviting legend: Study what you like. The best of the small colleges will render a service to American education if they decide to make a sturdy defense of the humane tradition instead of trying to rival the great universities in displaying a full line of educational novelties. In the latter case, they may become third-rate and badly equipped scientific schools, and so reenact the fable of the frog that tried to swell itself to the size of the ox.

The small colleges will be fortunate if, like the Virgilian farmers, they appreciate their own advantages; if they do not fall into the naturalistic fallacy of confusing growth in the human sense with mere expansion; if they do not allow themselves to be overawed by size and quantity, or hypnotized by numbers. Even though the whole world seem bent on living the quantitative life, the college should remember that its business is to make of its graduates men of quality in the real and not the conventional meaning of the term. In this way it will do its share toward creating that aristocracy of character and intelligence that is needed in a community like ours to take the place of an aristocracy of birth, and to counteract the tendency toward an aristocracy of money. A great deal is said nowadays about the democratic spirit that should pervade our colleges. This is

true if it means that the college should be in profound sympathy with what is best in democracy. It is false if it means, as it often does, that the college should level down and suit itself to the point of view of the average individual. Some of the arguments advanced in favor of a three years' course imply that we can afford to lower the standard of the degree, provided we thereby put it within reach of a larger number of students. But from the standpoint of the college one thoroughly cultivated person should be more to the purpose than a hundred persons who are only partially cultivated. The final test of democracy, as Tocqueville has said, will be its power to produce and encourage the superior individual. Because the claims of the average man have been slighted in times past, does it therefore follow that we must now slight the claims of the superior man? We cannot help thinking once more of Luther's comparison. The college can only gain by close and sympathetic contact with the graduate school on the one hand, and the lower schools on the other, provided it does not forget that its function is different from either. The lower schools should make abundant provision for the education of the average citizen, and the graduate school should offer ample opportunity for specialization and advanced study; the prevailing spirit of the college, however, should be neither humanitarian nor scientific, — though these elements may be largely represented, — but humane and, in the right sense of the word, aristocratic.

In thus sketching out an ideal it costs nothing, as a French writer remarks, to make it complete and pretentious. One reason why we are likely to fall so far short of our ideal in practice is the difficulty, as things now are, of finding the right kind of college teacher. Professor Münsterberg praises his German teachers because they never aspired to be more than enthusiastic specialists, and

he adds that "no one ought to teach in a college who has not taken his doctor's degree." This opinion is also held by many Americans, and hence the fetish worship of the doctor's degree on the part of certain college presidents. But one may shine as a productive scholar, and yet have little or nothing of that humane insight and deeper reflection that can alone give meaning to all subjects, and is especially appropriate in a college teacher. The work that leads to the doctor's degree is a constant temptation to sacrifice one's growth as a man to one's growth as a specialist. We must be men before being entomologists. The old humanism was keenly alive to the loss of mental balance that may come from knowing any one subject too well. It was perhaps with some sense of the dangers of specialization that the ancient flute-player replied to King Philip who wished to argue a point of music with him: "God forbid that your majesty should know as much about these things as I do." This fear of a lop-sided specialism was finally conventionalized into a polite prejudice. "Perfect good-breeding," says Dr. Johnson, "consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners." England is perhaps the only country in which something of this ideal of the elegant amateur — "*l'honnête homme qui ne se pique de rien*" — has survived to our own day. Compared with the Germans, the English still are, as some one recently called them, a nation of amateurs. However, they have had reason to learn of late that a "general elegance of manners" can no longer take the place of the closest attention to technical details. A revulsion of feeling has followed, and one might imagine from the tone of some recent English articles that the writers would like to see Oxford converted into a polytechnic school. The whole problem is a most difficult one: the very conditions of modern life require us nearly all to be experts and

specialists, and this makes it the more necessary that we should be on our guard against that maiming and mutilation of the mind that come from overabsorption in one subject. Every one remembers the passage in which Darwin confesses with noble frankness that his humane appreciation of art and poetry had been impaired by a one-sided devotion to science.

We should at least insist that the college teacher of ancient or modern literature be something more than a mere specialist. To regard a man as qualified for a college position in these subjects simply because he has investigated some minute point of linguistics or literary history — this, to speak plainly, is preposterous. If we are told that this is a necessary test of his originality and mastery of method, we should reply that as much originality is needed for assimilation as for production, far more, indeed, than enters into the mechanical compilations so often accepted for doctors' theses in this country and Germany. This outcry about originality is simply the scientific form of that pedantry of individualism, so rampant at the present hour, which, in its sentimental form, leads as we have seen to an exaggerated respect for temperament and idiosyncrasy. One of the surest ways of being original nowadays, since that is what we are all straining after so anxiously, would be simply to become a well-read man (in the old-fashioned sense of the term), to have a thorough knowledge and imaginative appreciation of what is really worth while in the literature of the past. The candidate for the doctor's degree thinks he can afford to neglect this general reading and reflection in the interests of his own private bit of original research. This pedantic straining after originality is especially flagrant in subjects like the classics, where, more than elsewhere, research should be subordinated to humane assimilation. What are we to think of the classical student who sets

out to write his thesis on the ancient horse-bridle or the Roman door-knob before he has read widely, much less assimilated, the masterpieces of Greece and Rome? Unfortunately, this depreciation of assimilative and reflective scholarship falls in with what is most superficial in our national temperament, — our disregard for age and experience in the race or the individual, our small esteem for the "ancient and permanent sense of mankind" as embodied in tradition, our prejudice in favor of young men and new ideas. In our attitude toward age and tradition, some of us seem bent on going as far in one direction as the Chinese have gone in the other. Youth has already come to be one of the virtues chiefly appreciated in a minister of the gospel! Tocqueville remarks that the contempt for antiquity is one of the chief dangers of a democracy, and adds with true insight that the study of the classics therefore has special value for a democratic community. In point of fact, the classical teacher could attempt no higher task than this imaginative interpretation of the past to the present. It is to be accounted one of the chief disasters to our higher culture that our classical teachers as a body have fallen so far short of this task, that they have come instead so entirely under the influence of the narrowest school of German philology, the school of Lachmann and Gottfried Hermann. The throng of scholiasts and commentators whom Voltaire saw pressing about the outer gates of the Temple of Taste now occupy the sanctuary. The only hope for the future of classical studies is in a quite radical change of direction and, first of all, in an escape from their present isolation. For instance, a better test than the doctor's degree of a man's fitness to teach classics in the average college would be an examination designed to show the extent and thoroughness of his reading in the classical language and his power to relate this knowledge to modern life and lit-

erature. This foundation once laid, the research instinct might develop naturally in those who have a turn for research, instead of being developed, as it is now, in all alike under artificial pressure. But it is hardly probable that our classical teachers will welcome any such suggestion. For, unlike the old humanists as they may be in most other respects, they still retain something of their pride and exclusiveness; they are still careful to remind us by their attitude that Latin and Greek are *litteræ humaniores*, however little they do to make good the claim to this proud distinction. They may be compared to a man who inherits a great name and estate, the possession of which he does not sufficiently justify by his personal achievement.

The teaching of the classics will gain fresh interest and vitality by being brought into close contact with mediæval and modern literature; we should hasten to add that the teaching of modern languages will gain immensely in depth and seriousness by being brought into close contact with the classics. Neither condition is fulfilled at present. The lack of classical teachers with an adequate foreground and of modern language teachers with an adequate background is one of the chief obstacles to a revival of humane standards. Yet nothing could be more unprofitable under existing conditions than the continuance in any form of the old quarrel of the Ancients and Moderns. "I prefer the philosophy of Montaigne," says Charles Francis Adams in his address on the College Fetish, "to what seem to me the platitudes of Cicero." As though it were possible to have a full understanding of Montaigne without a knowledge of the "platitudes" of Cicero, and the whole of Latin literature into the bargain! The teacher of French especially, if he would avoid superficiality, needs to be steadied and ballasted by a thorough classical training. It is so much easier to interest a class

in Rostand than in Racine that he is in constant danger of falling into a cheap contemporaneousness. A French instructor in an Eastern college told me that as a result of long teaching of his subject he had come to know the *Trois Mousquetaires* better than any other work in all literature; and the *Trois Mousquetaires* is a masterpiece compared to other texts that have appeared, texts whose literary insignificance is often equaled only by the badness of the editing. The commercialism of the great publishers works hand in hand here with the impressionism of modern language teachers, so that the undergraduate of to-day sometimes has the privilege of reading a novel of Georges Ohnet where a generation ago he would have read Plato.

Those who have faith in either ancient or modern languages as instruments of culture should lose no time in healing their minor differences if they hope to make head against their common enemies,— the pure utilitarians and scientific radicals. Herbert Spencer, who may be taken as the type of these latter, holds that scientific analysis is a prime necessity of life, whereas art and literature are only forms of "play," the mere entertainment of most of our idle moments. And he concludes in regard to these subjects: "As they occupy the leisure part of life, so should they occupy the leisure part of education." That this doctrine which reduces art and literature to a sort of dilettanteism should find favor with pure naturalists is not surprising. The case is more serious when it is also accepted, often unconsciously perhaps, by those who are working in what should be the field of literature. Many of the students of linguistics who have intrenched themselves in our college faculties are ready to grant a place to literature as an occasional relaxation from the more serious and strenuous labors of philological analysis. Only a man must not be too interested in literature under penalty of

being thought a dilettante. A young philologist once said to me of one of his colleagues: "He is almost a dilettante—he reads Dante and Shakespeare." It is perhaps the Spencerian view of art that accounts also for a curious predilection I have often noticed in philologists for vaudeville performances and light summer fiction. Certain teachers of literature, it must be confessed,—especially teachers of English,—seem to have a similar conception of their rôle, and aspire to be nothing more than graceful purveyors of æsthetic solace, and arbiters of the rhetorical niceties of speech. The philologist and the dilettante are equally far from feeling and making others feel that true art and literature stand in vital relation to human nature as a whole, that they are not, as Spencer's theory implies, mere refined modes of enjoyment, mere titillations of the æsthetic sensibility. Some tradition of this deep import of humane letters for the higher uses of man was maintained, along with other knowledge of value, in the old college curriculum. Now that this humane tradition is weakening, the individual, left to his own resources, must seek a substitute for it in humane reflection.

In other words,—and this brings us once more to the central point of our discussion,—even if we sacrifice the letter of the old Bachelor of Arts degree, we should strive to preserve its spirit. This spirit is threatened at present in manifold ways,—by the upward push of utilitarianism and kindergarten methods, by the downward push of professionalism and specialization, by the almost irresistible pressure of commercial and industrial influences. If we sacrifice both the letter and the spirit of the degree, we should at least do so deliberately, and not be betrayed through

mere carelessness into some educational scheme that does not distinguish sufficiently between man and an electric dynamo. The time is above all one for careful thinking and accurate definition. Money and enthusiasm, excellent as these things are, will not take the place of vigorous personal reflection. This, it is to be feared, will prove unwelcome doctrine to the ears of an age that hopes to accomplish its main ends by the appointment of committees, and has developed, in lieu of real communion among men, nearly every form of gregariousness. Professor Münsterberg thinks that our highest ambition should be to rival Germany in productive scholarship. To this end he would have us establish a number of twenty-five-thousand-dollar professorships, and appoint to them our most meritorious investigators and masters of scientific method; in addition he would have us heap on these chosen heroes of research every manner of honor and distinction. But he will seriously mislead us if he persuades us that productive scholarship is our chief educational problem. Important as this is, we must insist that a far more important problem just now is to determine the real meaning and value of the A. B. degree. However, we should be grateful to Professor Münsterberg for one thing: in dealing with these fundamentals of education, he is refreshingly free from that indolent and impressionistic habit of mind that so often marks our own manner of treating them. He does us a service in forcing us to search more carefully into our own ideas if only in order to oppose him. Almost any opinion that has been thoroughly thought out is better than a mush of impressionism. For, as Bacon has said, truth is more likely to be helped forward by error than by confusion.

Irving Babbitt.

ARIZONA.

ONE warm day in early May, a year or two before the building of the railroad, I took the long stage ride through forest and desert to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River. I remember that at one of the relay stations where we changed horses, or rather mules, — one of those meagre outposts of humanity against the immense and sombre wilderness, — a coarse-featured, kindly German housewife greeted the travelers and asked news of the world. The bare and friendless desert lay all around her little foothold, half bounded at the remote horizon by violet mountains fringed at the base with the softness of treetops; and from one point in these treetops a wraith of smoke rose straight toward a sky that ached with blue. Three or four flax-haired urchins scrutinized us from their play on the hard earth under the staring sun as their mother met us at her doorway, and invited us into the shadow of her roof. The hut was made of rude timber, and its floor was the sun-baked soil of the desert. Its furniture was rough and meagre, — pitiful contrivances of boards and boxes, or more hideous rickety products of the factory; but in the corner a fire was burning in the large cook stove, and the air of the place was heavy with the odors of a meal.

"I don't know ven dey vill come, dose men," she said. "Look, I have had dinner here for forty men since twelve o'clock, und dey can't come to eat it," and she showed us great steaming pots of meat and potatoes which she had kept hot these three hours.

"But why can't they come?" I asked.

"Dey are out fighting dose fires," she answered. "De government has twenty men, und now it has hired twenty more, und dey yust work night and day, but still de fires burn."

"But they must be miles away," I pro-

tested. "I see the line of smoke on the horizon."

"Yes, miles away," she assented equably.

The woman's talk seemed to widen the world. All day I had been growing accustomed to vastness; through interminable solitudes we had followed our narrow way over the strange plateau, wondering that even the prairie dogs and the low scant sagebrush and cactus could eke a living out of that parched earth. We had skirted the edge of lifted mesas that overlapped the plain with their shelving bluffs of rock, lesser plateaux so inhospitable that even the savages seemed never to have climbed them. Now suddenly through all this intolerable desolation the woman's words uncovered energies of life. In these wastes, it appeared, human dreams grew as large as the earth's impenetrable mood; men did not fear to fight immensities of fire and drought, of loneliness and thirst and sorrow, in the service of a future whose reward they could not share. Their labors became heroic, epic, as worthy of a Homer as the Trojan War. Those forty rangers, forgetting meat and drink and sleep and shelter to save mountain-loads of forests from destruction, made me oddly discontented with lesser deeds, — with the systematized routine of cities, with the petty intrigues of politics, with the jealous exactitudes of the arts. I remembered that a year before that very day I had been in beautiful Florence, where students were still devoting lives to the analysis of Giorgione's color and Donatello's silver line; that the year before that I had seen the Queen of England making an impressive show of power at her jubilee, upheld by her world-wandering soldiers and the ambassadors of all nations: and irresistibly, in that poor little hut, face to face with the bare desert,

I felt ashamed of my long preoccupation with all these. The inspiration of the future seized me, carried me beyond reach of any inspiration of the past. I felt the coming of new empires, the burden of unborn centuries, and grew great with the unspeakable hope and unspeakable sadness of the wilderness.

It was a most complex emotion, this vision of unachieved glory set against a background of immemorial antiquity. For the desert is old beyond one's dreams of age ; it makes Rome or Nineveh seem a thing of yesterday. One cannot evoke ruined palaces out of this waste ; even Egypt's Pyramids and the unanswering Sphinx would seem too new. Not hierarchies and civilizations could fitly people it, but primeval man alone, — barbarians cowering on their lofty mesas, savages scouring their thirsty plains. And yet hierarchies and civilizations shall surely inherit it, shall make the wilderness blossom as the rose, and fill it with children and music and laughter. The stubborn problem of drought will surely be solved by the united energies of the genius of man, and these sad inclement solitudes will yield up at last the stored riches of ages.

Yet when that day of plenty shall dawn, when the Western states shall have multiplied their millions, we shall have won the fulfillment but lost the vision. Already the beauty of unploughed prairies has faded away, — that tumult of flowers and grasses which Harriet Martineau wondered at as she took her long wagon ride from Chicago to Joliet over sixty years ago. To-day those prairies, and others far beyond them to the west and the north, are the granary of the world, but he who longs in the spring for their billows of bloom can find them no more. With the seven-leagued boots of the fairy tale — nay, with the swifter boots of iron no fairy tale could foresee — is man advancing in the conquest of the earth. When the first rails were laid across the plains the sombre barrenness

of those endless level wastes baffled the imagination of the casual traveler. Here, surely, God had shut his people out ; like the Desert of Sahara, the land was forbidden to the hope of man ; and the wanderer hastened on, scarcely pausing to interpret the savage beauty of those dusky levels, their sternness of purple and brown, their steep blue deeps of sky, their dramatic magnificence of sunset and dawn. Now Nebraska and Kansas are greener than Illinois, and no painter has told us the desolate story of their past.

And while these epics were being written in the stubborn earth by the labor of man, what have most of us been doing in our lesser world ? Staying at home by our cosy hearths — is it not so ? — and taking summer rests by the sea, and months or years of wandering in history-haunted Europe ; until, perhaps, many of us grow too old to explore, and lie down at last in the arms of Earth without knowing her sublimest secrets. *Mea culpa !* I also am guilty ; and I cannot repent of seeing Italy before Arizona, for only thus may I be sure that Arizona is more inspiring than Italy, that for us of the new world and the new century it has the richer and profounder and more mysterious message of beauty.

For Italy presents the realization of certain human ideals, gives one a sense of things achieved rather than a stimulus toward a new revelation. Its beauty is self-contained and measurable ; one rests in it with profound content, analyzes and imitates it without taking a step forward. Have not the Italians themselves become the slaves of their own past, so that for centuries they have been incapable of anything but banalities in art ? In Arizona, on the contrary, man has done nothing, and even Nature has done no little things. There Nature is not conciliatory and charming ; she is terrible and magnificent. With one stroke of her mighty arm she lays bare the foundations of the earth, with one hot

breath she strips the soil ; and we venture into those ultimate primitive ages — the beginning and the end of things — upon whose fundamental immensity and antiquity our boasted civilization blooms like the flower of a day. It is not strange, perhaps, that we should quail from this unfamiliar and incomprehensible beauty ; so remote is it from all our knowledge and our dreaming that we feel lost for a time in the shock of an emotion too great for our souls to accept, and often dare not accept nor interpret it. The sublimity of the Pyramids is endurable, but at the rim of the Grand Cañon we feel outdone. And not only there, where colossal Nature presents her masterpiece, — for thither I must not wander in this paper, having ventured my little utmost in another, — not only in that throne-room of creation do we feel too little for this mighty world, but also in the livid deserts or the petrified forests, and under the savage buttes and mesas. We love what we can understand, what history and letters and art have taught us to understand, have wreathed and entwined and made human and eloquent with deeds and vows. We prefer to follow other feet, — to see Shakespeare's England, and Byron's Switzerland, and the Paris of many wars and loves. But no poet has said an adequate word for these unexplored sublimities ; history hushes before them ; no art has yet achieved them. To them the mind of man must venture as a pioneer ; there at last he stands face to face with Nature, with not a human voice or foot to guide him, measuring intrepidly the stature of his soul with God.

And is not this after all the more heroic adventure ? Are we not fortunate, we who may penetrate the meaning of solitude, who may know these cañons and deserts before they have become the resort of idle tourists, the theme of all men's praise, the El Dorado of some poet unborn ? Now, indeed, they are mine, not theirs. I may think my

own thoughts, dream my own dreams, find out how far my imagination can reach when it moves unguided and unaided. Is not this more stimulating than even to think the thoughts of Goethe, to dream the dreams of Dante ? Is it not a bath at dawn in ever fresh and living waters, a refreshment, a re-creation of the soul ?

When the opportunity of going West came to me through illness, it was Arizona, rather than southern California, which I chose to explore, because garden lands had been commoner in my experience than deserts, and because a winter of unchanging sunshine allured me. It was a white journey all the way, — through the level farms of Kansas, monotonous and dreary under their light mantle of snow ; over the wintry Colorado plateau, whence whiter slopes, range after range, rose lightly, ineffably out of the quiet distance : and even across New Mexico and Arizona, under the beautiful curve of San Francisco Mountain, which assailed the sky like a white wraith, gleaming and wonderful, a friend of the dawn. And there were streaks of snow even at Ash Fork, where I left the main road to descend from the bleak heights of northern Arizona to the perpetual summer of its low southern plains.

The strangeness of that half-day journey from Ash Fork to Phoenix first made me aware of the difference — of that other world I was entering, as unlike our familiar planet as the moon. Through the twists and curves and switch-backs of this precipitous downward ride the earth protested with a black frown, conceding nothing to man nor beast — no drop of water, no foothold of kindly soil. Harsh, forbidding mountains rose everywhere bold and black, blotched with a dry and scrubby growth of some evil unearthly plant. I plunged into abysses of time ; I measured the age of the world. Here, in the infinite deeps of the past, armies of giants must have fought, must have hurled vast

rocks from peak to peak, and deserted the bones of their dead, and cursed the place.

For hours the ashen earth seemed bereft of color, — for hours, until the falling sun began to make magic of the scene and work the strangest transformations. One illusion which I could not shake off was that of a still and boundless sea, with capes jutting out from the shore. I thought of the tales of lost travelers in the desert, for whom thirst evokes such visions, and no longer did their fancies seem fantastic or improbable. And when we drew out of range of this ecstatic ocean the sunset was glowing over the hills in many tones of vivid miraculous color. The scant vegetation in the foreground was precisely the same thick, brownish gray as the smoke issuing from the engine, and through a wide crevice in the nearer purple hills, range after range of distant mountains shaded off through the whole rich scale of violet to a scarlet horizon, from which the sky paled upward through yellow and green to a vivid blue at the zenith. Only a swift five minutes was given for this vision, before we rounded the hills, which spared us the tragedy of its fading, and then gradually the darkness fell and the stars came out — Arizona stars, which love the earth better than those we know in the North. And under their espionage we skirted the last of the bleak hills, and crossed the level miles of the Salt River Valley to the half-breed capital of the summer land.

Phoenix proved to be a mushroom Western town, too much like any other, save for its sudden alternations of bits of garden with bits of desert. Its people build as though still in their native North, too neglectful of the Mexican architectural motive which, expressed in adobe houses with interior courts, with low, sloping eaves over broad verandas, might easily make their sunburnt city beautifully expressive of tropical life. In Egypt, art once dared to accept the

desert's challenge: here, it does not even hear it; so that it was only by the aid of a horse that I found once more that uncanny world of some witch's dreaming, which my railroad journey had penetrated. Not the same phase of it, however, for here the country was flat and rolling, not mountainous; the reddish purple hills to the north, the blue ones to the south, which shut in the horizon with gleaming color, were merely the enameled rim of its polished silver disk. For the low valley between them lay silver in the sun, offering to its pitiless lord a ghostly growth of cactus and sagebrush, of mesquite and palo-verde, of every plant that could slake its thirst from the rich unwatered soil. No desert of bare sands was this, stript and burnt and barren, like the high plateau of northern Arizona, but a weird and formidable luxuriance, — a luxuriance more like death than life, as though a multitude of armed and prickly dragons, sentineled by the giant cactus, threatened extinction to the soul. Was it beauty or hideousness — this vast reach of reptilian vegetation which tortured me with an unrecognizable and incredible emotion? Should I deplore or welcome the sacrilegious invasion of man, whose criss-cross of little ditches was softening the hard crust of the earth and gradually changing the fearsome wilderness into a garden?

Not in an hour could I answer this question, portentous with the fate of one of the gods of eld. If this desert should pass, one of Nature's slowly evolved ideas would be lost forever: let me live with it first, and try to understand. Day after day I brave the thorns, the stillness, the sun's persistent sadness; resisting always a creeping horror, a strange uncanny sense of doom. I sit on the hard earth, under the feathery half-shade of a palo-verde, watching these varied ranks of crouching cacti, and gazing upward at their chief, the giant saguaro, which rises everywhere, gaunt and armed and for-

midable, — a ridged and slender trunk, twenty, forty, sixty feet high, breaking near the top into smaller trunks that curve and then straighten upward, like a long arm bearing a stiffened hand, and pointing deformed and stunted fingers skyward. This tall, grim, spectral monster, these harsh and bristling armies at its feet, do not seem to grow any more than the baked and crusted soil they spring from. This is not our friendly world with its companionable trees and flowers, but the aftergrowth of an ancient earth, of some planet outworn in the sun, and heavy with the bones of nations. Humanity has no rights in this enormous desolation; its profound mysterious beauty is not for the eyes of men. We should leave it to the life which will endure longer than we on earth, inheriting our broad estates at last, — to the serpents and lizards and poisonous reptiles which lurk under bush and rock to punish our invasion.

But we cannot leave it. Not ours, it allures us by its inscrutable and solemn majesty, by its indifference, by its immeasurable age and impenetrable knowledge. We must go forth into the strange kingdom and accept its laws. We must tear our hearts with its thorns, and wonder at the anachronism of its flowers. Of no other corner of the earth can it remind us, even though the fluted cactus columns seem the type of a primitive architecture, and might have suggested to the architects of great King Rameses those squat pillars with bulging capitals which still uphold his temples against the obliterating years. But no one ever saw the giant cactus on the sandy deserts of Africa; the primeval architects of the Nile never knew this motive for their colossal dreams. Here alone do these tall monuments guard the graves of worlds, and perhaps this very one I gaze on was scarcely begun when Rameses was born. Day and night I question it, by sunlight and moonlight and the unfailing stars, until gradually the unfam-

iliar harmonies of its sun-searched life justify themselves to my soul. The sense of uncanniness, of monstrosity, passes away; the emotion no longer appalls and rends me, but soothes with immensities of restfulness.

To go out on the desert day after day and meet these cacti is like whispering into the ear of the Sphinx and listening at her locked lips. So wise they are, so old with the age of the world, so majestically still in those cataclysmic solitudes! And to go out in April and see them suddenly abloom is as though the lips of the Sphinx should part and utter solemn words. A bunch of white flowers at the tip of the obelisk, flowers springing white and wonderful out of this dead, gaunt, prickly thing — is not that Nature's consummate miracle, a symbol of resurrection more profound than the lily of the fields? And in April also the lesser cacti are abloom with gorgeous flaming colors, — each dragon bears a jewel in its teeth as a tribute to the fervid sun. Then the palo-verde puts forth its delicate, downy, yellow plumage, and the sagebrush renews its silver. Even the changeless desert must follow the changing year, must greet the spring with renewal of life, must unfurl its banners to the sun. And if a few drops of rain just moisten its crust, it is strange how swiftly the sternness of its mood will change: the entire face of the pale earth will become softly green in a night, gratefully veiling itself close with a silvery leafage tiny and tender and delicate; and masses of California poppies will spread out their patches of cloth of gold.

Gradually I began to associate with these portentous solitudes the wildness of primitive man, the sullen savage life which our pioneers and soldiers so rudely interrupted only the other day. The desert can never be ours, — we take it only to make a garden of it; but to these remnants of lost races it was a refuge and a spacious home. They scoured

its plains like the dust storms which send every living thing to shelter in terror. They huddled in its caves and between the ledges of its cliffs, and crowned its lifted mesas with an architecture as rude as the rocks and as harsh as the prickly mesquite. They hunted the coyote and the mountain sheep, and shot the quail from their innumerable myriads, and wrenched scanty crops from the arid soil. And with archaic rites of a lost mysterious antiquity they made friends with the serpent, and invoked his intercession with the lord of rain, and peopled the wastes with grim and fearsome gods. But even more swiftly than we invade the wilderness with our gardens do we despoil the desert of this ancient life. The change is inevitable; we cannot arrest it if we would. The savage must cease to be savage or he must pass away. He must become as we are, give up his gods and his wars, his tepees and his blankets, or else he must perish from the earth and leave his kingdom to the stronger race.

But when he is gone or changed this land of ours will have lost its youth. No more shall we stand face to face with the Stone Age, with primitive man in his caves and tents, with the very beginnings of time. Already with unreasonable sadness I watched the transformation, for in Phoenix is one of the government's Indian schools, where dark-skinned children of many tribes are taught to give up their legends for our learning and their religion for our laws, to forget their beautiful blanket-weaving and pottery-making in acquiring the rudiments of the white man's alien arts. Here I studied in little the efforts of our self-righteous civilization to monotonize the world. Here one night bronze-colored boys recited speeches in praise of Columbus and "the good George Washington," and squat square girls — I looked in vain for the lithe and graceful Indian maiden — marched stockily through broom drills and sang patriotic songs out

of tune. Then a tiny boy, not more than six or seven years old, faced the audience to prepare us for the old Apache war dance which his elders were to contribute to the exhibition. Strange mocking words were put into the baby's mouth; shamelessly the little innocent defamed the past of his warlike race. "We do not show you this dance because we are proud of it," he said in his reluctant English, "but so that you may see how much we have improved here in this pleasant school which you good white people have given us." My lordly blood ran cold at the irony of his praise, and after all the evening's ineffectual and abortive modern show, the war dance moved me profoundly as a suggestion of the authentic and effective past. The lights went out as the curtain rose upon a semicircle of blanketed warriors, who, squatting around their council fire, beat a tattoo and wailed a wild chant as three slender and hardy braves began their swaying and leaping. Most curiously were these three tricked out in many-colored paints and beads and fringes, with anachronistic dark scant skirts binding their legs as a tribute to civilization. But we forgot the skirts in the splendor of their headdresses, which were dark masks surmounted by broad, three-storied crowns of vivid green and red, that shook many dangles in the dance. The leaping and swaying and wailing went on without change; long enough to give a hint of its old hypnotic power over the tribesmen of the desert, who for days and nights together used to invoke the spirit of war by this ceremonial ecstasy of body and soul.

I think the most dull imagination must have conceived the original of this picture, must have realized how fierce a mood of slaughter might be developed in barbarous minds by these emotional dances and songs prolonged to the point of agony. No wonder the gentler tribes huddled in inaccessible caves and cliff-ledge, or crowded in terror on their

fortress-like mesas, when the Apache danced for war and swept forth to scourge the plains. No wonder the white settler feared these wild men more than wild beasts, and kept his guns loaded to welcome them. Yet now the children of Apache and Moki and Navajo are growing up quietly together in the white man's schools, and the murderous race hatreds of the past are suppressed. Suppressed, not destroyed; for the invader despises the Indian now that he needs no longer fear him, and the Apache scorns the Navajo all the more bitterly perhaps because he can no longer kill him.

The dance belonged to the desert; even in that darkened hall we felt the pride and strength in it, its expression of mastery, of lordship over vast open spaces of the earth. Doubtless every motion had its meaning, and those elaborate pyramidal head-edifices were an intricate system of symbols. The young brave, leaping thus around the camp-fire an hundred years ago, felt himself lord of his world more keenly than any heir of all our civilized ages, because he knew of no living thing more powerful than he. Yet now the orange and almond are blooming on his barren battle-ground, and his desert kingdom has room for all but him. Rapidly the king has become a slave, and there is "none so poor to do him reverence."

Even in our time his doom has fallen. His conquerors are not yet old: our brothers may have been in the fearless band of cavalry which pursued Geronimo to his last fastness, pursued him by forced night marches through a waterless country, where the temperature reached 130° under the pitiless unshadowed sun. Heroically, through years of battle, those frontier soldiers did their work, protecting from fire and sword the little cabin in the wilderness. And now that the work is done forever we turn to the scattered and cowering tribes to pick up the remnants of their

ancient life. Now that the desert plains are cleared of marauding warriors, we climb the rock-lifted mesas to the pueblos where strange rites are still enacted. We study old ceremonies and superstitions, sometimes curiously christianized by the early Spanish lords and priests, sometimes frankly pagan, like the snake dance of the Moki, who bloodily rejected Spanish rule more than two centuries ago. And all these poetic memorials of the childhood of the world we may be the last to look upon. We ourselves have doomed them, and our regrets are vain to arrest their doom. "There will not be many more snake dances," mourned the chief priest of the Moki three years ago; "our children go to the schools, and when they come back they laugh at what we tell them."

No more snake dances, and yet the snake dance is perhaps the oldest rite on earth, twin brother to the mysteries of old Nile, a survival of the animal worship of prehistoric man. In this short paper I cannot dwell upon it. This strange, long, two days' ride across that gorgeous Inferno, the Painted Desert, and beyond, past the grotesque red buttes and black volcanic cones; the steep climb up the white wall of the mesa to the "sky-city;" the glad race at sunrise and the dark dance with death at sunset, — these pictures in their infinities of desert and sunshine would allure me too far. It was a plunge out of life, out of time. The stamping and chanting of the painted priests, their downward rush with the savage snakes, was the climax of some pageant of long ago. I was watching dark-skinned children of the Pharaohs at one of their prodigious festivals. It was no surprise to learn that every word and motion of the dance has been handed down from generations so remote that even the priests no longer understand the poetry they intone. Its words have become archaic, are no longer the spoken language of the tribe, but the dead one of their ancestors. And the music also

seems archaic, more ancient than the most ancient chants we know, following a scale remote and weird to our ear, and yet with a strange beauty in it which our musicians should analyze before it disappears forever.

Yet who of our more eminent composers has heard this music, given his imagination this impetus toward a symphony of the desert that shall interpret its mighty harmonies of loneliness and life? Must these pass away unheard and unrevealed?

We have preserved mere fragments of a folk-lore as richly poetic as the rhythmic names which these tribes have left us in passing. What reminders of Europe or old Cathay could have enriched our national life like the beautiful names of the wilderness — Ohio, Dakota, Wyoming, Chicago, Tacoma, and Iowa? Shall the names of our states and cities be all that we preserve of their past? A few years ago the so-called ghost dances of our Northwestern tribes terrified the great government of the United States, which sought to stamp them out as an incitement to war. Yet they were merely an orgy of prayer to the Great Spirit, — that he might be pleased to give back to his people the buffalo and the elk, the spacious hunting grounds of the olden time; a forlorn hope of the dying faith against the dark certainty of its doom. This hope spread like wild-fire from reservation to reservation, and urged men to prodigies of fasting and watching and ecstatic motion. But it was not a war dance, for these warriors, penned into reservations, had begun to learn the futility of war. None of us but the few ethnologists who studied with sympathy knew how much more tragic than war was this despairing outcry of prayer from the heart of a conquered people.

We scarcely realize how swift has been the change for them. The tribes of the great plains heard but vague rumors of the palefaces for three centuries after

the voyage of Columbus, and for another half century and more they were left in peace. Meanwhile the white man's gift of horses, increasing from a few wanderers to wild herds, magnificently enlarged the Indian's world and changed the conditions of his life. For a century or more he rode to the chase and to war over larger ranges than even his swift foot had ever compassed, before the narrow road of steel crossed prairie and mountain, and a swifter steed than the horse brought him face to face with his fate. Even then the invasion was gradual, — the savage did not know what force of millions stood behind the lonely cabin he could easily pillage and burn. But beside the burned cabin rose another and another, till they grew to a village, to a city; the buffalo diminished and disappeared, and the prairie grasses yielded to wheat-fields, before the perplexed tribesmen appreciated the meaning of it all. Then, when natural forces ceased to aid them, they took refuge in the supernatural, listened to wild prophets who arose here and there and sent messages of hope to the scattered tribes, looked for an all-powerful Messiah who should crush out their crowding foes, and give back to the children of the Great Spirit their vast ranges and their big game. The prophets prescribed fasting and prayer and rhythmical ceremonies of ecstatic devotion; and unceasingly, for days and nights together, the painted and feathered warriors leapt and chanted before the altar of their gods. Only when this fire died out, when even the gods proved impotent to arrest the white man's march, did the red man begin to accept the inevitable, to realize that only by learning the arts of his conqueror could he hope for a place in the new régime. His dogged stubborn mind is slow to face the future; still he halts in the ignoble transition stage of idleness and dependence, learning our vices first, hopeless of acquiring our complicated civilization,

with its elaborate machinery of life, its formidable engines of labor. But already certain tribes have passed the turning point in their fortunes, are growing rich and increasing in numbers and industry, and gradually others will doubtless follow their example. The curtain will fall upon the world-old drama of the wilderness; no more may we watch at the dawn of time the prodigious battle of primitive man against the power of Nature and the ferocity of his soul.

And when it is done, — when the savage is civilized and the desert is irrigated and the unbounded vastness of the West is fenced off into farms; when even the mountains have been searched for gold to the last cliff, and even the last fastnesses of Nature — the geysers and great cañons and giant forests — have become government parks; when the long epic of conquest is written by millions of hands in the hard broad earth, — will not something be lost out of the spirit of man? Will not a flutter of bright wings cross the seas to frozen Siberia or torrid Africa, and leave our new world old?

I like to think that the weary races of Europe needed renewing and achieved it in the centuries of conflict with Nature and wild foes which followed on this continent the landing of Columbus. I like to think that through these many seasons of intimacy with the great stern Mother the heart of man became as that of a little child, and began history anew in that large spirit of democracy which he had learned from her. Harsh lessons she taught him: to meet her single-handed he must invent huge engines, he must clutch her hidden forces, he must burrow through mountains and change the course of rivers; and so sublime were the dreams she whispered that he halted at none of these. "I will make this wilderness blossom as the rose," said one pioneer to a dreary Colorado plateau that frowned bare and brown in the sun; and when, after years of difficult but joy-

ous struggle, the garden bloomed out of the waste, he stayed not to reap the harvest, but gayly attacked new problems. "I will find the gold in these mountains," said another to the jagged ranges of the Rockies; and when it eluded him he persisted with courage as stern as theirs, patiently digging his little holes and living in his little lonely caves, until perhaps he grew old without finding it, and died happy in the habit of hopefulness. Is it money these men work for, the pitiful luxuries they scarcely know what to do with when they get them? Even they think so, perhaps, but they belie the vision in their souls. Money is merely an incident: it is power they love, the sense of struggle, of conquest, of attainment, of striking out new paths, and measuring their strength against enemies as big as they. It is this long intimacy with large ideas, this long battle with mighty foes, which makes our Western men unconquerable, which keeps them so brave against difficulty, so hopeful against disaster. It was this training through obscure generations which gave us Lincoln, and so profoundly does it stimulate the imagination that in the coming time it may breed yet greater men.

It was not in vain that Moses roamed for forty years in the Wilderness; had he not lived for forty years in a court, and must he not learn to dream before he could lead his people to the Promised Land? Like him, weighed down and inactive under all the learning of the Egyptians, races of men become inert, overloaded with civilization, and need the wilderness to dream in. And those who dare to read their hearts aright go out where they may find room and where their imaginations may be free. The imagination grows in the wilderness, grows strong and keen and daring. No longer does it need the familiar stimulus, the books and pictures, the old-world palaces and feudal politics on which it has leaned so long. It casts aside art and

literature and history, perhaps, with one large simple gesture: strips itself clear of all the proudest achievements of the race. But in that bold breaking with the past may there not be a rebirth of the soul of man? May he not plunge into oblivion as into a bath of sunlit waters, cast aside the old ideals — dreams which were not his but another's — in order that he may be free for new ones which shall

enforce and extend his dominion over the earth? Does he not need a deep vision of things unachieved in order that he may face the threatening future in the spirit of an epic hero, eager to search and conquer, to found the new happier order, to build the new capital of the world, and adorn it with beauty surpassing the beauty of the experimental and divided past?

Harriet Monroe.

THE TEST OF THE SKY.

Not to earth's test — to thine, wide-arching sky,
Bright, ruthless sky, in whose thrice-limpid blue
The unseen currents, air and fire and dew,
Do purify themselves continually:
Even to thy test and judgment, all things come!
Sky of a thousand storms,
A million stars — thou heaven bent o'er all,
Limitless, fathomless, and inscrutable:

Laws, customs, creeds — the fabrics that men rear,
Unstayed, unglossed, must meet th' accuser here;
Full many a doctrine high in church or state,
Hallowed by usage, fair of outward guise, —
Systems whose fragments still beguile the wise
Or gird the sumptuous dwellings of the great, —
Laid bare to wind and sun
All crumbling show, worm-cankered and undone.
But wisdom shines more clear,
Truth ever whiter; naught has love to fear,
Nor unstained faith, from yon broad glances sent
Down the blue gulf and dazzling firmament.

Thy face we seek — we, too, thou searching sky,
In whose dread vault and glacial-bright abyss
Winged currents bind the unseen world to this;
Whose life renews earth's life perpetually:
Not to men's courts — to thine, we also come!
Still to the desert lone
We steal apart, or mountain waste and high,
And wait the solemn verdict of the sky.

Dora Read Goodale.

A LOOM-MASTER OF IRAN.

I.

IN the angle of a broken mud wall, on a bare hillside above the Persian village of Sofian, a boy knelt at the foot of a new grave and prayed, — not the worn formula of the Mussulman, but the desolate cry of his heart: —

“Allah, Thou art all powerful, and Thou art just. Oh, take his soul into thy Paradise. Let the ripe pomegranate moisten his lips, and the song of flowing water bring him rest.”

The lean muezzin, a stark figure on the minaret of the little mosque farther down the hill, was crying in a querulous key the hour of evening prayer. The sun, red through the haze of consuming heat, cast back a rosy glow on the mosque tower and its lonely occupant, and turned the polished tiles of the roof to flame. Through the long street of the town, from the fields where they had grazed during the day, a line of slow-striding camels wound to the door of the inn. The mellow tinkle of their many bells, in somnolent rotation, seemed to pierce the sultry air with long, cool shafts of sound. One after another they ceased, as the foremost animals passed into the inclosure and halted. Then the more distant ones, coming nearer, added their changes to the melody. The boy went on praying: —

“Allah, Thou art kind. Suffer those who hunger here to come to Thee, and feast in eternity on the bread of thy tables.”

With dusk, a single star appeared, burning like a feverish eye. Lamp-lights began to blink from the caravan-serai. The innkeeper's lout, scuffling upon sandals, came out to the stream which filtered across the roadway, and dipped up dirty water into a battered brass samovar, which he then carried

back into the hostelry. One by one the soldiers, charvadars, and camel-drivers, sinewy, sunburnt, their motley clothing gray with the dust of the highway, dropped into places on the mud-cement seat outside the door, and the serving man brought them tea in little glasses. They stirred it briskly, to dissolve the chunks of beet sugar which had been hacked stingily from a tall, blue-white cone on the uncleanly shelf within.

The boy, from his place among the shadows, watched these familiar wayfarers coming and going about their shelter, as one watches marionettes, with apathy, and something akin to pity. Day after day, as long as he could remember, he had looked at this same panorama; listened to these same sounds. To-night it all seemed meaningless, and purposeless, and far away. At last, with a sigh of “Allah, Allah!” half prayer, half protest, he rose, rearranged upon the mound the frayed fragment which did duty as a mourning carpet, and then stole out of the graveyard. He descended the hill slowly, crossed the road, and sat down, without making any noise, in the shadow of a crumbled pillar, which before the Russian cannon passed that way had been part of a pretentious portico. Hidden there, he listened numbly to the chaffer of the caravanjis. They were talking of him.

“Hamd ul Ullah! Thank God there is only one. How he is to be fed it is hard to say. He's too little even to drive the asses, and the wood is farther away every year. Hakim was thrifty, but who can save a penny nowadays, with barley as dear as a dervish's charms? And beasts must eat if they are to carry a living for their masters.”

“Groan, Sadak; groan. One would think it was you who had been left penniless and friendless and with a big ap-

petite, instead of having a kettle full of coin buried under the wall of your garden in Zenjan, to say nothing of your other hoardings. Mashallah! If you should dig down there, one day, you would find plenty of food for this little one of Hakim's, and it would stand you in good stead with the Prophet, too, since you have failed to give him chick or child of your own."

At this sally, and the dry rattle of laughter that followed it, the old man flushed through his tan, till his wrinkled face was almost as red as the henna that stained his beard. He stumped away to his pack horses, which munched their measures of broken barley straw from manglers cut in the walls about the inn-yard.

Leaning forward, the boy looked out timidly at the idlers, from behind his pillar.

"Allah! Here's the little beggar, now. Come out here, you son of a burnt father, and tell us how the old man died. Stop your snuffing. Did you think he was going to live forever?"

"No, but it was too soon. Allah had already taken my mother. He was not sick, either, only weak from hunger. There had been nothing for him, not for a long time. He gave me the whole sheet of bread, always."

"And kept the mutton pilaff for himself, eh?"

"No, there never was pilaff. If he had owned a sheep we might have had it. There was not even curds, not for many days. Who was to give us the milk to make it? Even the seyyid he was fetching the wood for did not pay, and one must not press for pay from descendants of the Prophet. And so, my father was feeble from walking beside the loads, and — the sun smote him."

"More's the pity." Sadak, in the company of his beasts, had regained something of his composure, and returned to the skirmishing. "Descendants of the Prophet," he sniffed. "They

are only three millions in Iran. Why should you suffer, boy? Put on a green sash, and keep your face clean — and long, and when you're hungry, demand food. Nobody will dare refuse you. It's the law — of the Prophet; and you are as much seyyid as nine tenths of them."

"Enough of that, you old scoffer," a hoarse voice broke in. "He was a good Shiah, was Hakim. If you want to teach his brat to be an unbeliever, you'd better put him on one of your starved camels and take him along. If the mollah catches you here, talking like a Babi, you'll fare harder than your cattle do."

Again a chuckle ran up and down the line, at the expense of Sadak, and the hot color overspread his face. Turning aside to the fox-faced muleteer who had harried him, he set his feet far apart, stroked his beard, and said tauntingly:

"Now listen; there are those who care for their own children, and there are those who care for the children of others. Is it not so? Yes. Well, I am going now, and I'm going to take this boy with me, just to spite you. You don't know a good bargain when you see it. And I can afford to take him, for I know he is n't mine. Look through your brood when you get home, Ilat, and tell me the next time I see you, if the faces of half of them are not Kurdi."

The mule-driver reached toward a long dagger that glistened at his girdle, and nobody laughed, nor spoke, nor moved, least of all Sadak. With one hand thrust into the depths of his vestment, in readiness, and with the evil light of challenge in his squinting eyes, he waited for the outcome, sinfully happy to see that his shaft had gone deep home. But there was no movement from the other side. It was a matter of common knowledge along the highroad that the last man who had come to conclusions with old Sadak had been buried behind a boulder in the hills beyond Khoi, with three pistol bullets in his breast.

Slowly, and with a scornful glance behind, he strode over, and thrusting the boy before him passed into the caravan-serai yard. There was a belligerent ring in his voice as he called to his men, who had stretched out on the great heaps of dung-cakes stored there for the winter's fuel. They dragged themselves out of sleep, and began to lash the saddles on. Half an hour later the line moved away from the inn, in the gathering darkness, Sadak riding at its head, erect and grim. A small bundle, curled up at the top of a camel's load, was the orphan of Hakim.

II.

All night long the caravan followed stony roads, that led through waste places. It drifted phantom-like by ruined villages, where remnants of ancient walls cast sharp shadows in the moonlight. Now and then, from a mud house at the roadside, a dog came baying, roused by the mysterious music of the camel bells, and, in turn, waking the boy from the dreams into which the motion of his beast had lulled him. Then there followed long intervals of stillness, broken only by the shouts of the caravanjis, during which all the scenes of the past fortnight were enacted and reenacted in his remembrance.

And grizzled Sadak. His thoughts were busy, too. Inured to wakefulness, seasoned to the hardships of the road, he had learned to fill his lonesome hours with flattering meditations of gain. Each day's life was a commerce to him; each night merely a casting of balances. But here was a new element in traffic; he had never before dealt directly in flesh and blood. It was well to have turned the tables on the mockers at the caravan-serai, to have secured, at so small cost, another hewer of wood and drawer of water, a young pair of legs which should hurry for his water pipe, young eyes

which should some day count his profits for him, and spy upon his malfeasant servants. And it was particularly well to have rebuked the tradition that he was a miser, and substituted for it, in an instant, a name for generosity and human kindness. But his vanity over this reflection was a little shamefaced. He rummaged for a long time among the memories of his years of trade, but admitted to himself, by way of conclusion, that they had been pretty barren years, barren of everything that life owes a man, — except riches; and now, how short the time! Another week, another day, his hour might come. And then who would care? There was an unfamiliar griping at his penurious old heart-strings, — which, his envious neighbors said, were only his purse-strings after all, — and he cast a yearning look at the little shape swaying and nodding above the bales of rugs.

When morning came, the boy opened his eyes upon a new world, a world of green things. The caravan had stopped, but the air lay like a cool hand on his hot forehead. He thought he must have slept for a long time, to have left the arid tract so far behind. His back and legs ached unbearably, but the breath of the morning, issuing out of the verdure, enwrapped and possessed him. On the right the plain stretched far away, in violet light; on the left the green hills rose like a great altar. Along the brow of the first height was a row of tall, pale poplars, the backs of their fluttering leaves as white as silver filigrains. From among them broke a turbulent mill-stream. The faint rhythm of its dashing came to him, as it descended, through a clumsy wooden conduit, to rest in the broad basin below the mill. The camels, set free from their burdens of silk, and rugs, and spices, drank deep, and then, dispersing slowly over the hillside, browsed greedily. Under a broad-armed willow the caravanjis spread an old carpet of Khorassan, and its sheen blent

with the softness of the morning. While the blue smoke curled away from the slender crown of the samovar, and amber tea kept coming and going in the frail glasses, Sadak rolled many cigarettes from tobacco of Anatolia, carried in a dainty trinket of Ispahan workmanship. He drew the sweet solace slowly and fondly through a holder of black amber, thanking Allah meanwhile for the good gift of riches.

A little way off, half hid in the long grass, lay the boy, his thin brown hands outstretched to caress the blossoms that were all about him. Scarlet of the poppy, blue of the larkspur, heliotrope, yellow,—and everywhere, as far as he could see, the glorious carpet of green. He was unheedful of everything, forgetful of everything, even of his hunger. But later they brought kid's flesh, and bread, and crisp green fennel, and chives, and salt cheese cut in cubes and freshly taken from the earthen vessel of brine. Summoned to a place beside his benefactor on the carpet, he fell to and ate, Sadak watching him with an awkward contentment, and a strange kindness shining in his shrewd old eyes. The picture of his declining years which he had drawn in the still hours of the night took even a pleasanter aspect in the daylight. The boy's presence seemed somehow to shorten the time, and give common things a life and color they had never known before.

"Son," he said at last, "I am wondering what I shall do with you. The world is before you now, but it is a world where all must work. And yet, it is the right of every man to say what his work shall be. What is your choice?"

In the joy of release from his dismal surroundings, in the diversion of new sights and sounds, in the unwonted stimulation of plenteous food, the lad had forgotten the wretched problem of existence, in whose dire shadow he had always lived. Now it had all come back again. The smile fled from his face, and

he answered blankly, "Why,—Master, I do not know."

"From now until the sun is low we shall rest here," said the merchant; "in that time you can think of it, and in whatever path you choose, I will do by you as I would do by my own."

Slowly the boy turned and walked away into the deep grass again, and sinking into it lay, staring long at the clear water, where it leapt forth, crusting the herbage all about the foot of the chute with pearls. The birds—hoopoes with their arrogant crests, sirens, clad in green and brown and gold, opulent blue-jays, and even the dingy gray crows—came and sported there, and their notes made the air resound.

Sadak smoked on in contemplative stillness. The drivers, their brown faces shining, lay sprawled in the sun.

So the hours wore away. When the day was declining and long shadows were outspread upon the plain, a deep voice roused the boy from his reverie.

"Son, you love the earth. Will you till it, and bring forth grain and fruits in the good years, and feed the hungry from your store? If so, there is my farm beyond Maragha."

"No, Master, by your leave. For some are the broad acres, and the oxen and buffaloes straining in the furrows, and the wealth of the harvest. For me, I am small, and my field must be a little one."

"What will you, then? Flocks? Will you be a shepherd, and learn to shear the wool, at the bend of the stream, when the water is in plenty, and pluck the kurk from the goats, and then bring the spun yarn to the market towns for the selling? These, too, I can give you."

"Master, it is none of these that I want. I will be a weaver. The warp and weft shall be my field, and I will labor in it while the time lasts. To be a weaver is to teach men the best lessons of life, even after one is dead, as did the Weaver of Kashan."

A baffled, hopeless look had crept into the face of Sadak. His vision of happiness, tardy and poor though it was, had cheered him for a day ; now he saw it vanishing away like morning vapor. One appeal was left him, the one he had never known to fail in all his years of uninterrupted increase.

"But the weaver is poor," he cried. "In his yarns there is no white like the lustre of the silver. It is with money that you can do good." He was beseeching now. "Look yonder ; mine the camels, mine the sturdy horses of Karabagh and Anatolia ; mine the bales, of silks, and carpets, and spices, and many that shall come after them. And the worth of all these will be yours when I am gone."

The boy looked across the soft haze of afternoon, but he saw neither the haughty camels, nor the sleek horses with their gay-colored pack trappings, nor yet the bales of merchandise ranged at the roadside. What he saw was the water, lying unruffled, with images of trees looking back from its bosom, and the pleading faces of the flowers, peering at him through their little rents in the mantle of green.

"No," he replied. "You are kind, Master, but I will not be beholden. Suffer me only to go with you to the city. I will fare as the weaver fares."

"It is well spoken," said Sadak heavily. And then, the cool of the evening being come, the loads were placed again upon the backs of the camels, and they journeyed on.

III.

Through the dust, and odors, and jangling voices of that swarming warren men call the bazaars walked an American, first colonist from his land. Listless eyes followed him as he went trailing a streamer of strong smoke from his barbarous short pipe. Then — the Persian's bitterest criticism is silence —

bearded dealers, squatting cross-legged at the front of their shops, merely looked at one another. It was an inexplicable being, this, whose home was beyond Ferenghistan, beyond Inglezistan, and — wonder of Allah's greatness ! — beyond a thousand farsakhs of sea after that ; but he bought things, and he had money to pay weavers.

At his elbow, walking submissively, stole a tall, sombre Persian. Beside a shoemaker's shop, gay with its show of sandals in red and green leather, a flight of steep, irregular, and mouldy steps led down out of the din into a spacious place, — not a cellar, for above it were no shops, no floors, nothing but the mud-covered roof and the brazen summer sky. The clamor of trade, which forever went on above ground, never entered this murky workshop. It had dirt, and smells, and a babel of its own.

Such light as there was penetrated through small, high windows, and once it had entered here, the dust and foulness seemed to take its life away, and leave it pallid as the pinched faces of the tenants. It was broken, too, by the tall timbers of looms, — rough-hewn timbers, reaching almost to the roof, stained with age, warped and bent by the burden of rugs they had borne. Between these, side by side, hung bright fabrics in all stages of incompleteness, and close together on both sides of wool-littered gangways child weavers sat, facing the silent looms and white expanses of warp, and playing with swift fingers in the woven masses of flowers at the bottom, which were always changing, always growing. Little, weazened faces, from which all gladness seemed to have passed into the carpets they worked at ; heavy wool caps jammed down upon ears that had grown bent with the load ; long, skirted, old-mannish black coats, buttoned with clerical exactness straight up to the chin. The legs of every lad were curled up under him, and his shabby sandals placed behind him on the dirty

stone floor. Above the rows of wool-covered heads hung spools and balls of yarn of many hues. The little knives, with their hooked points, flew in and out among the serried warp-threads, whisking the yarns through, and then severing them deftly; there was the clank of heavy, curved shears, trimming away the ends of the pile, and a vibrant whirl when the steel comb fell, beating down the knot-rows. At long intervals sounded the dreary creak of a "piece-beam," turned to wind up a little more of the finished carpet. The place was alive with industry, but it was the drowsy, deliberate industry of the East. There was no clatter, no rush of belting, no flying circles of steel. The music of this labor was a low droning of many small voices, singing monotonously in minor keys the song of the patterns.

Suddenly the singing stopped, as the door swung back on strident hinges, and a whisper passed from loom to loom, "The Sahib!" Every boy looked furtively and fearfully at his latest stitches.

Then a big voice was speaking, in the Turkish dialect of northern Persia, but with a harsh, foreign emphasis. Its owner had halted before an empty loom, and was calculating the height and breadth.

"You must bear in mind, Ibrahim," he said, "that this carpet is n't any common thing."

"No, Sahib," sighed the Persian, bowing and crossing his hands before him after the manner of his race in the presence of those whose masters they are not.

"And I don't want any cheap work on it, not even to save wool."

"No, Sahib, not even to save wool."

"It won't be any of your Sahend wool, either, mind you, and there must be no loose dyes."

"No, Sahib." The Persian's accents had never changed.

Silently the idle weavers had drawn near to listen, until they formed a com-

pact and swarthy circle. The American began to undo a long roll of paper. At sight of it Ibrahim the foreman, servile to the tips of his henna-stained fingernails, bent slowly from the ready hinges of his waist and said: "Ah, Sahib, I know that the carpet is the most famous in the world. I am glad. It is good to show them that our art is not dead, that we can weave as well in the factory as they used to do in the palace."

"Well, you'd better," was the crisp answer, "or there'll be some vacancies around here."

"Yes, Sahib," answered the Persian, bowing again, like a man upon whom honor had been conferred.

"Now, is there any one in the place who can run this loom, or must I send away somewhere for a competent man?"

The genius of local pride, sore hurt, looked out darkling from the ox-eyes of the Persian, but his voice was as the sound of running water.

"Sahib, God is God. You need never seek beyond Azerbaijan, even if it were the Heir Apparent's garden of flowers, or the clouds of the sunset, you wanted woven. There is one. He has seen only twelve years, but his eyes are the eyes of the falcon; designs are to him as the first sura of the Koran which we learn in our cradles; and his hands, Sahib; his hands might have woven the petals of the tulips."

"How old did you say? Twelve? Nonsense! He may be good enough to weave a border, and he may not; but master of this loom,—it's absurd."

"Sahib, fifty springs have I seen the snow water rushing against the bridge in the Adji Chai. I am not mistaken."

As he spoke, the dusky Ibrahim looked around the factory. Work had ceased. The gaunt looms and the very flowers in the half-finished rugs seemed to be listening and expectant. There, standing on the lower cross-beam of an empty frame, his puny arm around the upright,

looking down wistfully over the heads of the group, was the waif of Sofian. At a sign from the foreman he stepped down, the American superintendent watching him as he came, and smiling a smile of unbelief.

"What's your name?" he asked.

The lad's calm voice sounded like a rebuke to all Occidental abruptness: "My father's name was Hakim."

"From Hamadan?"

"No, Sahib; my father came long ago from Tusurkan, — not so far from Hamadan."

"And you weave Hamadanji?"

"No, Sahib; in Hamadan they weave all of one color," and his lips contracted in a smile of something like contempt; "but my mother was Kirmanli, and there they are true Persian weavers. They weave flowers."

"And do you think you could run the loom for this carpet?" As he spoke, the American spread out the great Viennese color plate of that fabric which is one of the wonders of the South Kensington. The boy bent forward with an eager gesture, his large eyes staring wide.

"What is it, Sahib? What is it?" His voice was faint.

The other watched him curiously. "It is the carpet that lay in the mosque at Ardebil."

The boy's face went a shade paler, and the hand, grimy with factory dust, which he held out for the pattern was trembling.

"Not, Sahib" — he stammered, — "not the carpet which was woven by — by the Weaver of Kashan?"

"Yes."

Stooping above the fine tangle of colors, following with a small, dingy finger the intricacies of the creepers, and tracing the arabesques in the rich borders of the design, the orphan had forgotten the crowd of weavers, who stood like sheep, staring mutely. There came upon his face again the cool, fresh breath of a

far-away morning, and he heard nothing but the silver notes of camel bells, the songs of birds, and the dashing of a limpid mill-stream on the green hillside of Sevend.

When at last he looked up, it was like one waking from sleep. He laughed, but the big, dark eyes were wet.

Next day they stretched a snowy warp on the gray old timbers, and the work began.

IV.

One morning, creeping at daybreak from his chink of a sleeping place in a near-by caravanseraï, to wait for the man who carried the factory key, the boy found a group of drovers and caravanjis at the tall gates, talking earnestly.

"Is it the real plague?"

"Of a truth," answered another. "They say he was from Hamadan, who brought it. It is only five days away, and the city has been infected for a month."

"Not so, friends," said a third. "The priest who sat by the gate at sunset, yesterday, told me it was a lean dervish, who came out from Seistan, by way of Meshhed."

"Oh, of course!" It was a wrinkled old man, with a deep stain of the henna in his beard, who spoke. "Of course," he repeated; "whatever a priest says, it is true. But I saw the fellow, and believe me, though I am no priest and have no white turban, it was not a dervish at all."

"You saw him?" and a score of eager listeners crowded up, with fear in their questioning faces.

"Yes, I said I saw him."

"And who was he?"

"Who but an Arab, who came up from the Gulf and across the mountains. He was sick and groaning, in the inn at the north side of the city, when I got there. They thought he had only the low fever, or that he had taken some

malady of the night air in crossing the marshes. He whined and cried out about the pain in his legs, but they only mocked at him, for he was an Arab, and he was poor. I covered him with my blanket, and gave him tea, but" —

The auditors, looking into the eyes of one another, edged off.

The old man observed the movement, and glanced around at them with quiet scorn. Then he went on: —

"But his end came quickly. The deadly pain came upon him, and he raved."

One by one, with dread in their faces, the listeners were slipping away. The old man did not notice. He was staring at the ground while he spoke, as if again there lay before him the writhing figure of the sufferer at the inn.

"At last," he said, half musing, "the spots came out on his face. He knew nothing. When I went to him next, he was dead, poor soul."

After some seconds of meditation the narrator looked up to see what impression his tale had made. Only one hearer remained to him, a little lad dressed in black, who stood waiting patiently.

"Do you not know me, Master?"

"Allah! Is it you, son?" and he threw two sinewy arms about the boy, and kissed him. "And how fares it?"

"Better than I dreamed, Master. I am weaving the holy carpet of Ardebil. They will not let you in now, but in a week you shall see."

"In a week, alas! I shall be far along the way to Trebizond by that time, but the road will be shorter, now that I have such good news of you; and when I come back, I shall find you gone, to be sure, to be master of the Shah's artisans in Teheran? And to think that I wanted to make a farmer of you!"

The slant light of morning saw old Sadak riding again at the head of his caravan across the plain, and the boy once more in place behind the company of tiny weavers who were working out

the wondrous design of the Ardebil. He had become a ruling spirit to them, crooning ceaselessly his song of the stitches, watching with tireless eyes the growth of the manifold flowers. They had come to dread that small forefinger, which shot out over their shoulders to point out an error. His piping word of reproof stung them like the branding iron. He tested the yarns for color, he watched the dwindling spools, and stopped the work now and then to cut out coarse and bunched places.

It was almost finished now, and the American superintendent's greatest delight was to lay a spirit level across the top row of knots, and to note, day after day, that it held true. They had finished the small inscription in the top of the field, — the few lines of Hafiz and the modest record of the workman who had wrought the design long centuries before. There remained only the resplendent sweep of border across the end, and then all would be done.

But every day the hush in the bazaars grew deeper. The richer merchants went away to the mountains, and board shutters hid many shop windows. The European buyers had made a hasty departure. Vendors of green herbs and vegetables and mountain water cried their wares in subdued voices. Little knots of men with clouded faces gathered about the tea booths at corners in the bazaars and along the stone coping of stagnant fountains in the caravanserais, and hung there through long hours. Day and night an endless procession of funerals moved through the streets to the cemetery on the mountain side, where the city's dogs as well as the mourners were always howling.

The plague, which had come on the heels of famine, was spreading, and none had power to check it. Until summer should be gone, it must reap its harvest unopposed. There were no disinfectants. The Mission doctors did what they could, but it was little. The

punishment of uncleanness had come. The soil, saturated with the filth of three thousand years of crowded, neglectful life, sent up ever renewed contribution to the pestilence; the burning sun nurtured it. Upturned places festered in the heat. Foul water, creeping through the streets, became a carrier.

One day a weaver was missing from the Ardebil loom; then, another. Lads from other carpets took their places. There was only the narrow stripe now to finish. With flushed cheeks, doom's mark on him, the boy was crowding the new hands to the work. The American came, looked into the little loom-master's face, and noticed that the dark eyes were glazed.

"Are you sick, son?" he asked.

"No, Sahib, I am only tired," and he drew himself together and began again the sing-song that set all the fingers flying. "But, Sahib," he said, halting again, "I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"I don't know; something about the carpet. Nothing must happen to the carpet, Sahib, but" — lowering his voice almost to a whisper — "something has happened. The colors are — all — all grown — cold. The flowers, and the lamps — they — they" — He stopped, with a vacant stare.

"They what?"

The boy looked up at him helplessly, trying to remember, shivered, and began to cry. Then, as his gaze fell upon the pattern in his hand, he held it up before him and resumed his singing again, mechanically. The superintendent went away, with the contented reflection that there was n't another inch to do.

Noontime, hot, high noon, and the dirty weavers, one after another, left the looms and went out silently. The boy stayed. When he was alone he sat down listlessly on a bale of carpet, drew a folded sheet of flat barley bread from

the skirt pocket of his coat, and tried to eat. It sickened him. Intuitively he restored the poor food to his pocket, and went to the big earthen water vessel that stood in the corner and drank, and drank. Then, stealing around, feebly, half groping, to the back of the loom, where the glory of the Ardebil shone in the gloom, he prayed. When he went back to work, something in the side of his throat was choking him. A sudden, sharp pain pierced his chest. A little, muffled cry was the only sign he gave, but he knew, and to himself he said, smiling as if in recognition, "It is the 'demon's arrow.'"

That afternoon they whipped in the few colored threads of weft which made the small, striped web at the top of the carpet. At sunset it lay finished on the ground in the bazaar hard by, and black-browed dealers, elbowing one another, marveled at its maze of blossoms. All around it were strewn the fabrics of Kurdistan, and Shiraz, and Djushagan; they were dull and dead by contrast. The boy had disappeared.

"When you see the little rascal again, send him to me, Ibrahim," said the superintendent; "I want to make him a present. He's done himself credit."

Morning broke clear and hot over the stricken city. Fierce light was beating down through openings in the roof of the bazaars when the first comers sauntered in. There, with its thousands of little flowers smiling up to greet the day, lay the great carpet of Ardebil, and prone upon it, a thin, still, small figure in a long black coat.

Just above him, as if for epitaph, shone from the quaint medallion the lines woven so long ago by his idol, the nameless Weaver of Kashan: —

"Outside this Thy threshold am I,
Of every other refuge robbed;
Nor beyond this portal find I
Where to rest my weary head."

John Kimberly Mumford.

THE ELECTRIC CAR.

CONDITIONS! Blessed word! It stands for so many things that it almost saves thinking. When one surveys the work of the electric current, for instance, in wafting people hither and yon over the face of the earth, he believes that the trolley car has "created conditions, which" — And it has. Surely, no other mechanical contrivance ever so affected our economies in an equal time. It took half a century to develop the steamship into a swift, comfortable, and commodious vessel; the population, irrigation, and vegetation that the locomotive was to carry to the Pacific are pursuing it, but slowly; the loom was opposed by labor leaders, and so has been every other work-shortening device; but the electric car was accepted almost at once, with thanks.

What are the conditions it has made?

Quicker transit, with cleaner, larger cars, heated and lighted by electricity, and provided with electric signals that arrest the driver's attention, and his progress, when he is in a complying humor.

The dismissal of the horse from car service, to the cheapening of that animal, the saving and cleanness of our streets, and the sparing of no end of feelings.

Increased scope in service, for not only are the usual closed and open cars operated in the cities, but postal cars, parlor cars, express cars, repair cars, coal cars, freight cars, even, and there is a report that one line, with an important rural extension, is to have dining and sleeping cars!

A much up-building of suburbs and the emergence on the map of a thousand Daisy Knolls, Sparrow Parks, and Maplehursts.

An increase in the size and number of melancholy institutions called pleasure resorts, within reach of the cities;

therefore, the vexation of hitherto tranquil regions by rowdies and picnic parties.

The hurt to far-away hotels and boarding places, through this diversion of holiday makers to beaches and beer gardens near home.

The disfigurement of streets and injury to roads worked by the erection of poles, the stringing of wires, the cutting of pavements, the lopping of shade trees, and the blight of vegetation due to escaping currents.

A multiplication of the dangers and bothers of street traffic through increased speed in the cars, blown-out fuses, broken wires, and charged rails.

An immense increase in the capital invested in local transportation; hence, an increase in corporate and public wealth through dividends and taxes.

The promise of a wide extension of electric power to other vehicles and other industries.

The lowering of our standard of public manners, due to the overcrowding of cars.

Of these conditions, or elements in a condition, that is happiest which tends to deplete the city and persuade the people into roomier, healthier districts, where factories and slums are not; where flowers and trees are many. And, lacking the power to remove the city folk for good and all, it does a lesser, yet a kindly service, by taking them out for an occasional summer day, at least. Those who by need are forced to keep in touch with the cities have comfort in the fact that while the electric car takes them into town, it also takes them out again; so, if it increases human sociability by feeding the centres of trade and industry, it does not overdo the matter, for it relieves more than it adds to the congestion of cities. Of a stable populace, it would doubtless be

found that those who take holidays out of town, now that cheap, fast transit is afforded, are a hundred per cent more, as to numbers, than in the days of horse cars. And as populations are not stable, but increase in almost geometric ratio in American cities, the business of local railroads has grown from that circumstance also.

On one point the American is determined: he will not live near his work. You shall see him in the morning, one of sixty people in a car built for twenty-four, reading his paper, clinging to a strap, trodden, jostled, smirched, thrown into harrowing relations with men who drink whiskey, chew tobacco, eat raw onions, and incontinently breathe; and after thirty minutes of this contact, with the roar of the streets in his ears, with languid clerks and pinguid market women leaning against him, he arrives at his office. The problems of his homeward journey in the evening will be still more difficult, because, in addition to the workers, the cars must carry the multitude of demoiselles who shop and go to *matinées*. To many men and women of business a seat is an undreamed luxury. Yet, they would be insulted if one were to ask why they did not live over their shops, as Frenchmen do, or back of them, like Englishmen. It is this uneasy instinct of Americans, this desire of their families to separate industrial and social life, that makes the use of the trolley car imperative, and the street railway in this manner widens the life and dominion of the people; it enables them to distribute themselves over wider spaces and unwittingly to symbolize the expansiveness of the nation.

To take another view, it has its part in the compacting of our social system, by extending the material advantages which invention has given to the race. And how quickly we accept these advantages, and how cheaply indignant we are if we lose them for a little! There is more complaint over a five-minute de-

lay in the progress of a car that trundles us through clean and spacious streets than there was fifty years ago over a half day's lateness of the stage-coach that jounced its passengers over the worst of roads to a place a score of miles away. It is promptness and frequency in car service that have so built up the suburbs of great towns. Still, in the encouragement of these districts the electric car negatives its own advantage, for, so soon as the suburb is merged in the town, and children begin to tumble about the streets, the car will be crowded and must go slow; and a slow electric vehicle is an inconsistency, an anomaly.

Next to the locomotive the trolley car is the swiftest of passenger projectiles. It has never made such speed as a mile in thirty-two seconds, which has been attained by a locomotive, and has rarely equaled Murphy's bicycle record of a mile in fifty-eight seconds, but passengers who have been whisked over a roughish road, and made to turn unexpected corners with vehemence, are satisfied with less. Fifteen miles an hour is a fair pace, on a smooth and unobstructed track; and on elevated roads, where motor cars have been introduced, this is the average speed. It is three miles better than that of the steam engine on the same roads, while fifty miles an hour are recorded on third rail systems.

It is alleged that electric roads have so cut into the business of steam lines that there is no longer a profit in passenger trains. At best, the passengers pay but a fifth of the operating expenses of steam roads, the other four fifths coming from freight, express matter, mails, and bankruptcies. For short trips the trolley is usually preferred, because a five or ten cent fare is good for any reasonable distance, whereas the steam roads charge by the mile; because there are no afflicting gas, dust, smoke, or cinders; because one may leave at any point along the line, in-

stead of being taken to a station a mile or two from one's destination. This economy of price applies to the city, however, rather than to the country, for it costs as much to drive one car with a dozen passengers through a village as it does to send a dozen cars with two hundred and fifty passengers through a town. In Brooklyn a transfer system is in vogue that enables one to ride eighteen miles for five cents, whereas on a road extending from Wattertown, N. Y., to Brownsville, five miles away, the fare is ten cents, and to Dexter, only two miles farther, it is ten cents more, this bringing the cost of a round trip of only fourteen miles to forty cents. Long trolley rides, such as those undertaken for a lark, or an experiment, between New York and Boston — a trip of two hundred and sixty-seven miles on sixteen lines of cars, with breaks of, say, forty miles in all, and requiring three days, without night travel — are thus not as cheap as they seem, yet the tendency toward consolidation that exists everywhere to-day — social, financial, municipal, industrial — may result in the lessening of operating expenses, and the offer of longer rides for less money.

The extent to which this country has been "trolleyized" may be guessed from the investment of over \$1,800,000,000 in street railways, on which are paid yearly interest and dividends of \$70,000,000. The employees number three hundred thousand, and their yearly wage foots up \$250,000,000. We have twenty thousand miles of track, on which sixty thousand cars are running. This appears small in comparison with our one hundred and ninety thousand miles of steam railway, but in 1899 a mile of electric road was laid for every two miles of steam road, so that the ratio of increase in street-car traffic is greater than that of the trunk lines.

Americans ride farther and more cheaply about their towns than do other people. All Canada has but seven hun-

dred and sixty miles of trolley lines. New Jersey's mileage is the same, and that little state has put more than twice as much money into their operation. London has not half so many miles as Brooklyn, albeit it has four times as large a population. Glasgow, which owns its street lines, has but seventy-three miles, and the fare for a six-mile ride is threepence, or one cent more than is charged in American cities for a ride of from ten to twenty miles. Paris has but two hundred miles of track, and the maximum fare is eight cents; but, then, Paris and London have their circular railways, and these roads carry many thousands of passengers, those of London dutifully grumbling at the darkness and the smells, for their underground road is not aired and lighted like Boston's subway.

The trolley system of Brooklyn, which is the largest in the world, illustrates the way and tendency of growth in electric railways, and is worth a brief review. Fifteen years ago electric cars ran between Brooklyn and Jamaica, eight miles away, over an ill-laid track, with many rockings and bumpings, and when the motorman turned on the power, the lights went out. It was a poor, crude affair, that of the old plank road, and it instances the depth of popular knowledge on electric traction at the time to learn that an old woman afflicted with palsy used to ride often on this line, because "the electricity escaping through the seats helped her nerves." The belief cured her, too. This little road showed possibilities, and it was deemed that the cars run experimentally in New York soon after did not, for they were equipped with individual motors, cumbrous and not swift in action. The Jamaica line was studied by engineers and capitalists, and the result is the equipment of all railroads in Brooklyn, and of the leading systems throughout the country, with electric cars operated either by the overhead or underneath trolley.

Brooklyn, place of one navy yard and a thousand prayer meetings, "the bedroom of New York," the butt of wittlings who declared it the rival of Philadelphia as a capital of peace, and the safest town in the world for the trundling forth of infants, became with startling suddenness a place of perils and excitements. It hummed and clanged with cars rushing through its streets at express speed, smashing wagons, bowling over citizens, thrilling those inside with pleasurable alarms, and spreading consternation among those outside. People soon realized that a speed which made the electric car superior to the horse car could not be maintained in busy districts, however exhilarating it might be to travelers, and convenient to those who were to be spirited to their homes after the day's work. An attempt was made to create an interest in lynching; mass meetings of protest were held, and fulminations of rage and oratory scared the town; aldermen and other patriots sprang to the rescue, and after a time the motorman was tamed, yet not till he had destroyed two hundred and fifty lives, and maimed many of his fellow creatures, — a small matter, after all, as compared with the slaughter in Pennsylvania, for in that state, during the year ending with June, 1900, the street cars killed fifteen hundred and eighty-two people, as an incident to carrying over half a billion passengers. The damage suits resulting from these accidents made it a matter of equal concern to the company to protect life; hence, the rate of slowness, except in the suburbs, was presently what it had been when patient horses went jingling up and down the town on interminable journeys.

Now appeared another difficulty — congestion. As capital makes capital, so travel makes travel; means of traffic are self-multiplying. Given a road with good service, and it induces people to settle in the districts that it reaches. The more they settle, the

harder it is to "handle" them, — "handle" is a railroad term, designed for the lowering of pride, — and the settlers are taxed for tunnels and elevated and sunken roads and grade changes, that the ways of escape from one another may suffice. The importance of the local railroad as a factor in city extension is betokened, to use a single instance among hundreds, in the result of a three-mile extension of one of the Brooklyn lines in 1896. The territory thus invaded was a farm and garden tract, without streets, sewers, or other improvements. In less than twelve months streets were cut, graded, and lighted, and over five hundred houses were built and occupied in that district.

It was not long before the benefits of consolidation presented themselves to the officers of the Brooklyn roads. A central power house could as easily supply energy for a dozen lines as for one; a great saving would thus be effected in fuel; salaried offices could be abolished, and fewer employees would be required; small car sheds, yards, and repair shops could be sold, for a price, and rolling stock housed at the more important stations; then, a harmonious aggregate would have more influence than a disorganized multitude of directors, when it was necessary to convince a board of aldermen that the good of society required the giving up of certain streets to the car companies, or that the taxes paid to the city were too high. Nor could the city object violently, for there was a promise of its increase, and of payment of their taxes by two or three of the companies that had fallen out of the habit of doing such things. There could be a gain to the public, moreover, since the vesting of authority in a single head and the massing of an immense capital would secure uniformity in operation, in speed and accommodations, better service on the small roads, and free transfers between lines that were formerly at odds. As to the stockholders in the various companies,

they were pacified by guaranteed dividends of from four to ten per cent, for as long as most people would expect to need them — nine hundred and ninety-nine years, in fact.

Thus the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company came into existence, and into possession of five hundred and fifteen miles of track, — all but twenty-nine miles of the whole mileage of Brooklyn, — and began trying to earn money. Consolidation means a trust, and that means what its directors make it, or what the public allows it to be. In Brooklyn the quality of the service has given rise to criticism, and the economies have occasioned strikes, attended by savage and protracted hostilities; yet Rapid Transit stock performed queer antics in the market place, bounding up to one hundred and forty, — a wondrous price for stock that had never paid a cent of dividend, and was not likely to for years to come, — then tumbling back to forty-seven. Several who were struck in the fall complained loudly.

Brooklyn trundles to its work as usual, the Rapid Transit Company supplying wheels if not seats. It gives a ride to over eight hundred thousand citizens every day; it has spent \$7,000,000 in improvements; it has replaced the old cars with thirteen hundred and fifty better ones; it has established over one hundred transfer stations; it has secured control of the bridge, and carries its patrons across the East River without paying an extra fare, — a proceeding that has broken the hearts of the ferry companies; and it pays \$2900 a day into the state and city treasuries as taxes. Spectators who look with shuddering on what appears to be a frantic riot at the Manhattan end of the bridge, what time each insurgent smells supper in the distance, will not be startled to learn that three hundred thousand people daily cross from shore to shore, and that three fifths of all the railroad business in the city is done in six hours, — the “rush time” of morning and evening. Ima-

gine the merest attempt at this kind of thing in the day of the horse car.

Now come we to the men who drive the car and gather nickels, and who in a day of hard work and harder responsibility earn from \$1.50 to \$2.30 apiece. Not counting clerks, starters, cleaners, engineers, electricians, and firemen in the power houses, mechanics, linemen, transfer agents, and spies, there are in this country, say, two hundred thousand men in regular employment, whose daily or nightly task it is to pilot cars and gather fares. The quality of these men varies as widely as do the localities in which they work. In certain cities of the South they have been seen to lift their hats when addressed by women, while in New York they have been seen not to. In Boston the average conductor is of the clerk and mechanic class, while in New York he resembles the day laborer, save that he speaks English, for our laborers are now Italians, Poles, and Slavs. Men of lean wits and a wabbling conscience are as forlornly out of place in the charge of a street car as they are in Congress, and every company that employs cheap service buys sackcloth and cash registers soon after.

The successful conductor joins to the chivalry and impressiveness of a policeman the *savoir-faire* of the gentleman behind the silk counter, for persons who go home from clubs at two in the morning may have to be persuaded in six different ways before they offer anything to “ring up.” The conductor must keep fifty or sixty streets in mind; he must be sure to let the elderly lady off at the one she has been thinking of, and when she foils him, he must not impeach her veracity if she just knew she told him. He must not allow the man who immerses himself in a newspaper to forget an obligation of five cents to the company. He must curb a natural inclination to embrace the wives of strangers when he lifts them up the steps. He must call the attention of forgetful

persons to the fact that they are chewing tobacco, or are drunk. He must arbitrate between the man who opens the window and the woman who wants it shut, and shut it. He must insinuate himself up and down the aisle of his car without tipping standees into the laps of irascible bankers, or treading on the corns of such as wear them. And while others clutch at straps or dashboards or door-knobs or the cord he rings his fares with, when the motorman is seized with a sudden frenzy for action, he must never lie down on the floor or lose his dignity. He can be philosophic after he grows used to it, and find advantages in his wild career. As a conductor remarked, "The worst of goin' by 'lectricity is it 'most shakes your liver out. But you never get dyspepsy."

The motorman, facing the storms of women and the elements outside, looks in at the cheery congregation, and in the bitterness of his envy at the conductor's lot starts his chariot with a vehemence that sends the whole company sliding against the man at the farther door, and crushes him. Yet many times the conductor as keenly envies the driver, and the two have to declare a peace when some passenger must be put off for having smallpox, or hysterics, or a bill too large to change. If the conductor must be a diplomat, the motorman must be a soldier, and, as in larger matters, the soldier is at the behest of the diplomat; yet the latter cannot shirk responsibility, for in a case of accident the conductor is arrested as well as the driver. A successful motorman is not of too fine grain. If he were his trips would take a day apiece. He would so fear doing injury and hurting the pride of strangers that the passengers in his charge would learn to dislike him. Having fewer nerves, therefore, than poets have, the trolley driver makes way for his car with the fewer compunctions, and in a contest with a truck he expresses himself with admirable directness. These encounters, ending, mayhap, in the dis-

mantling of the truck, as well as the obloquy he endures from shoppers who stand in distant doorways and shake a finger at him when they wish to ride, seldom make him surly or indifferent, for he has ever on his mind the consciousness of peril. Frightened children have a way of appearing from vacancy, and throwing themselves in front of vehicles, that brings the whole of one's internal anatomy into his throat and nearly chokes him, and the way of elderly females is to cross within four feet of a farther curb, and then run back when they hear a trolley gong. The extent and significance of the risk are known, for many of the drivers are men of family. A motorman in New York who had beheaded a child in a crowded street exclaimed, "My God! I've been dreading this. And I've got a kid like that at home!" You cannot charge carelessness against that man. The carelessness was the child's.

Yet, withal, it is a healthy calling — this running of street cars. A trolley driver is no scholarly anæmic. He stands against the weather for ten and twelve hours, and seventy to one hundred miles a day. He feels the strain, but he feels more the air and sun, and becomes as tough and ruddy as a man-o'-war's man. Irregular meals are digested with a speed to amaze a clubman. Commonly his bride, or his son, or his boarding mistress intercepts his car at the home corner, and hands up his breakfast, piping hot, in a pail or basket. If he has half an hour to himself presently, well and good. If not, and he must eat his terrapin and *pâté de foie gras* with one hand while he twists his brake and stirs his coffee with the other, eating is no sinecure. And in the case of the conductor, though he may dine at greater leisure, the passengers are liable to object to the odor of canvas back, or Limburger, or sauerkraut. When passengers grumble because a car is off the track, or blocked by a broken truck, or paralyzed by a failure in the

current, it is of no use to scold the motorman. He is not staying there because he likes it. Some companies oblige him to make good the time that is lost, although most of them make no charge against him when the lateness is due to unpreventable causes, or even to a snowstorm. A Brooklyn motorman has drawn his regular wage for making so few trips a day as one, that one involving a battle against a blizzard with covered rails and icy wires and heaped drifts. Injuries in service are usually requited by medical attendance at the company's expense, but not illness, the theory being that trolley driving is so sanitary and joyous a calling that there should be no illness.

Trouble has grown from the arrangement of "swings," which compel a man, though he is on duty no more than nine or ten hours, to be away from home for twelve or thirteen. He is busy during the rush, at morning and evening, but as fewer cars are needed at other hours he is laid off in the middle of the day. There is barely time to go home and say "hello" to his family and disappear again, if he chooses to spend his enforced leisure in travel; but he does not, and so he lounges discontentedly about the station, pulling gloomily at a pipe, or gossiping with the other employees when he would fain be napping. In Brooklyn these recesses are held in less aversion than they were, for the Rapid Transit Company has established at each of the car sheds a clubroom for the employees where they can talk and smoke and eat in comfort, read the papers and magazines that are provided for them, play billiards, play on the piano if they know how, and where they give occasional entertainments to their friends. In sharp weather the company likewise provides, at the end of every run, hot coffee — all that the thirsty call for — and sandwiches, and makes no charge for them. During the last strike on the Rapid Transit lines the faithful received not only coffee and sandwiches, but

meals from the leading hotel in the city, so that many a trolley man fared better than the average citizen who lived behind a brown stone front and walked to his office rather than have stones thrown at him for riding.

As in all instances where concessions are made to employees, these shows of interest have improved the service and lessened discontent. Recently the company made a voluntary increase in pay, and it has put a premium on sobriety and faithfulness by progressive additions to the wage. The conductors used to receive a little more than the drivers in the era of horse cars, but the drivers would so beseech the conductors to spend this difference in their behalf at various saloons that the conductors themselves asked for an equalization of the pay. Men who affect places of cheer to such a degree that the cheer comes out on their noses and affects their breath are not working now for the Brooklyn roads, and conductors and motormen earn the same wage, namely, \$2 for a day of ten hours. After two years of continuous service this rate is increased to \$2.10; the next year they receive \$2.20, and after five years, \$2.30. Good behavior and caution have likewise been stimulated by prizes, the sum of \$10,000 having been apportioned among the men who showed the best records at the end of a year. Some hardships are involved in securing a place, for the applicant is last in a long list, and must show himself at the sheds every morning, at an unearthly hour. As those ahead of him fall out, through discouragement, illness, alcohol, or incapacity, he moves up, peg by peg, earning the chance to do more and more, and after a wait of anywhere from six weeks to six months, during which time he has been making from \$4 to \$10 a week, he has learned the business and has "got his car."

Of one person who figures in the operation of our street railways the passengers are but vaguely conscious, though

he appears for an instant at some point along the route, and there may be even two or three of him to vex the car crew. He is the inspector. He jumps upon the platform or footboard, makes a rapid count of noses, glances at the register of fares, and drops to earth again. He represents Truth, but in a form that the conductor would willingly crush; not that the conductor denies the right of his employers to compare the number of passengers with the figures on the dial, but the act implies distrust and the inspector is a spy, a hated being. There is not much sequestration of nickels by car conductors. They are men of average honesty, and also of average prudence and intelligence, wherefore they know that even were an inspector to overlook a discrepancy there is always a chance that a more insidious reptile may insinuate himself among the passengers, basely disguised in human form — a “spotter.” It may be the stolid-looking person who gazes into vacancy and thinks for ten long miles, or it may be the young woman who is immersed in a novel, and who from time to time dog-ears the pages of her book to correspond to the number of passengers, and carelessly glances at the fare register as she leaves the car. This horrent creature shows him in various forms, and once in a while so transparent a form that the conductor spots the spotter, and takes opportunities to lurch against him and bruise his hat. There have been a few instances in which the spotter has confessed himself, and shared the dishonest gains of a conductor, but Tammany methods do not so prevail in our business enterprises as to oblige us to hire men to detect the detectives.

The future of transportation in our cities is a serious problem, which may be solved in an unlooked-for manner, by not solving it. Instead of keeping pace with the growth of population, the street-car industry may remain where it is. This is not likely, for it would

involve a reconciliation to more stationary conditions of life, and a resignation to flats and tenements which have already aroused the reformers to belligerency. Yet in the centralization of millions there is a tendency to create sub-centres, each, in its housing, industries, and amusements sufficient to itself, and the more sufficient they become the less will people leave them. Not only is New York a federation of boroughs, but each borough is a congeries of social and industrial settlements, differing as widely in the dominant race as in geographical place, yet increasingly self-sustaining. Harlem does not go to Murray Hill nearly so often as it used to, and Brooklyn, which had to go to New York to see a play thirty years ago, now has sixteen theatres of its own. When the employees of a great factory live in its shadow, and brokers move to flats within five minutes' walk of the exchanges, transportation difficulties will have solved themselves.

It is probable, however, that much of local travel in the future will be over elevated roads — not in the public streets, where they have no place, but through yards, where they have bought a right of way — and through tunnels. Economy and facility suggest the tunnel. It does not cumber the highway; it avoids grades, angles, and crossings; it does not rust; it is never fouled by mud, or drifted with snow; its temperature is fairly equable; it offers room not only for car tracks, but for gas and water pipes, telephone, telegraph, and electric light wires, and pneumatic tubes; it is never blocked by wagons and pedestrians; hence, any speed of cars is possible, and while it is unpleasant, by reason of its darkness and dampness, there is unlimited range for lighting, and fans and chimneys insure ventilation.

In the country we may look for the greatest change. The appropriation of public roads by trolley companies will probably cease, except in those in-

stances where the roads are wide, where shade trees will not suffer, and where at least two thirds of the residents along the way consent to the privilege. Room must be left for the horse, the automobile, the bicycle, and the neglected walker. Corporations are ceaselessly clamoring for public properties. They even try to secure sites in our parks for shops, restaurants, museums, merry-go-rounds, news stands, and places in capitols and city halls for smaller forms of trade than law-making. The dignity of public ownership must be kept inviolate, and electric roads, which now threaten to absorb the best boulevards and drive-ways, must take to the fields. This their projectors are increasingly willing to do, for, when it runs on private property, a car may be driven at any speed, it may cut off corners, economizing power and distance, and especially it avoids collisions, and delays damage suits. The companies are already learning to avoid grade crossings, and the trolley cars, which the power of Niagara sends whizzing from Buffalo to the cataract, leap the tracks of the trunk lines by bridges so steep it is a wonder they can be climbed. The grades on electric roads are impossible to steam. Of course the electric car must not stray widely from the farmhouse, because its advantage over the steam-driven vehicle is that it can halt where its passengers list, and there is the less need to set up stations for it because, being relatively light, easily handled, and giving slight resistance to the brakes, it can be stopped and started with less rack to its timbers and machinery than is the case with a steam car. Considering how much oftener the trolley car is stopped, its life of fifteen years is long.

In the country the effect of the trolley is already seen in the quickened social life of rural populations, wider knowledge of the world's doings, and the importing of city ways. Within thirty years steam has wondrously welded country and town together, and

now electricity is perfecting the work. Differences in speech, dress, and custom are little marked to-day, because country and city mix more freely than they did. Time was when a run of a hundred miles into the country was a jump backward. Now, as we step from the car we hear the new slang, the new song, the new news, and discover the native in hand-me-downs and a pot hat, like those from which we fled in town. At first the farmers opposed the electric car, as they did steam roads, and its rural advocates were principally speculators who had land to sell; but being at last established, it would not be given up, for, although it has been the habit of the farmer to spend twenty minutes in catching and harnessing his horse when he would go to the post office, which is ten minutes' walk from his door, he finds it an economy of brain, muscle, and time to effect this visit in a car, even if it does cost ten cents.

So, while in mere utility the electric car does its best service in the city, as a factor in progress it is worth most to the rural districts. It threatens the old peace and isolation that make the country dear to those who spend their summers there, and it would be not in the least surprising if bands of farmers went careering around their county, one of these evenings, blowing horns and shouting a chorus in time, if not in tune, with the local cornet band, and faring forth in a car radiant with flags and aglow with colored lights, after the fashion of the chowder clubs and Bier-undprezelundgesangvereins of the cities. Let this consummation be hoped. It will be worth more to the farmer than a new potato bug destroyer.

With good roads, and with trolley cars to carry one to the shop, the prayer meeting, the library, the school, the sewing circle, the village improvement society, country industries will be made easier, touch with the markets more rapid, amusements more generous, and life will be broader, freer, more diverse.

Even where a farmer makes only a moderate use of the car, the fact of his premises being under survey of people who ride more will touch his pride, and he will keep his yards and fences in better order, paint his buildings oftener, plant flowers and water them, and set out a tree or two for shade's sake. As he and his wife touch elbows and wits with strangers, when they go to town, they will give more thought to their personal and mental appearance than when they drove about in the old buggy.

In the city the street car is a corrupter of manners. Such manners as people used to have in American towns hardly survive the scramble in the rush hours. Women were treated with consideration, even in New York, once. Now, when they ride they may cling to a strap, and the burly fellow who has pushed his way past them and taken a seat will be seemingly indifferent to their presence. But gentlemen are always what their name implies, and it is rare indeed when three or four of them are not to be found in a congregation. They are as often in overalls as in broadcloth. To them the woman need never look in appeal, and indeed she often looks in sympathy, for when they have

done a day's work in a foundry or a shipyard, while she has been making calls or attending a concert, she appreciates their right to rest. One such woman, in a Southern city, said to a laborer who had arisen to offer his place to her, "I don't like to deprive you of your seat."

"There ain't no depravity, mum," he answered gallantly.

And, really, there is n't. Generous instincts are beneath the seeming selfishness, and one of these days — when the companies run cars enough — there will be no complaint. Even now, the crippled, the suffering, the aged, and the woman with a child in her arms may always command a seat, no matter how many and rough the passengers. It is a better world than it used to be. In the hurry of modern life we cannot stop to be polite to everybody. If we did we should block the procession, and it would use bad language. We see fine manners abroad, and deplore their lack among ourselves; but who sees abroad the awkward courtesy, the bashful kindness, and the constant good nature that pertain among the American people, even when they are squeezed together in a street car?

Charles M. Skinner.

A DIALOGUE IN HADES.

OMAR KHAYYÁM AND WALT WHITMAN.

Omar. Welcome to the realm of shades, thou traveler from the hemisphere that was not dreamt of when I left Earth.

Walt. Is that so? Then am I the being best fitted to describe it, for I represent the whole of American life. I am

"A learner with the simplest, a teacher of the thoughtfullest,

A novice beginning, yet experient of myriads of seasons,

Of every hue, trade, rank, caste, and religion,
Not merely of the New World, but of Africa,

Europe, Asia — a wandering savage,
A farmer, mechanic, artist, gentleman, sailor,
lover, quaker,

A prisoner, fancy-man, rowdy, lawyer, physician, priest."

Omar. Thou speakst in riddles.

Walt. That's poetry, man.

Omar. 'T would not so have been styled when I abode at Naishápúr; but perchance thou wast one of the discov-

erers of the western world, and so didst strive to lead the aborigine into the pleasant paths of versification.

Walt. I have but lately left yonder planet.

Omar. And thine is the poetry now in vogue?

Walt. Not yet; but it will be, although

“All I have done, I would cheerfully give to be trod under foot, if it might only be the soil of superior poems.”

My aim was to

“Announce greater offspring, orators, days, and then depart.”

I was in no haste for personal recognition, believing that

“The proof of a poet shall be sternly deferred, till his country absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorbed it.”

Meanwhile, my countrymen are absorbing you.

Omar. Thou surprisest me. What had I in common with the denizens of thy world, barbarian?

Walt. Americans have a fondness for Oriental imagery, as for exotic plants, for all things rare or uncommon. Their bards used to be reproached with adhering too strictly to European models, but when one arose not hide-bound by convention, who sacrificed manner to matter, and was a law unto himself —

Omar. He was regarded as a god.

Walt. Quite the reverse. The people of the States still lean upon Old World traditions in matters of art. They place the refined above the natural, though all men know that brown bread is more wholesome than white; and while they have your melancholy quatrains done into musical English verse by a poet of the first rank they will not hearken to my “barbaric yawp.”

Omar. Nor can I blame them. Thy genius is not strong enough to run a good race, handicapped with thy coarseness.

Walt. I like not the word from one who rejoiced in getting drunk.

Omar. That is the meaning thou readest into my praise of the grape, O thou of evil mind. Reflect upon thy own saying, —

“All architecture is what you do to it when you look upon it,

Did you think it was in the white or gray stone? or the lines of the arches and cornices?

“All music is what awakes from you, when you are reminded by the instruments.”

Walt. You appear to have read my poems. I had not expected them to have penetrated thus far.

Omar. Full many volumes have come hither, consigned to Hades by the moral teachers of Earth.

Walt. There must be a goodly store of choice literature out here.

Omar. True; but none so repellent as thine, thou sensualist.

Walt. No more sensualist I, than you a drunkard. You affirm you were not, and I doubt no man’s word. Like the Preacher in Ecclesiastes you said, “I sought in my heart to give myself unto wine,” simply as a commentary upon the text, “All is vanity.” My point of view was the opposite — All is *not* vanity. I sang the Modern Man in his entirety, and no more considered it honorable to ignore an integral part than would a physician in dissecting a human body.

Omar. In my earthly sojourn, the physician chose not the public thoroughfare for his analysis. Thou mightest have accomplished thy end after a manner more akin to decency.

Walt. I treated all subjects alike.

Omar. Thou speakest truth. There is a preponderance of unnecessary detail throughout thy so-called verse. I marvel not that mine is preferred.

Walt.

“Who are you, indeed, who would talk or sing in America?

Have you studied out MY LAND, its idioms and men?

Have you learned the physiology, phrenology, politics, geography, pride, freedom,

friendship of my land? its substratums and objects?

Have you considered the organic compact of the first day of the first year of the independence of The States, signed by the Commissioners, ratified by" —

Omar. Hold! Enough! Thou drivest me from my centre of gravity with thy flow of meaningless words. Verily, if thy land be like unto thy poetry, I can describe it well, though I have seen it not.

Walt. Begin then.

Omar. It differs from Europe in many a league of monotony between the spots of natural or historic interest.

Walt. But the spots exist, you'll allow, and they're interesting enough to justify a spacious background, the duller the better. You may travel for hours over a flat and dreary surface, but suddenly, you come to — the Falls of Niagara.

Omar. Doubtless thou referrest to some astounding beauty of nature, and if it be so, my simile is applicable. I turn thy Leaves of Grass in despair at their tedium, but of a sudden I come upon some astounding beauty of nature, thy Poem of the Road, or A Word out of the Sea. Would I could have crossed Brooklyn Ferry with thee, and as for thy lines beginning "I am he that walks with the tender and growing night," I myself might have penned them.

Walt. You never could. Your feeling for nature was not the close, personal affection that I felt — for the rough as for the smooth, for the unsightly as for the comely. You personified Sun, Stars, Night, giving them an existence apart from their association with Earth. The external world was part of my very essence; to you it was the emblem of Fate: —

"And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to It for help — for it
As impotently moves as you or I."

Omar. Somewhat like unto that I said, without a doubt.

Walt. But there are others of thy quatrains that I might have written.

Omar. Thou'rt modest.

Walt. I could not establish my kinship with every man who ever lived, had I not something even of you in me.

Omar. Let me hear thy presumptuous comparisons.

Walt. I say, —

"Tenderly will I use you, curling grass,
It may be you transpire from the breasts of
young men,
It may be if I had known them I would have
loved them."

You transcribe the same thought thus: —

"And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean —
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs un-
seen!"

Again you sigh, —

"Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water, willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing."

I echo, —

"We, capricious, brought hither we know not
whence, spread out before you,
You up there walking or sitting,
Whoever you are, we too lie in drifts at your
feet."

I find eternity in men and women, and you come to the conclusion, —

"I myself am Heav'n and Hell."

You sing, —

"And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account and mine, should know the like no
more,
The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has
pour'd
Millions of bubbles like us, and will pour."

To which I reply, —

"I, too, but signify, at the utmost, a little
washed-up drift,
A few sands and dead leaves to gather,
Gather, and merge myself as part of the
sands and drift."

Omar. I am amazed, not having observed one sentiment of thine like unto mine.

Walt. You must not imagine that your type of mind died with Omar, the Tent-Maker. It is common in my land, whose representative I am, and therefore voice its every phase.

Omar. Even in opposition to thy prevailing mood? I was ever bent upon self-suppression, while thou held nothing to be good which ignored individuals.

Walt. Yes; I was "Teacher of the unquenchable creed, namely, Egotism."

Omar. Was that a fitting creed for a nation where individuality already is rampant, if thy writings are to be believed? Methinks 't were better preached in Europe or in Asia, where men are handled *en masse*.

Walt. You do not understand. I was the mouthpiece of Democracy, wherever found.

Omar. Thy ideal is not in accord with that of the Europeans with whom I have conversed since they came hither. It must have been formed solely upon experience of America.

Walt. Perhaps; I never was anywhere else.

Omar. That accounts for the excess of the egoism, likewise for thy provincialism.

Walt. My what?

Omar. Thou comprehendest not the word? It's meaning cannot be unknown even in America. That land may be as large as half the globe in substance and supreme in material things, and yet be backward in thinking. Hath not the invention of thy countrymen gone in advance of their imagination? Hath not their education distanced their culture?

Walt. There is no other nation so mad after the things of the mind.

Omar. And yet thou, hoping to be its representative, glorified the body.

Walt. I strove to impress the truth which America in her craze for intellectuality is most likely to forget,—that physical development is essential to the highest mental development.

Omar.

"This is no book,
Who touches this, touches a man."

Walt. You may scoff at my lines as you please; I tell you, they contain a warm and intimate feeling for the race, as individuals, far more sincere than much of the talk about the Brotherhood of Man; it has become the mode for modern poets to sing. 'T is easy to love your kind in bulk, and disdain detached specimens.

Omar. I troubled myself about neither, but lived the life of a recluse, and looked at the stars.

Walt. You made a great mistake. A man had to look down and around, as well as upward, if he wished to be in sympathy with his kind.

Omar. Thy kind receive thee not, thou hast said.

Walt. My poems have gained an attentive hearing among the thoughtful of the Old World.

Omar. Strange! America clings to me; Europe to thee.

Walt. Not strange at all. The crude ever craves the finished, the finished the crude. When my works, like yours, have been buried for eight centuries, there may spring up, from my mouldering Leaves of Grass, flowers of as rare perfume as ever bloomed in your garden — with the assistance of a knowing cultivator.

Omar. None more willing than I to acknowledge my indebtedness to the translator, whom I have suitably thanked since I had opportunity, though he answered none of the questions I asked in my *Rubáiyát*.

Walt. Because he could n't.

Omar. That task was left to thee. I know not thy equal for self-confidence.

Walt. I would have you to remember that,

"I have claimed nothing to myself which I
have not carefully claimed for others on
the same terms" —

Omar. Make an end of rehearsing

thy interminable lines, and tell me truly the secret of thy firm faith in the existence of the state at which we have now arrived.

Walt. My belief was based chiefly upon the theory of Evolution.

Omar. 'Twas ne'er heard of in my day.

Walt. Nor for many a long day after. I went a step beyond most of my contemporaries in applying its laws to spirit as well as to matter, deeming the one as indestructible as the other. Where were you, then, with your quatrain, —

"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,

Before we too into the Dust descend ;

Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,

Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and —
sans End!"

in opposition to my promise, —

"And I will show you that whatever happens to anybody, it may be turned to beautiful results — And I will show that nothing can happen more beautiful than death."

Omar. Verily, a cheerful showing; but I was content to be a follower of Epicurus, and let the future go.

Walt. Your verses did not breathe contentment, my comrade. I had ever more sympathy for you than for the Agnostics of my time to whom you are so closely akin. They are satisfied not to know, but you seemed ever in doubt if that which you did not know, and had vainly sought to discover, were not the sum and substance of all Truth.

Omar. Of a surety my attitude was the converse of thine, but I believe thy sound health and good digestion were alone responsible for thy joy in life.

Walt. It may have been so at the outset, but my opinions did not change, even when I became poor and old and paralyzed, my superb constitution having been wrecked through hardships endured while attending upon sick or wounded soldiers in the war —

Omar. War? Is that disgrace to humanity not yet abolished?

Walt. No; and "Whatever is, is right." But tell me, friend, have you taken so little interest in the Earth as not to have revisited it in the spirit?

Omar. Wherefore should I return? Like thyself, I was out of harmony with the men among whom I lived.

Walt. Still mere curiosity might have rendered you desirous of seeing what progress the world had made in all these hundreds of years since you left it.

Omar. What are centuries when one is no longer in Time but Eternity? Moreover, the planet Earth, the whole solar system to which it belongeth, are now become of infinitesimal importance in the wonders of the universe I am exploring.

Walt. I understand. You were an astronomer, and have gone on. Let me go with you.

Omar. How can such a request be granted to the man who wrote, —

"I believe I shall find nothing in the stars more majestic and beautiful than I have already found on the earth"?

Walt. Again you misinterpret me. Your verses are in one key; mine are in various. There is growth in my Modern Man. Later he goes on to say, —

"I was thinking the day most splendid, till I saw what the not-day exhibited,

I was thinking this globe enough, till there tumbled upon me myriads of other globes. . . .

O how plainly I see now that life cannot exhibit all to me — as the day cannot,

O I see that I am to wait for what will be exhibited by death."

You, Omar Khayyám, shall be my instructor. Come, let us proceed. You shall prove me a true seer when I dreamed: —

"This day before dawn I ascended a hill, and looked at the crowded heaven,

And I said to my Spirit, *When we become the enfolders of those orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in them, shall we be filled and satisfied then?*

And my Spirit said *No, we level that lift, to pass and continue beyond.*"

Jean N. McIlwraith.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

To hear a nightingale sing had been for years one of my heart's unfulfilled desires; had I not heard him praised in books, poems, and songs, especially songs? Every one knows of more nightingale songs than he can count. People who had heard the nightingale sing always seemed to take particular pleasure in raving about his song, looking upon me with pity because I could not be counted among the fortunate number. Finally, I began to pity myself, and to wonder if it was possible that I had heard one sing after all without knowing it. I tried to remember all the unfamiliar birds I had listened to in foreign lands, and to question those people (who, most of them, did not know one bird note from another) how nightingales did sing, and how I should identify one if I should be happy enough to hear him. So much did those people's accounts of the same thing differ, it might have been a dozen birds that they were describing instead of one.

One said that it was a "sad, plaintive song;" another declared it was most "joyous and brilliant, full of trills and roulades, and very intricate;" while a third dashed all my hopes by saying that "the nightingale after all was a very much overrated bird, and if he did n't know enough to pick out a romantic spot and to sing by moonlight when all the other birds were asleep, no one would ever think of noticing him." My only consolation after this last remark was the knowledge that the lady who made it was neither musical nor romantic, and I am sure that a street piano played on Sixth Avenue at high noon would have pleased her far more than all the nightingales and moonlight in creation. I asked no more questions, but one day, while reading that charming little book Elizabeth and her German Garden, I

came across a bar of the nightingale's notes written in one of the chapters. I studied them well, resolved never to forget them; and in the end they proved a great help to me.



Last May while staying on the beautiful Riviera I was told that the nightingales had been singing in the lovely old-fashioned garden of the hotel in Menton, which was a quiet spot and away from the road. Any one can imagine what my feelings were after my long waiting, to know that the desired bird was so near, had actually been singing the night before, and was likely to sing the next night. But, alas, I spent the greater part of every evening rushing to my balcony thinking that I heard my nightingale, and getting many a chill during the small hours waiting for the song that never came, until hope was quite gone and I had given up my night watches, convinced that it was best to resign myself to my fate, and to become indifferent.

One morning early, so early, in fact, that it was not yet morning, I arose to open my window and breathe some of the wonderful, fresh Riviera air all laden with the perfume of thousands of flowers, and to stop one moment to enjoy the beautiful scene which, as I was never fond of early rising, was rare to me. To the east rose the grand, rugged, frontier mountains, like a huge fortress between France and Italy, and over them hung great masses of gray clouds that made them look unlimited in height; and in contrast to their severity lay the Mediterranean at their feet, reflecting the yachts and the fishing boats that rose up like ghosts in the white, thin mist that was over all. It was that hour just be-

fore dawn that makes everything familiar look strange and eerie, and I turned to go in, for I believe every one at heart, if he will only confess it, is a bit superstitious. I am, and I am sure that I never admired "three-o'clock-in-the-morning courage" more than I did then.

At that moment the bells in the quaint little town struck four, then all was silent again, — the moon, the morning star over the mountains, and the anchor lights in the harbor keeping watch. Just then I heard something like a soft low whistle close by. I stopped to look through the blinds. I won't say I was frightened, but it certainly did startle me, for I thought that some one was whistling to me, and I peered intently through the blinds to see, if possible, who that impudent some one was. There was no one in the garden below nor anywhere in sight. But it came again, and a third time in a plaintive musical phrase very distinct and slow. In spite of myself my hair began to rise, for there was something about it almost supernatural and unearthly when it was repeated with almost a break on some notes not unlike a sob. I made up my mind to solve the mystery, and at last located the sound in an old olive tree by the garden wall, where a branch was trembling as if some one had just shaken it. On the branch I saw a live little shape, and when the notes came again I remembered the bar that I had so carefully committed to memory, and then it was I realized that at last one of my heart's desires was fulfilled, and that the nightingale was found.

So excited was I, and so anxious not to lose one note of his song, that I took pen, ink, and paper, lay on the floor of the balcony out of sight, so as not to frighten the bird, and listened for one hour and a half, writing down note for note every phrase he sang, correcting my mistakes as he repeated (which he did very many times), putting down every variation (he is fond of variations) and

every accent, even taking the pitch with a French pitch tuning fork. It is true that no other bird sings like him. Our swamp thrush has a more brilliant quality, and even sings one of the nightingale's phrases, but he has not quite such a pathetic quality, nor the art that makes the nightingale unique in his almost masterly use of accents, light and shade, and perfect rhythm.

His deliberate *sostenuto* is a strong characteristic, and his phrases are given with such a perfect legato, and yet with such clear separateness, that to write them down is an easy task. There is none of the incoherency which makes many other bird melodies impossible to put on paper, as he uses one scale of distinct whole and half tones, whereas they sing quarter tones in many cases, and sing two or three octaves above the G-clef, which multiplies the difficulties.

He sang in the upper soprano octave where a person naturally whistles. His song was in the key of three sharps, and he went from that key to the key of one sharp, with something like a modulation, and returned to his first key, that of three sharps, without abruptness. His quality resembles a light tone of the wooden flute, yet it is absolutely pure and very penetrating. I do not presume to say that every nightingale sings the same phrases as did this one; still I am sure that I have written conscientiously and correctly, without any help of the imagination, every phrase that I heard him sing.

He sings seven or eight different phrases, the second and longest being his favorite, and with which he finishes his song. The first phrase is really part of the second.

I write the song which must be read an octave above where it is written. The similarity to Elizabeth's phrase will be noticed, although not in the same key. Each phrase is repeated five or six times until he wearies of it, then he goes to the next.

Sva. 2

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

To notice the similarity between Elizabeth's nightingale and the Riviera nightingale one must play the phrase of the former in the same key of three sharps, and compare it with the second phrase thus : —

Elizabeth's phrase.

No. 2. Riviera nightingale.

All variations have been written. No. 5 is sometimes written with the D sharpened thus : —

Very rarely, Nos. 4 and 5 are sung in the key of three sharps instead of de-

scending to one sharp as written. No. 6 is sometimes sung with the G sharpened thus : —

As I wrote and listened the morning star over the mountains began to pale, and the cloud masses became purple, then crimson, and finally golden. At last the sun rose gloriously above them all, gilding everything it touched, and bringing out into strong relief every tree and flower in the quaint Menton garden, against blue sea and sky which made a vivid background. The nightingale still sang on in spite of the jealous canaries in their cage below, who began to sing their loudest, as if they wanted to drown every other song. But above them all I could hear the pure, penetrating notes which floated into my room where I had gone to rest a little.

Suddenly, I heard three sharp shots close by the garden wall, and the bird was silent. My heart stood still — for I feared the worst. In vain I listened for his song, but it never came again, and I began to feel sick and spiritless, as if I had lost a friend.

When I asked the waiter at breakfast “What people were shooting at so near the house,” he replied very carelessly, “*Les petits oiseaux, madame, pour manger, peut-être!*” That was too much for my weak patience, and I replied to him in English; what I said I will leave unwritten.

I went into the garden, sure then of the worst, yet resolved that if the singer was gone the song should not be forgotten. At that moment, as if in answer to my thought, I heard a faint note far away. It was repeated again. Was it he? Or was it some other bird who had missed him and was calling to him? No, it must have been he, for that surely was his favorite phrase, even with the little break on the second note which must be his alone. I felt immediately comforted, took heart again, and returned to the house to keep my promise, and to begin to write what is here set down.

Ellinos Eglinton.

DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION.

THE separation of the working classes from the general intellectual life of the country is evident at a glance. Our formal educational system furnishes less and less of the unifying force expected from it; for in the grades in which it meets the needs of the wage-earners it too often drives other people away. In college or university, on the other hand, the son or daughter of a working man is about as rare a phenomenon as a Japanese. Both are found, both are exceptions. This fact is the more striking because our universities are far from being the exclusive homes of privilege. Every one connected with them knows how large a proportion of students are wholly lacking in the traditions of the intellectual life. They come to us to receive those traditions, and the smaller American college, at least, is often forced to postpone the promotion of the higher scholarship to the diffusion of a general culture. But among the hungry crowds who press to our offered feast the working people are not found.

Of course we cannot expect them

there, since grim necessity demands their presence elsewhere; but it is a little disappointing to find that the popular movements which expressly aim to bring what education may be to busy people at home equally fail to attract them. These movements, with their fine vitality and disinterestedness, have opened a new delight in the intellectual inheritance of the race to many thousands, but by their own confession both Chautauqua and University Extension stop short of the manual workers. “University Extension has not become the means of elevating so-called working men,” writes a representative of this admirable movement in the *Atlantic* for September, 1901.

Nothing is easier than to acquiesce in this state of things as a law of nature. Indeed, so great is our need of a sound scholarship in America, so great our danger of intellectual cheapness, that we are almost tempted to wish ourselves less rather than more democratic; dedicated to the sound training of the few rather than to spreading our mean attainments among the many. Yet here

we must draw a distinction. Scholarship is for the elect, but the powers that can scale its austere heights are not bred in a wilderness. The word "culture" suggests a true analogy: the wide plains whereon the race at large must live should not be brown and arid; nor is that country beautiful or good for habitation in which small plots of green are dotted in an unkempt plain, but that which presents wide and friendly stretches of fertile verdure, subdued by common human effort to common joy and need. American life must foster scholarship and culture alike; culture, if for no other reason, than that scholarship may abound.

How may we share our intellectual inheritance with the laboring classes? The question presses and difficulties are many. One general truth we must face at outset and conclusion, — a truth very simple, and therefore difficult of practice: in order to promote the common life, it is necessary to live the life in common.

For ignorance of this truth many an admirable educational effort is doomed to failure. Large schemes, initiated by theorists, carried out at arm's length, can never avail to overcome the intellectual isolation of the workers. Nor is it enough to annihilate material distance, while the spiritual distance endures. Almost every working-class district possesses a number of educational enterprises regarded by their would-be beneficiaries with distressing indifference. Too often the neighbors refuse to frequent our reading rooms or to attend our municipal lectures. The writer well remembers carefully preparing, at the request of the city, a lecture on *Socialistic Literature in the Middle Ages*, — and it was a good lecture! — only to be confronted by an audience consisting of eight little Italian girls, two melancholy teachers, and the school janitor. Not to seek more instances painfully near, it is known that the Palace of Delight in East London, in-

augurated with such high sentiments, fails to allure those for whom it was intended, and that clerks and typewriters, rather than working men, avail themselves of Toynbee Hall.

Many people, scandalized at this lack of appreciation, withdraw their interest in any attempt to educate the workers. But brush away delusion from our minds, and see how the aspect of things changes! Behold the benevolent philanthropist, spreading before a hunger-bitten crowd tables of gleaming fruit and dainty bread, warmly proclaiming the feast free to all, and grievously perplexed that none draw near, — oblivious of the fact that the invited guests are chained out of reach of the food. The chains of the working population are none the less real because invisible. Sentimentality aside, their daylight hours are held in bondage that we may exist beautifully, and that they may exist, if unbeautifully. In the evening, brains stupefied by hours spent in the deafening noise and bad air of the modern factory are hardly eager to absorb intellectual delights. Well does the writer remember the headache that ignominiously broke up her experience as a working girl, after two days' stitching from seven to six in a shoe factory. Nothing more swiftly quickens, in a fair and sensitive person, the conviction that our claims to democracy cast gibes at fact than the almost hopeless effort to bring working people into unity with our intellectual life.

We here concern ourselves, however, not with protest or arraignment, but with the healthier question, What shall we do? Putting aside the great problem of the schools, — a problem too wide for discussion here, — much may be learned from passing in review certain private movements toward popular education, especially those inaugurated by the settlements; most of all, perhaps, may be learned from our blunders.

The easiest and probably the most popular method of sharing our intellec-

tual delights with working people is to gather what audience we may, — usually a small one, — and lecture to it. Dozens of such lectures are given every year; and any one who has perpetrated his share in them and watched the efforts of others knows how rare it is for a lecturer really to hit the mark. Lecturing to working people is no holiday task, to be lightly undertaken. All arts of delivery must be practiced, simply to make the voice carry across the invisible leagues that separate the speaker and the hearers.

A talk to an audience of manual workers should always be brief. An hour is usually recognized as the decent limit of time during which a man has a right to inflict his voice, his tricks of manner, and the contents of his mind upon his fellow mortals; nor, under ordinary conditions, does a lecturer dare to exceed this limit. I have known bright men and women invited to address a working-class audience to come apparently without preparation, and for an hour and three quarters deluge with words their small, patient, and helpless audience.

Talk to tired people, moreover, ought to be clear-cut and well put. Many a time has the writer heard an accomplished lecturer pour forth the contents of his mind in a series of incoherent sentences that trailed their bewildered length along, coiling parentheses within parentheses, and never once straightening out into grammatical completeness. "Brethren!" exclaimed Father Taylor, of blessed memory, hesitating for an instant in his fervid speech, — "Brethren, I've lost my verb, — but I'm bound for the kingdom of heaven!" Few latter-day speakers seem equally aware of their lapses. Alas for the audience! An amorphous whirlpool of ideas is not a lecture.

Nor is it enough to avoid the prolix and the confused. One must be interesting. The Scylla of obscurity frowns on the one hand, the Charybdis of child-

ishness surges on the other, and on one of the two many a speaker makes shipwreck. There is an obvious translation of one's theme into words of one syllable, which is an offense to any rational audience. On the other hand, many an earnest, able, devoted scholar, anxious to bring his best and choicest, runs up against Scylla with fatal results. Is he dry? He seems possessed to be ten times drier. Is he abstruse and hard to follow? Impelled, doubtless, by the sense of the large need of his listeners, the rarity of his opportunity, the sacredness of his message, he condenses his entire philosophy of history and religion into an hour. I have known a Christian scholar, inspired by fervent love for the "plain people," summarize a brilliantly original course of Lowell Lectures in a rapid talk of one hour and a half. "My dear friends," said the scholar, aglow with enthusiasm from tip to toe, "it is needless for me to remind you of that with which you are all as familiar as myself, — the affiliations of the philosophy of Hegel with that of the Orient." "If we can only make these ideas prevail," he exclaimed after the lecture, "our nation will indeed be one brotherhood in Christ!" Probably he was aided in his delusion by a labor leader in the audience, who, having peacefully slumbered under a sense of polysyllabic eloquence dear to the heart of the popular orator, clasped his hand cordially, with the remark, "Professor, that was fine! that was fine!"

Avoid Scylla and Charybdis, and other necessities confront us. The man who would reach the people must be vivid, pictorial, emotional. No sham emotion, if you please. No one detects unreality more swiftly than the workers. They are emotional; they are not sentimental. But it is the experience of the writer that to no other audience can one let natural feelings have free play, and speak out heart as well as mind, with such a blessed sense of freedom and fellowship. The un-

trained mind, moreover, thinks in images, a little more directly than the trained; the subject which cannot be treated in the concrete, if such exist, would better be left alone. Are you treating of a sociological situation? Reduce it to terms of the individual, and talk, not of the economic man, but of John and Harry. Are you presenting a poet? Bring out directly, with no pause for secondary matters, the passion at the heart of him. A working-class audience is likely to be more poetic than another, and all the poetry in you would better be allowed to come out in talking to it.

Be brief; be clear; be coherent. Be dignified; be pictorial; be impassioned. There is no use in trying to talk to working people unless these conditions are fulfilled. Are they ever fulfilled? And if so, is it worth while to spend the rare man in whom they meet on the small and shifting gatherings which are all we can hope to command?

The writer believes that it is well worth while. For granted such a lecturer, no matter what his topic, — city politics, Italian art, astronomical theory, — and two or three hearers will go home with a vision to carry into their working hours. At the same time, far better ways can be found of sharing our intellectual life with the unprivileged than by lecturing to them.

For the lecturer, poor soul, comes from a distant country, to talk for an hour in a world unfamiliar to him, and then withdraws, with no means of knowing how far his language has been comprehensible or acceptable to his hearers. Only the strongest imaginative sympathy can save him from gross blunders. One might suppose that instinct would for example preserve a speaker from assigning the name of "Mike" to the man of straw in an economic discussion, when addressing an Irish audience, or from describing the fear of hell as a form of fire insurance, in the presence of Roman Catholics. But things like this most of us have done; and if luck or tact have

saved us from giving positive offense, it remains true that any lecture delivered in knowledge of the subject, but in ignorance of the audience, must miss its mark.

Our theme again! In order to promote the common life, it is important to live the life in common.

In dreams one plays with paradox; why not an interchange of social posts? Is it fair that one class should have all the outward advantages and all the inward resources too? The vision rises of men, gently born and bred, gladly yielding for a time their pleasant houses, their environment rich in suggestion, to their disinherited brethren, and performing in shop and factory part of the mechanical labor necessary to the race, while yet their spirits dwell afar, in that spiritual city of culture of which their birthright makes them free. A dream indeed! But it is no dream that sensitive people are coming to feel that a blight rests upon the inner landscape, wherein we walk alone, and from which we know our fellows excluded. To the land of invisible delights, however, only the hand of a friend can throw open the gates. It is not the acquisition of learning which we desire for the wage-earners, but the enrichment of life, — in other words, the extension of personality. And personality can grow only through contact with persons. Love, the one uniting force in a world of centripetal forces, must act from man to man if the distant are to be brought near.

Ten or fifteen years ago, when plans for achieving a social democracy, or for returning to it, were much mooted, one objection always raised a scornful head: the thing could not be done. Any efforts to bring rich and poor, educated and illiterate, into a common atmosphere were against nature, and therefore sure to fail. This was simple; it sounded conclusive to many people, aware what traditions must be disregarded, what constraint and self-consciousness must be overcome, before they could themselves mingle naturally

and pleasurable with fellow beings whose enunciation differed from their own.

"*Solvitur ambulando*:" as an answer to this objection arose the settlement movement. "The essence of good society," wrote that excellent American, Lowell, in 1847, rebuking a friend who had expressed a distaste for talk with rustic neighbors, "is simply a community in habits of thought and topics of interest. When we approach each other naturally; we meet easily and gracefully; if we hurry too much, we are apt to come together with an unpleasant bump." Settlements have not been in a hurry; they have furnished the means for approaching our fellows naturally. In their sunny atmosphere, separating traditions, self-consciousness, timidity on both sides, vanish like mists of the night, and a "community in habits of thought and topics of interest" grows up between neighbors and residents as a matter of course. It must be confessed that we see as yet only faint beginnings of what we desire, and that the lips of the objector still murmur. Yet of the natural unity of consciousness between rich and poor, educated and unlearned, which results from simple daily intimacy, enough is seen — and has been since the world began — to enable us to fling emphatic denial in the face of that scornful "Impossible."

In houses where this kind of natural intercourse is established, or expected, intellectual fellowship between people of different traditions will probably crystallize. Small groups, rarely numbering more than a dozen, will gather around some lover of art, history, literature, to share his delights. In the "clubs" or "classes" thus created the real conditions of our problem may at last be fairly studied. Here the spiritual distance which holds a lecturer from his audience, if not overcome, may at least be measured; here the personal contact of mind with mind, so difficult in our overcrowded schoolrooms, may be attained. For years, the writer has

watched a number of such groups, and can testify to their worth, — a worth far wider than that of brightening the life of one individual here or there, sacred as this end may be. As one talks with a single boy or girl, week after week, light falls on the relation of entire classes, and we gain what years of theorizing would not bring us.

The chief value of such classes is less in their achievement of results than in their revelation of conditions. Difficulties in the way of full intellectual fellowship appear on every hand, — difficulties small and large, absurd and grave. Some of them can be conquered; these stimulate to action. Others, under present industrial conditions, cannot; these stimulate to thought.

Let us glance, for a moment, at a difficulty of the first type, — a primary question, yet never considered at all by two thirds of our admirable schemes for "elevating the masses." On what ground shall we try to meet? It is painfully evident that uneducated people do not naturally like the same things as the children of privilege. Probably in Athens or in fifteenth-century Florence there was no such divergence of taste. Art and letters blossomed in the open, from the rich soil of popular life, not in class greenhouses, carefully secluded from common air. That the contrary obtains to-day; that the arts such as they are form a class monopoly; and that our people at large, left to themselves, not only produce nothing good, but too often enjoy nothing good, in the way of music, art, or letters, is of course one of the significant and painful facts that are turning young artists to socialism. Meantime, what are we going to do if we wish to follow Stevenson's admirable advice, and make ourselves good and other people happy? It is a question faced by every settlement, in its recreative as well as in its educational moods. Shall we make people happy by offering what they like, — cheap music, vulgar chromos, and so

on? We can do this. Or shall we insist that they be made happy by what we like, — Pre-Raphaelite art, it may be, or the music of Wagner? This we cannot do, but we can spend a great deal of time in trying to do it.

The truth is that we are to attempt neither course. We are not to furnish vulgar or even inferior things simply because they are acceptable: this is immoral. Neither are we to offer recon-dite delights which only the select few in any class would appreciate: this is absurd. We have to discover, by very delicate experiment, the common ground, which assuredly exists in every province, where educated and uneducated can alike rejoice to wander. The thing is not easy to do, nor is theory of much avail; but it is possible. We must seek that which is wholesome, universal, and enduring, and also moderately near our natural understanding; and when we have found this, we may rest assured that if only we have sufficient tact — which is another name for love — to open the path, the weariest and most ignorant mind may find joy and healing. Supreme beauty and significance will make their way, if a chance is given them: of that we may rest assured.

Even here, of course, distinctions exist. Some great literature is almost too remote for simple grown-up folk to reach. "Mercy! I could listen to that trash all night without feeling tired," was the cheerful remark of a weary labor leader entertained at a country house by a scholar's exquisite rendering of the *Odyssey* straight from the Greek. Perhaps a glimpse came to the scholar that the woes of *Odysseus* might well seem "trash" to one breathlessly absorbed in following the modern labor war. Boys, however, can always listen to a spirited rendering of the great epic of the boyhood of the race. As for Shakespeare, — he of our tongue, our heart, our mind, — where can he not establish his sway, if a friend but lead to him? Nor can one help feeling that

life grows broader and brighter in a street where, during an entire winter, fresh boyish voices are constantly heard breaking into the eloquence of Mark Antony or the passion of Shylock. Sometimes one finds the universal where one least expects it. I have overheard a middle-aged Swedish woman repeat with simple delight to her neighbor at an evening party: —

"Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep,
There dwells a mortal.
But cruel is she:
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea."

In a hot laundry, where the girls stood ironing collars by the thousand through the August days, one girl, chanting Wordsworth's dew-pure poems on Lucy to a little tune of her own, set all her mates to follow. "It makes it seem cooler in there," was the comment of one among them. And it is often said that you cannot interest working people in poetry! Doubtless race counts for something. The primary instinct of the Hebrews, for instance, leads rather to metaphysics. But the Celts among us, at all events, have full imaginative sensitiveness, as any one could see who turned from a critical class of college students, languidly analyzing, let us say, *The Ancient Mariner*, to the dreaming eyes and eager if stumbling tongues of young Irish people, under the mystic spell of the same poem.

In music, Germans and Hebrews alike can often not only follow, but lead. The teacher of music in an East Side settlement assures us that nine out of ten of her little pupils in the neighborhood possess positive talent, while the proportion is reversed among her pupils uptown. As regards art, the puzzle of sharing our delights is especially great, because so few of us in America have any delights to share. Few enterprises are more interesting, however, than the annotated picture exhibitions with per-

sonal guides, now sometimes held in poor quarters; while loan art collections are at least useful as showing us what not to do. Such collections also prove one positive thing: that for a Roman Catholic population the devotional art of Italy furnishes a large section of the common ground we seek. A taste for modern Pre-Raphaelites, it may be added, cannot be cultivated among them. Is the misfortune great? One curious blank spot exists in the eye of the city wage-earner. Landscape, which one sentimentally presents to him as a substitute for the refreshment of nature, arouses no emotions in his breast. His first and last enthusiasm, whether in art or life, is for persons.

Large ideals grow from small endeavors; it is not too much to say that new conceptions of our national destiny shape themselves in the mind of him who enters into loving fellowship with one and another of our poor. He sees in vision the race slowly forming on our shores, composite of the races of the western world. For, whether we will or no, the Anglo-Saxon is not the American; nor will he, as the centuries advance, remain on our soil in racial isolation. Too strong is that mighty impulse toward unity with which we may cooperate if we will; instincts of Celt, of Slav, of Hebrew, of Latin, as well as of Anglo-Saxon and of Dutch, will throb in the veins of the Americans to be. All is process as yet; they throng to our coasts, these seeming alien peoples, bearing, unconsciously to themselves, rare gifts, for lack of which our nation suffers; we press them into exclusive ministry to our material needs. If the word "Irish" or "Jew" carries with it a suggestion from which our Anglo-Saxon instinct shrinks, not wholly without reason, where lies the fault? Assuredly in the civilization that develops and emphasizes in each case the lower racial characteristics, instead of giving wise nurture to those higher faculties which might, un-

der happier conditions, enrich the Anglo-Saxon type. Have we no use, in the formation of our people, for the poetic and emotional sensibility of the Celt? For the religious passion and metaphysical ardor of the Hebrew? For that instinct toward the plastic arts yet strong in the Italian? The strength and persistence of these elements history makes plain; intelligent personal fellowship corroborates the witness of history. We, the Americans first in possession, have escaped, it may be, in a measure, the racial antagonisms and prejudices so marked in the Old World; we have advanced to a negative hospitality and a reluctant toleration; but we have done no more. The nobler powers of our guests and fellow citizens we allow to atrophy and degenerate, while we profit by their mere labor force. We lose an opportunity, we make a great mistake.

It is a mistake that springs largely from ignorance; from our indolent refusal to create, by loving effort, a spiritual democracy corresponding to our outward forms. Two conclusions press themselves upon the mind. The first is sad; we realize that industrial conditions at present absolutely forbid the manual workers from entering on any large scale or in any general sense into the intellectual inheritance of the race. The second is joyful; we become aware that these same workers possess faculties even now ready to yield quick response to a wise culture, and only awaiting a wider freedom to help in enlarging and uplifting our national life. Not the laboring classes alone, but all of us, suffer in class isolation. Neither by improved educational systems, nor by personal contact on formal lines, can this isolation be overcome, but only by a genuine living of the common life, and by the social and industrial changes that must follow. Our scattered thoughts on democracy and education lead us straight to the more searching theme of democracy and society.

Vida D. Scudder.

THE SPIRIT OF MID-OCEAN.

THE hesitant sun stands still, with the arch of a day complete,
And fingers the yielding latch on the door of his sequent dawn,
And the slender poplars shiver and gather about their feet
Their long, limp skirts of shadow that lay on the eastward lawn.
Then the night, the blue-black night, breathes on the mirror of heaven,
Blurs to the ghost of gray the reflected blue of the sea,
And the soul of Her stirs on the calm, a sudden, impalpable leaven,
Troubling inanimate twilight with hints of a storm to be.
White on the gathering dusk a gull swings in to the west,
Touching the ominous ocean with the tips of tentative wings,
And the bell of a distant buoy, a dot on a sluggish crest,
Bays in reverberant bass monition of threatening things!

Then, like a wraith that stands in the presence of them that sleep,
Pacing the pinguid sea as a ghost on a slated floor,
Uncloaking her shining shoulders from the robe of the jealous deep,
The Spirit of Grave Mid-Ocean steps silently in to shore.
And her strong hands hold the keys to the depths that none may plumb,
And the bond of God with his sea her ears alone have heard,
But her stern lips guard the secret, loyal, unfaltering, dumb,
Till the sums on which we labor be solved by a single word!
Calm with the infinite calm of the North's immutable star,
Crowned with serene omniscience, O Spirit of Deep Mid-Sea,
If thus majestic and mute God's stately seneschals are,
What, in his own high heaven, shall your Maker and Master be?

Am I then the last of the men that this day departed saw,
Sole survivor of all whom it roused to strive and stir,
That I stand alone in the night, and, beaten to bay by awe,
Confront in the sudden stillness the eloquent eyes of Her?
Wake, my unconscious comrades, my brothers in shame and sin,
Vexed with your ominous dreaming, tortured by doubt and fear!
See on the wings of midnight the presence of peace come in,
With the calm, disburdening message that never a noon may hear.
Stand face-front to the surges, deaf to your preacher's lore,
Claim no creed of their making, for, on the awestruck sea,
The Spirit of Strong Mid-Ocean steps silently in to shore:
Hush! If this be the servant, what must the Master be?

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

THE OLD CASE OF POETRY IN A NEW COURT.

ALTHOUGH hailed as queen of the arts and hedged about by a kind of divinity, Poetry seems to sit on an always tottering throne. In nearly every age known to human records, some one has chronicled his forebodings that the days of Poetry were numbered; and again the critic, or the poet himself, has plucked up his courage and uttered a fairly hopeful defense. Yet even this hope has been absent from periods which now seem poetic in the highest degree. Michael Drayton could find scant consolation for his art, dedicating certain poems to gentlemen who "in these declining times . . . love and cherish neglected poesy." The enemies of poetry are always alert, and often come disguised as friends. When, at the end of the Middle Ages, moralists ceased to attack the poets, there appeared the man of science, a far more formidable person; and under cover of the dust and smoke in a long battle waged between these open foes, poetry has been spoiled of one cherished possession after another at the hands of a professedly ardent ally. Horace Walpole's alternative neatly implied the whole question under debate: "Poetry," he complained, "is gone to bed, or into our prose," — an odd speech for one who helped to ring the romantic rising-bell. Bulwer, writing ponderously *On Certain Principles of Art in Works of the Imagination*, was sure that Prose had come to be the only medium of artistic narrative. Malicious people point even now to a language which never had any prose, and yet has lost its splendid heritage of verse; barring Grillparzer, silent long before his death, Germany has not seen a poet for the past fifty years. But, answers the optimist, who knows what *ambulando* argument for poetry is not now preparing somewhere in the fatherland? And as for Bulwer, his ink was hardly dry when

Tennyson began those charming and mis-called *Idylls of the King*. If epic poetry seems dead just now, it seemed quite as dead four hundred years ago in France. So this harmless war is waged. Scientific gentlemen point in triumph at the literary map; it is in order for defenders to name some Goodman Puff of Barson, Arcadia, as destined to win back the ceded ground, and for debating societies and other citadels of the Muse to send out fresh proclamations about poetic genius and its deathless mission on earth. What comes of it all? What has been done? What progress? Other causes come up, find a hearing on the evidence, get a verdict more or less in agreement with facts, and go upon record; this case lies hopeless in chancery. Why must it wait there, along with all the old metaphysical questions, for a decision that never can be handed down? If one may do nothing else, one may at least take the case to a different court, demand fresh evidence, and appeal to another code of laws.

Before all things, it behooves both parties to this argument to come at the facts in the case. Barring a threat or so of historical treatment, as in Peacock's pessimistic story of the four poetic ages, and in Macaulay's famous essay on Milton, writers who handle this matter of the decline of poetry invariably pass either into critical discussion of more or less value in itself, or else into amiable hysterics. To speak brutal truth, hysterics are preferred, and little else is recognized. It is all very well to point at Mr. Posnett and M. Letourneau and Professor Grosse, and to say that the study of poetry has been put on a scientific basis; the mass of readers who are interested in poetry, the mass of reviewers, — and one finds this true in quite unexpected quarters, — neither know these authori-

ties nor care for any scientific basis at all. The poetry of Professor Grosse's seeking, say critic and reviewer, is not our poetry, — is not poetry in any case, save by a wanton stretching of the term. In other words, they exclude from their study of poetry a good half of the facts of poetry. In any living science one begins by finding and grouping all the facts, high and low alike; and one then proceeds to establish the relations of these facts on lines of record and comparison. The facts of poetry should be conterminous with the whole range of poetic material; and when one faces this material, one has to do with an element in human life, although the ordinary writer seems to think that he degrades his subject by taking such an attitude. He searches for the cause and fact of poetry in a sphere outside of human life, removed from ordinary human conditions, and touching only an infinitesimal part of the sum of poetic material. True, there is nothing nobler than the effort to reckon with great poetry, and competent critics who succeed in this must always hold a conspicuous place in letters; but great poetry and the great critic are not all. Poetry, high or low, as product of a human impulse and as a constant element in the life of man, belongs to that history which has been defined of late as "concrete sociology;" and it is on this ground, and not in criticism, that the question of the decline of poetry must be asked and answered. The task of poetics, as yet almost untried, is to make clear the relations between higher and lower forms. Like war, marriage, worship, magic, personal adornment, and a dozen other institutions of the sort, poetry is an element in human life which seems to go back to the beginnings of society. Trustworthy writers even say it was one of the more conspicuous factors in the making of society; and when one is asked whether poetry, that is, emotional rhythmic utterance, must be regarded as a decreasing factor in contemporary social

progress, one faces a question of sociological as well as of literary interest, and one must answer it on broader ground than biographical criticism, in clearer terms than can be furnished by those old hysterics about genius. To treat the question as it is almost invariably treated, to make it an ingenious speculation whether any more great poets can arise under our modern conditions, whether Goethe, if he were born now, would not be simply a great naturalist, and whether Robert Browning or Huxley better solved the riddle of the painful earth, — all this is to keep up an unwholesome separation of poetics from vital and moving sciences, and to make the discussion itself mere chatter about a *question d'été*. Question d'été may not be good French, though I think it is sanctioned by M. Melchior de Vogüé; nevertheless, it ought to be good, for it expresses the nugatory character of studies which differ from useful investigation as the "summer girl" differs from that permanent she who is destined to warn, to comfort, and — in America — to command.

The advantage in this sociological study of poetry is that it can keep abreast of other sciences. The oars dip into actual water, the boat moves, whether with the current of opinion or against it, and the landscape changes for one's pains; anything is better than the old rowing-machines, or rather than the theatrical imitation of a boat, with the sliding scenery and the spectators that pay to be fooled. Moreover, it is wide scientific work, not laboratory methods, so called, like countings of words, curves of expression, and all such pleasant devices that rarely mount above the mechanical in method and the wholly external in results; in sociological poetics one is dealing with the life of the race and with the heart of man. F. Schlegel's famous word about art in general holds firm here; the science of poetry is the history of poetry, history in its widest and deepest sense. The futile character of poetic

studies springs from that fatal ease with which a powerful thinker sets down thoughts about poetry, and from the reluctance to undertake such hard work as confronts even our powerful thinker when he is minded to know the facts. To get the wide outlook, one must climb ; to get the deep insight, one must analyze and order and compare. Now the pity of it is that this outlook and this insight, this appreciation of a masterpiece and this knowledge of the vast material of which it is part, are not only rarely achieved in themselves, but are seldom if ever united. The great poems are studied apart ; and as a group, more or less stable, they form what is known as poetry. Detached from the mass of verse, and so from the social medium where all poetry begins and grows, they are referred to those conditions of genius which can tell at best but half the tale ; while that very mass of verse which one concedes to the social group, that unregarded rhythmic utterance of field and festival in which communal emotion found and still finds vent, is left as a fad of ethnologists and folk-lore societies. But the material thus divided belongs together ; each half should explain the other half ; and such an unscientific rejection of material must take poetics hopelessly out of the running.

This plea for a more comprehensive range of material holds good not only in the discussion of poetry in general, its origins, history, future, but in the study of the great poem itself. Take something that every one reads, and even Macaulay's schoolboy studies, — the *Lycidas* of Milton. Reader, critic, biographer, have long since come to terms with the poem ; it stirs heart and mind, it belongs to the masterpieces, it voices the genius of Milton, it echoes Puritan England. Here one usually stops ; but here one should not stop. *Lycidas*, as a poem, is the outcome of human emotion in long reaches of social progress ; it is primarily a poem of grief for the dead, a link in

that chain of evolution in rhythmic utterance which leads from wild gestures and inarticulate cries up to the stately march of Milton's verse and the higher mood of his thought. So far from degrading one's conception of great poetry, the comparison of rough communal verse should throw into strongest relief the dignity and the majesty of a poet's art. One has taken this poet from his parochial limits, and set him, strongly lighted, at the front of a great stage, with its dim background full of half-seen, strangely moving figures ; his song is now detached from a vast chorus of human lamentation, and now sinks back into it as into its source. In certain great elegies, as also in the hymeneal, this chorus actually lingers as a refrain. True, the individuals of the chorus are seldom interesting in themselves. The black fellow of Australia shall not soothe our grief with his howlings for his dead, nor even the Corsican widow with her *vocero*. But the chorus as chorus is impressive enough ; it is a part of the piece ; heard or unheard, it belongs with the triumphs of individual art. Somewhere in every great poem lurks this legacy of communal song. It may better be called the silent partner, without whose capital, at the least, no poet can now trade in Parnassian ware ; and as for lyric verse, there the partner is not even silent. All amorous lyric, whether of German Walther or of Roman Catullus, holds an echo of festal throngs singing and dancing at the May. The troubadours come down to us with proud names, yet they are only spokesmen of an aristocratic guild ; and this again was but a sifting and a refinement of the throngs which danced about their *regine Avrillouse* a thousand years ago. It was once lad and lass in the crowd ; it comes to be lover and high-born dame at daybreak, with a warning from the watcher on the castle walls ; then that vogue passes, with all its songs that seem to sing themselves ; the situation has grown deplorably unconventional, and the note is

false. Amorous lyric waxes more grave, taking on a new privacy of utterance, and a new individuality of tone. It is now the subtle turn of thought, and not the cadence of festal passion, which sets off Lovelace's one perfect song from all its kind; yet, without that throb of passion, that rhythm as of harmonious steps, one of them a piece of human nature, and the other a legacy from the throng, Lovelace had never made his verses and there would be no lyric in the world.

Poetry is thus a genesis in the throng, then an exodus with the solitary poet, then — though this is too often forgotten — a return to the throng. At least it is so with the great poets. Minor poets are by no means that *gente moutonnaire* which Sainte-Beuve declared them to be. Not the poet, but the verse-smith, the poetaster, is anxious to deny his parentage in communal song, and to set forth his excellent differences. He will daze the editor and force his way into the magazine by tricks of expression, a new adjective, a shock of strange collocations. In a steamboat on the Baltic I once met a confidential soul who told me of his baffled designs upon the vogue of modern fiction. He had written, it seemed, a novel without a woman in it; and he had printed this novel in red ink. "And I am not famous yet," he sighed. So with one kind of minor poet. He works through eccentricities and red ink. He is like Jean Paul's army chaplain Schmeltzle, who, when a boy in church, was so often tempted to rise and cry aloud, "Here am I, too, Mr. Parson!" It is not so with the great poets, not so even with those poets whom one may not call great, but who know how to touch the popular heart. All the masters, Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe, even Dante, win their greatest triumphs by coming back to simplicity in form and diction as to the source of all poetic expression. Or, to put it more scientifically, in any masterpiece one will find the union of individual genius with that harmony of voices

and sympathy of hearts achieved by long ages of poetic evolution working in the social mass.

If such a range of poetic material is needed even in criticism, how strictly must it be demanded in any question about the art as a whole! One may turn from history to prophecy; but poetry must still be studied even more rigidly in its full range, and with regard to all human elements in the case. Because the communal elements, once so plain and insistent, now elude all but the most searching gaze, that is no reason for leaving them out of the account. Hennequin saw that simply for critical purposes one must reckon not only with the maker of poetry, but with the consumer as well; and the student of poetry at large must go still farther. It is after all only a remnant who choose and enjoy great poetry, just as it is only a remnant who follow righteousness in private life and probity in civic standards. But what of the cakes and ale? What of the uncritical folk? What stands now, since people have come indoors, for the old ring of dancers, the old songs of May and Harvest Home? Does the lapse of these mean a lapse in poetry at large? Or what has taken their place? How shall one dispose of the room over a village store, the hot stove, the folk in Sunday dress, and the young woman who draws tears down the very grocer's cheek as she "renders" Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night? What of the never-ending crop of songs in street and concert-hall, and on the football field, verses that still time the movements of labor, and the steps of a marching crowd? What of homely, comfortable poetry, too, commonplace perhaps, but dear to declaiming youth? Only a staff cut from Sophoclean timber will support your lonely dreamer as he makes his way over the marl; but the common citizen, who does most of the world's work, and who has more to do with the future of poetry than a critic will concede, finds his account in certain smooth, didactic, and mainly

cheerful verses which appear in the syndicate newspapers, and will never attain a magazine or an anthology. If singing throngs keep rhythm alive, it is this sort of poets that must both make and mend the paths of genius. Commonplace is a poor word. Horace gives one nothing else; but a legion of critics shall not keep us from Horace, and even Matthew Arnold, critic as he was, fell back for his favorite poem on that seventh ode of the fourth book,—as arrant commonplace as Gray's *Elegy* itself. Members of a Browning society have been known to descend earthward by reading Longfellow. If minor poets and obvious, popular poems ever disappear, and if crowds ever go dumb, then better and best poetry itself will be dead as King Pandion. No Absent-Minded Beggar, no Recessional.

Whoever, then, will tell the truth about poetry's part in the world of to-day and to-morrow must not only know the course of all poetry through all the yesterdays, but must keep all its present manifestations, all its elements, sources, and allies at his command. Not only the lords of verse are to advise him; he shall take counsel with scullions and potboys. It is that poet in every man, about whom Sainte-Beuve discoursed, who can best tell of the future of poetry. The enormous heed paid to the great and solitary poets, as if there could be a poet without audience or reader, has distorted our vision until we think of poetry as a quite solitary performance, a refuge from the world. Is not poetry really a flight from self and solitude to at least a conven-

tional, imaginative society? Poetry by its very form is a convention, an echo of social consent; with its aid one may forget personal debit and credit in the great account of humanity. Now, as in the beginning, poetry is essentially social; its future is largely a social problem. How far, then, has man ceased to sing in crowds, and taken to thinking by himself? What is the shrinkage, quality as well as quantity, in the proportion of verse to prose since the invention of printing? Is Professor Bücher right in assuming that rhythm has declined as a social factor? Is the loss of so much communal song in daily toil, in daily merriment, like the cutting away of those forests which hold the rains and supply the great rivers?

Waiting for complete and trustworthy sociological studies which shall answer some of these queries, one may venture an opinion on the general case. Just as one feels that forests may vanish, and yet in some way the mighty watercourses must be fed, so with poetry. Nothing has yet been found to take the place of rhythm as sign of social consent, the union of steps and voices in common action; and whatever intellectual or spiritual consolations may reach the lonely thinker, emotion still drives him back upon the sympathy of man with man. Human sympathy is thus at the heart of every poetic utterance, whether humble or great; rhythm is its outward and visible, once audible sign; and poetry, from this sociological point of view, would therefore seem to be an enduring element in our life.

Francis B. Gummere.

AUBREY DE VERE.

MY acquaintance with Aubrey De Vere began twenty years ago. It was brought about through the kindly offices of Mrs. William Wordsworth of the Stepping Stones, Ambleside, while I was spending my first summer by the English Lakes at work upon an edition of Wordsworth's *Prelude*. He took great delight in my devotion to the poet of his youth, and also in the thought that this great poem was to be used, not in every school in our land, as Professor Corson insists it should be, but in at least one. The suggestions which I received from him were invaluable to me, and the acquaintance thus auspiciously begun ripened into a friendship which I count the chief honor of my life. So unfailing was his courtesy, so true his appreciation, and so generous his recognition of even the simplest efforts to make literature and life more beautiful, that on receiving the works which I had edited he responded with volume after volume of his own great works, and those of his father and brother, until I became the proud and happy possessor of them all. Accompanying these gifts were the letters so full of wisdom and truth, so warm with interest in all the questions relating to the condition of literature and education in America, and so tender in personal allusions, that they are volumes in themselves, like his own gracious presence full of sunshine and happiness. Of *The Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age* he wrote: "There is a paganism in literature much more dangerous than that of these early days. It belongs to that corrupted civilization which uses against Christianity those intellectual and imaginative gifts, as well as social and scientific progress, which have been the gift of Christianity itself. Human nature, even in periods usually branded as barbaric, has qualities that reveal sympathy with the divine; it

has ardent affections, simple refinement, singleness of aim, a noble self-sacrifice, and the unblunted sensibilities of love and reverence, without which the highest revealed truths cease to have a meaning. The heroic in its loftiest manifestations stretches forth its hands to the spiritual; its very deficiencies are a confession that it must needs be supplemented by a something higher than itself."

Aubrey De Vere's works are full of that spiritual passion which anticipated Christianity through the early ages, and has emanated from it in the succeeding ages. Only such calm and equable natures as his are able to forego the minute distractions, petty details, and external interests of life, to cultivate those energies of mind and heart which ripen into noble spiritual insight. It is because of the possession of such a faculty that De Vere has been able to re-create for us so much of the essential life of the ancient and mediæval world, and to reveal its vital relation to that of our own time.

De Vere's many-sided power of historical sympathy which made him familiar with dissimilar ages of the past was early revealed in *The Masque of Classical Greece*, and in *The Search after Proserpine*. His knowledge of nature and human life in Greece gives this work a coherency, grace, and dignity which remind one of Landor, while his felicity of epithet, richness of imagery, and warmth of emotion suggest Shelley. In it there is more abandon, more spontaneity and lightness of lyrical movement than in those later poems intended to reveal the processes by which a human soul becomes regenerate. Here Imagination lays aside her philosophic garb, and wanders with a light and graceful step through the forest and by the sounding sea with unhappy Ceres in search of her child Proserpine: —

"By Cretan lawns and vales oak-sprinkled,
By sands of Libya brown and wrinkled,
And where for leagues, o'er Nile, is borne
The murmur of the yellow corn."

The Christian element in *The Children of Lir* forms the connecting link between this group of poems and that of early Christianity in Ireland, — *The Legends of Saint Patrick*. Here we have a resetting of the fifteen legends of the life and teaching of Ireland's great apostle. The grace and truth of these legends De Vere hoped would stimulate his people to high ideals of thought and action. In simple, graceful, and dignified verse is told the story of trial and achievement, of noble passions and tender affections, loyalty, generosity, and self-sacrifice, — human nature in transition to new faith out of a stormy, wild, but not wholly ungente time. He dedicated the volume to the memory of Wordsworth. Of the many nobly beautiful passages in these poems, which retain such unique poetic unity, is that in which the aged saint exhorts his people to live nobly : —

"Happy isle!

Be true; for God hath graved on you his
Name;

God, with a wondrous ring, hath wedded thee;
Light of a darkling world! Lamp of the
North!

My race, my realm, my great inheritance,
To lesser nations leave inferior crowns;
Speak ye the thing that is; be just, be kind;
Live ye God's Truth, and in its strength be
free!"

This became the ideal of our poet, for he wrote: "One of the lessons taught to us by Irish history is this: that to the different nations different vocations are assigned by Providence; to one the imperial vocation, to another a commercial one; to Greece an artistic one, to Ireland a spiritual one." In *Innisfail* he sought to impress this truth even more strongly upon his contemporary Irish folk, and here for the first time his own personality, the poet and patriot, shines clear. In this series of lyrical poems illustrative of Irish history from the twelfth to the

eighteenth century we have poetical powers of the highest order. He creates these songs and ballads from legends and his own imagination; they are such songs and ballads as might have sprung out of the experiences of a race imaginative, impassioned, loving social pastimes. It is a noble attempt to do for the Irish folk-song what Burns and Scott did for the Scotch. He says, "No other poem of mine was written more intensely, I may say painfully, from my heart than *Innisfail*."

Imaginative faculty of a different kind is revealed in *The Year of Sorrow*. His Muse is not unfamiliar with the house of mourning, with national affliction. The devastating work of the Great Famine is touched with something like sombre beauty by the gentle absolution of nature. In the last of the four poems, *Winter*, he sings : —

"Fall, snow! in stillness, like dew,
On temple's roof and cedar's fan;
And mould thyself on pine and yew,
And on the awful face of man.
On quaking moor, and mountain moss,
With eyes upstaring to the sky,
And arms extended like a cross
The long expectant sufferers lie.
Bend o'er them, white-robed Acolyte!
Put forth thine hand from cloud and mist,
And minister the last sad rite
Where altar there is none nor priest."

Poetry like this reveals the depth rather than the tumult of the soul. But it is not sad; it is saved from the aspect of melancholy by the gleam which it throws on the poet's idea of man's lot, by the hope of life eternal. The spiritual element is nowhere divorced from human sympathies. His idea of the functions of great poetry is expressed in a letter which I received in May, 1896: "Poetry which unites the manly and thoughtful, and both with the graceful, serves as a very special antidote to that which tends but to stultify the intellect and make the imagination effeminate while it rather hardens the heart than makes it tender. To direct the attention of

readers, especially of young readers, both in America and England to the claims of high poetry, is a noble work. In both countries there is a great battle going on between the two classes of literature, the influence of which for good or for evil is already immense, and every day is becoming greater and greater. There is no calculating the power for good that belongs to those books which develop the spiritual as well as the religious and the reasonable in our being, or the mischief done by what elicits the taste which feeds on garbage, whether in the form of the sensual, or of the merely conventional."

In *The Legends of Saxon Saints* he has done a splendid and necessary service by giving artistic setting to the great movements in England's civil and religious history from the landing of Saint Augustine at Thanet, in 597, to the death of Bede in 735. In sending me this volume he wrote of its inception as follows: "When I was meditating a poem, which in the form of sequent legends should record the greatest of English events, England's conversion to the Christian faith, it struck me that I might give to these legends a moral and philosophical character by grouping them around the legend of Odin. My aim was to make Odin's form cross and recross the background of these legendary pictures, appearing at the beginning, middle, and end of the series. The aim being to add to the significance of Christian legends through the contrast afforded by a Pagan legend, illustrating the Pagan spirit at its best, and in its corruption and decline."

In this series we have a beautiful blending of the powers which belong to the poet of primitive instincts and feelings on the one hand, and of culture and reflection on the other. There is more of the mild pastoral atmosphere here than in the legends of his own country, more variety of scene and character, giving opportunity for finer imaginative effects. That which presents all these character-

istics with most charm of gladness, repose, and emotional beauty, art ministering at the altar of Nature and Religion, is *Cædmon the Cowherd*:—

"On Whitby's height
The royal feast was holden: for below
A noisier revel dimmed the shore; therein
The humbler guests made banquet. Many a
tent
Gleamed on the yellow sands by ripples kissed;
And many a savoury dish sent up its steam;
The farmer from the field had brought his
calf;
Fishers that increase scaled which green-gulfed
seas
From womb crystalline teeming, yield to man;
And Jock, the Woodman, from his oaken
glades
The tall stag, arrow-pierced. In gay attire
Now green, now crimson, matron sat, and maid."

When the ruler of the feast called for a song, and each in turn had sung, the harp was passed to *Cædmon*, lowest at the board. He replied, "I cannot sing;" then some one taunted him:—

"This lord of kine,
Our herdsman, grows to ox! Behold, his eyes
move slow,
Like eyes of oxen!"

At this *Cædmon* left the banquet saying:—

"My oxen wait my service; I depart.
Then strode he to his cow-house in the mead,
Displeased though meek, and muttered, 'Slow
of eye!
My kine are slow: if rapid I, my hand
Might tend them worse.'"

Hearing his step, the kine
"Turned round their hornèd fronts; and angry
thoughts
Went from him as a vapour. Straw he
brought,
And strewed their beds; and they, contented
well,
Laid down ere long their great bulks, breath-
ing deep
Amid the glimmering moonlight. He with
head
Propped on a favourite heifer's snowy flank,
Rested, his deer-skin o'er him drawn. Hard
days
Bring slumber soon. His latest thought was
this:
'Though witless things we are, my kine and I,
Yet God it was who made us.'"

The songs, odes, and sonnets of De Vere are perhaps better known and therefore need less attention here. A few of his songs have a free, light, and bounding movement, a pleasant sportiveness which remind one of Shakespeare, as the songs in *The Search after Proserpine*, where the Zephyrs and the Hours sing :

"The bright lipped waters troubling
Of pure Olympian springs,
We caught the airs up bubbling
And stayed them with our wings."

May Carols, a series of meditative and descriptive poems in honor of the Virgin Mary, showing her relation to faith by the progress of her month, May, reveal the essence of delicacy and beauty upon a subject the most difficult and mysterious. Here is a picture of the Holy Mother and Child : —

"Daily beneath this mother's eyes,
Her Lamb matured his lowliness ;
'T was hers the lovely Sacrifice
With fillet and with flower to dress.

"One only knew him, She alone
Who nightly to his cradle crept,
And lying like the moonbeams prone,
Worshipped her Maker as He slept."

The former song lends itself naturally to popular appreciation, the latter will be admired only by the few.

The Odes, like that *To the Daffodil*, are full of subtle odors and flavors from nature. The feeling is so fine and strong that notwithstanding it is in the main descriptive, the lyrical impulse is powerful enough to bear it up. It reminds one of Tennyson : —

"Ere yet the blossomed sycamore
With golden surf is curdled o'er,
Ere yet the birch against the blue
Her silken tissue weaves anew,
Thou com'st."

The following from the Ode on the Ascent of the Alps is less descriptive but has more of the lyrical cry which suggests Shelley : —

"From rock to rock leaping
The wild goats they bound ;
The resinous odours
Are wafted around ;

The clouds, disentangled,
With blue gaps are spangled ;
Green isles of the valley with sunshine are
crowned.

How happy that shepherd,
How happy the lass,
How freshly beside them
The pure Zephyrs pass !
Sing, sing, from the soil
Springs bubble and boil.

And sun-smitten torrents fall soft on the
grass."

In the art of sonnet-writing De Vere was a disciple of Wordsworth. His sonnets are chiefly memorial or political, and, like Wordsworth's, are characterized by a concentration of thought and feeling into single pregnant lines. The sonnets on Wordsworth reveal this : —

"True bard because true man, his brow he
wreathed
With wild flowers only, singing Nature's
praise."

The sonnets to Charles Eliot Norton, "On reading his *Vita Nuova* of Dante, March 28, 1860," are both patriotic and personal, and breathe hopes for America which De Vere often expressed to me in his letters : —

"Norton I would that oft in years to come
The destined bard of that great land of thine
Sole-seated 'neath the tempest-roughened pine,
In boyhood's spring when genius first doth
plume

Her wing, 'mid forest scents and insects' hum
And murmurs from the far sea crystalline
May smell *this* blossom from the Tuscan vine,
May hear *this* voice from antique Christen-
dom ;

For thus from love and purity and might
Shall he receive his armour, and forth fare
Champion elect in song, that country's knight
Who early burst the chain weak nations bear
Weeping, 'mid trumpet blasts and standards
torn

To manhood, with loud cries, thy land was
born !"

We must not forget that at this very time England's rulers and men of wealth were in sympathy with those who were striving to destroy the Constitution. The following will reveal De Vere's attitude toward America and her future : —

"I have had so much pleasure quite

recently in reading, or re-reading, works which you have been so very good as to send me, that I cannot resist the impulse to thank you for the gratification thus afforded me. One of these works is *Principles of Criticism*, the most valuable criticism in the English language. The substance of that book, valuable as it is in itself (for your high praise of Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* is not more than that delightful book well deserves), is yet very much enhanced to me by the preface and notes with which it is enriched; and I cannot but be very grateful to you for thus recalling to my memory the delight with which I first read it in my youth. With not less pleasure did I read his *Ancient Mariner*, and here again I find that delight with which I read it since, vividly renewed and enhanced. These are books which one never tires of reading, and which impart a deep interest to all that relates to them even when the relation between them is apparently a casual one. You are doing a great work for your country in thus making its youth well acquainted with the two greatest of modern poets, Wordsworth and Coleridge. The greatest prose thinkers of modern times I suppose were Burke and Cardinal Newman; and, like Wordsworth and Coleridge, they were in one sense brothers, and in another were like and yet unlike. I trust that you will bring them, too, closer than you have done as yet. A great opportunity is afforded you by your position in connection with American education. More than anything else, a great and sound literature seems to be now the human means of promoting the cause of Divine Truth. It may be that a new Aquinas and a new Dante will rise, next, and rise in America, where a new and spacious standing ground has been thus provided for them."

De Vere's poetry can never be popular for the same reason that Wordsworth's cannot. "His life has been a soliloquy," says Sir Henry Taylor, "and he

has talked so long to himself in solitudes and wildernesses of thought that he often seems as if he understood no other audience. Still his poems must make themselves heard across whatever gulf or chasm." He needs little of our praise after receiving it from such masters as Tennyson, Sir Henry Taylor, and Landor. The last of these sings:—

"Welcome who last hast climbed the cloven hill,

Forsaken by its Muses and their God!

Show us the way; we miss it, young and old."

The best preparation for understanding the method and aim of De Vere's dramatic work would be a study of his essays in which he reviews the dramas of his friend Sir Henry Taylor. He says: "The great idea of all high Tragedy includes to a large degree what is preëminently in the Greek, viz., that of Fate: while the idea of the Historic Drama is that of Providence, — a Providence not oppressing and subduing man, but working with his strivings while it works beyond them. In Tragedy the problem of life is pressed upon our attention; in the Historic Play it is solved."

His two historic plays, *Alexander the Great*, and *Saint Thomas of Canterbury*, are philosophical studies of two great characters in dissimilar states of human society. They offer contrasts of action and passion, subjective and objective, pride and humility, success and failure; one is a type of pagan, the other of Christian greatness. The central characters are finely conceived and adequately portrayed; a result of the unique blending of all the poet's faculties in one creative effort. Both dramas abound in variety of interests and incidents, personal, heroic, political, ecclesiastical, and romantic; and yet the effect is hardly that of the modern romantic drama, rather that of the classic. Strength and dignity, pathos and passion, subtle reflections and heroic actions, are the controlling forces. They abound in passages of great purity, power, and beauty, and reveal in every

line the soul of the poet who fashions them.

When we study the past in the light of the great spirits who have made it worthy of our attention, giving it a vital human interest by manifesting that the history of man is one in all ages, we shall find that these poems have a unique value because they reveal what no mere history reveals, — the infinite play of various ideals in the life of the greatest periods. This revelation is very marked in the contrasted scenes on the death of the hero in each poem, — one in the palace at Babylon; the other before the altar at Canterbury. When Alexander, whose ambition was to create a single kingdom, one o'er all the world, lies dead, it is a Ptolemy who praises him: —

"He swifter than the moon
O'er-rushed the globe. Expectant centuries
Condensed themselves into a few brief years
To work his will."

When Becket, whose desire is to wait in patience for whate'er God has in store, is facing martyrdom, it is John of Salisbury who praises him: —

"He thought of God; he loved Him; in himself
Saw nothing, great or wise — simply a servant."

De Vere's prose work naturally divides itself into three classes, Critical, Philosophical, and Political. As to the mission of great poetry he had ideals as high and holy as those of Milton, Wordsworth, and Arnold, and he consequently brought to its interpretation the spirit of reverence and sympathy which involved his whole nature, intellectual, moral, æsthetic. He was therefore a follower of Coleridge, and sought in all his criticism, whether of Spenser, Milton, or Wordsworth, to penetrate through the vestments of poetry to the moral and spiritual content where the convictions of the man are revealed in their entirety. With all the strength and charm of one inspired by the teachings of the great masters of our literature he pleads with sweet persua-

siveness that poetry be used for its power to stimulate, to chasten, to ennoble our whole being. The thought that he might be able to guide others into the region of permanent love and wholesome joy of the things that are more excellent in the life of man was a source of pleasure to him; and though modest to a fault, every recognition of his work gave him the most intense pleasure. Granting me the privilege of dedicating my edition of Wordsworth's Prefaces to him he wrote: "The compliment which you pay me will be all the more valuable to me as in some measure associating me with Wordsworth, whom I regard as far the greatest of English poets since Shakespeare. It is indeed as a friend of Wordsworth, and as one who from youth to age has endeavored to make known to others the transcendent value of his poetry, that I should wish to be remembered, if remembered at all. The Prefaces are most valuable contributions to our literature of criticism, which for the most part, I fear, has been more pretentious than marked by solid thought or genuine insight, though of course the criticisms of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Sir Henry Taylor are serious helps to any one who would get at the heart of high poetry and understand its appeal to the moral and spiritual, as well as to the intellectual part of our being." De Vere's work in criticism is but an unfolding of the fundamental principles expressed here, and is especially valuable at the present time, when literature is busy with material occupations and conventional pleasures and neglects the source from which it sprang, — the depth of the human heart. If we were to select those works which will be more and more valuable as time goes on, we should include the series of essays on Wordsworth, and that given at the request of Cardinal Newman, when Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland, on Literature in its Social Aspects. In 1889 De Vere wrote of the former: "There are

three papers on Wordsworth in the volumes which I am ordering sent to you. They were written in the hope that I might thus contribute to an appreciation of what I consider to be the most characteristic merits of a poet whom I regard as the greatest since Shakespeare, profounder and wider in grasp than Milton, if less stately. One of the merits I have insisted on most is that for the supposed absence of which even ardent admirers of Wordsworth often apologize, namely, passion."

De Vere's political prose everywhere reveals the lofty moral and political philosophy of Burke. If Ireland had only been wise enough to learn from her best friend and safest teacher she would not now be rent with civil discord. Such brave words as the following brought upon him the bitterest denunciation of the extremists: "The Ireland that did not confound license with liberty, that revered law, and therefore made no man judge in his own cause, is my Ireland; and I have a right to remain faithful to what I have loved long, and to resent those who would set up a Pretender as her rival. I deem it a Patriot's duty not to flatter his country, and not to withhold unpopular counsel when it is needful." Again, writing of an edition of Burke's American Oration which I sent him, he said: "Burke was incomparably the greatest political philosopher and also the most noble-hearted statesman that England has ever had, — a present to her from Ireland: the greatest political writer the world has ever known. Nearly all the great errors which England has committed, positive and negative, since his time and during it, would have been averted if his counsels had been adopted."

De Vere's philosophical prose we have

no time to consider now; suffice it to say that it is filled with that large and generous spirit which welcomes every ally that will advance the happiness and increase the nobility of man. He was tolerant of the opinions of others while holding with firmness and fidelity what he believed to be true. "Our aspiration," says he, "has ever been to raise the lowly, not to pull down the lofty; to abolish caste by opening the ranks to the energies of all, but not to destroy gradation; to strengthen both liberty and privilege by resting both on a wider basis."

The elements in the character of Aubrey De Vere which gained for him the love and admiration of all the great men of his time were those which he most admired in Wordsworth, — simplicity, frankness, childlike faith, and lofty moral rectitude. He was generous in his recognition of the greatness of others, and no word of his was ever tainted with jealousy or the spirit of rivalry; *odium literarium* he despised. His ideal is so lofty, and his tone so pure and elevated, that he must needs be the poet of the few, at least until the ends for which he lived and loved and sang shall have been attained. He felt this, and once said, "I am doing what in me lies to keep alive poetry with a little conscience in it; if I fail in that attempt, I shall not fret about it; others will do it later, — what I have aimed at doing, and will probably do it better." The tribute of his aged brother, Sir Stephen De Vere, which I have just received, is as true as it is tender and beautiful: "He left not one enemy. His high principles, his careful moderation, and the character of his poetry innocent and sublime won for him the admiration and, what is better, the esteem of all."

Andrew J. George.

LOOKING BACK.

ON a morning in August, in making another of his parish rounds, the Minister turned in past Emo (just then being builded again) and went down through the fields to the Thrasna River. The day was close and hot, one of those relaxing Irish days when even the grasshopper is a burden, with a low sky and a haze wrapped about the hills. The world seemed empty or gone asleep, no birds in it, no sound of man or beast; nothing but a great murmur of gnats in the air and a distant whir in the river meadow. Far away (so it seemed that morning in little Emo) haymakers were working on the slopes, women stooping among the heather; but these kept silent in the noon, closed in and vague like figures in a waking dream. The day was lifeless; and even the Minister, usually so vigorous, plodded wearily, hat in hand and his staff beneath his arm.

Once come, however, within hail of the white cottage which stands on the river brink (the home once of Thady Sheeran, now of Wee James and Annie his wife), his step quickened. Something was toward down there and life in plenty. Fowls were cackling, a dog stood barking, and from the open doorway that looked upon the river came a tumult of children, one squalling, another howling, a third striving to pacify both with piercing threats. And to greet the Minister did the pig start squealing in its sty, and the dog come baying like a fury. "Good dog," said he; then turned from the littered yard straight into the riot of Annie's kitchen.

His figure in the doorway brought sudden peace; soon his eyes grew used to the smoky dimness and he saw about the room. It was small, with white-washed walls, sooty rafters, and a narrow window; here an open hearth, there a little dresser, everywhere pots and pans,

stools and tubs, strewn upon the clay floor, and among them three children, one seated on the hearth, another tied in a chair, the third in a cotton gown standing by the dresser. All were grimed; the faces of two were swollen and streaked; but the eldest, aflush with shame, stood looking at her bare feet. She might be eight years old. She had long dark hair tied back with a red ribbon. Already she gave promise of that lithe beauty which once, in the good old days, had made Annie her mother famous in Gorteen.

A minute the Minister stood in the doorway, his figure dark against the sky; then he stepped amid the litter.

"Well, Annie," said he. "So you're keeping house, I see." The child stood silent, twisting a corner of her apron. From hearth and chair came stifled sounds of sobbing. "Where's your mother, Annie?" asked the Minister, bending low, his hat behind him, and the dog sniffing at his heels. "Is she out?"

"Yes, sir." Annie looked up. "Please, sir — yes, sir."

"Ah!" The Minister laid hat and stick upon the dresser, pulled a chair from a corner and sat down. "Perhaps she'll be back soon?"

"Please, sir, I dunno."

"Where is she, Annie?"

"Please, sir, I dunno."

"Ah!" The Minister pulled the child toward him and sat her on his knee. "Has she been gone long?"

"Please, sir, a good while." Annie sat looking at her hands, fingers twisting ceaselessly in her apron, her cheeks burning. "Father was cross at breakfast time, sir, an' — an' —"

"Then your mother went out, Annie?"

"Please, sir — yes, sir."

The Minister's face fell grave. He

nodded slowly, with his eyes upon the prospect of hill and river that was framed by the doorway, telling himself that he understood. Ten years of plodding from door to door through a Lough-side parish had perfected him in the art of drawing apt conclusions from scanty evidence. *Father was cross at breakfast time.* — Yes; but where was Annie, and why had she left her children? Think of the open fire, the river out there, and only this child to watch and keep! “Has mother left you like this before?” he asked.

“No, sir; not ever.”

“And you don’t know which way she went?”

“Please, sir, that way,” answered the child, and nodded toward the Crockan and the big river meadow.

“Yes. Well, we must find her, Annie. Meantime, let us make things tidy a little.”

The Minister rose, stripped off his coat, and helped Annie to clear the kitchen. Stools and chairs were put in their places, pots and pans set beneath the dresser, tubs and baskets moved into the yard; the floor was sprinkled and swept, the hearth cleaned with a heather besom, a fire built beneath the kettle. Then, all being in order, the Minister held a basin whilst Annie washed the children’s faces; sat holding a bowl of bread and milk whilst Annie fed them with an iron spoon; sat rocking the cradle with one quiet within it, and another on his knee sucking its thumb, and Annie spelling in a book on a stool beside him. He was flushed and hot. Sometimes he sang softly, and then Annie looked pensive; sometimes helped her with a word or stroked her hair, and then she smiled over her book. He felt happy; and when both children were hushed asleep, one in the cradle, the other on a cot in the little bedroom, he took up hat and coat unwillingly.

“Don’t — don’t go, please, sir,” pleaded Annie, her eyes in tears.

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“But I must, Annie. I’m going to find mother, you know.” He stooped and kissed her. “Now be a good girl, and sit there by the door till I come back.”

“You will come back, sir?”

“Oh yes — I’ll come back, Annie,” said the Minister; and turned for the Crockan and the big meadow.

His path went along the river bank for a little way, past a fishing cot, a shallow well, and a few crab trees; then across a ditch and straight up a conical hill, with its bristle of oak stumps and scattering of stunted trees, which in Emo is called the Crockan. It was quite steep, and once on its top the Minister had wide view of the countryside. He saw the haymakers at work in the big meadow and in the meadows along the winding river valley; saw misty hills crowding this way toward Bunn town and that toward the woods of Curleck; saw Emo standing high before the dim mountain, and the cattle in the rushy fields, and the sheep nibbling almost at his feet — then, of a sudden, a gleam of red and white halfway down the Crockan’s river slope. — Red and white? That of a surety was Annie.

Softly the Minister went down; he stopped soon in full sight of a woman lying flat upon the grass, feet crossed, and head resting upon her clasped hands. She wore a red bodice and a spotted cotton skirt. Her hair was unkempt; her face, still handsome and keeping its roses, was set and hard. She must have heard the Minister’s foot, for presently she twisted over on an elbow and looked back, then bent upright, clasped her drawn-up knees with both hands, and sat looking across the river.

“Well, Annie.” The Minister came down and stood beside her. “I’ve been looking for you.”

“Have ye?” came back, short and cold, without word or sign of greeting.

“Yes. I’ve just come from the cottage. I found the children there.”

"Did ye?"

"I don't think, Annie, it's quite right to leave them alone like that."

"Don't ye?"

"Something might happen to them, you know."

"Maybe if something did it'd be all the better."

This was strange talk. The Minister sat down upon the slope, a little way from Annie and behind her, so that he might see her face.

"What a view one has from here." Annie kept silent. "I fear the weather will soon change." Annie's lips kept tight. "I suppose James is working in the meadow there," ventured the Minister; and with that Annie spoke.

"I don't care where he is," she said, her voice keen and bitter. "I care nothin' about him."

"Nor for the children?" asked the Minister.

"No; nor for them. I—I hate them," said Annie, with sudden fierceness. "Yes; I do."

Again the Minister thought it well to change the talk. A minute he sat pondering, his eyes sideways on the woman's face. Then, "You're not yourself to-day, Annie," he said; and getting no answer tried again. "What's wrong?" he asked, turning and leaning upon an elbow.

"Wrong?" A hard smile gathered upon her face, and she sat repeating the word to herself with quick little jerks of the head. "Wrong—wrong—what is n't wrong? Life's wrong. The world's wrong.—Ah, I wish to glory I was dead. Then—then all'd be over. Everything. Everything in this miserable world."

The Minister, knowing the unburdening power of words, hoped she might keep on; but she did not; so he said, "But would everything be over then, Annie?"

"Ay. 'T would. Better be dead an' burnin' than endurin' here. Only I'm

a coward I'd be in the river there now, only for"—

"The children?"

Her face softened a shade, but she hardened it quickly and went on:—

"An hour ago I was as near doin' it as woman ever was. What kept me? What kept me back? Ah, my God, what I've been through this day! What I've seen. What I've endured."

She buried her face in her hands, and drew long breaths that shivered down her; of a sudden she looked around, face flushed, eyes wild, and broke out:—

"What is it to you what I've endured? What is it to any man? You're all the same—all selfish an' hard an' cruel. Women? Oh, God help poor women in this miserable world! A month an' it's all over with them, only drudges an' slaves, fit for nothin' but child-bearin', an' carryin' meat to pigs, an' servin' meals to the men that owns them. Fit? No; not even for that. For let ye drudge your life out an' you've only to keep them hungry five minutes too long an' you're not fit to wipe their boots. Ah, I know it; I know it well;" and, resting elbows on knees and cheeks in her hands, Annie sat looking hopelessly across the valley, rigid as a figure of stone.

The Minister wanted to speak, but could not. Fit words, in such circumstances, were hard to find. He understood, yet knew it vain to say so; sympathized, yet feared to show his sympathy; could no more than sit there silently waiting for what might come.

During ten minutes or more he waited; with Annie silent beside him, hands crossed on her upgathered knees and chin resting upon them; then, drawing a long breath she raised her head and looked from hill to hill, slowly as might one who has just wakened from sleep.

"Ah, but this weather's woeful," she said, her voice softer now and deep with plaintiveness. "It weighs one down like lead. I can feel it in me very blood."

It's just as if the world was in a temper, an' everything goin' wrong in it. Ah, yes. Well I knew when I woke this mornin' that somethin' was goin' to happen. I felt it strong in me. If it had n't come soon it'd have come late; an' maybe — maybe 't was better soon. Better get bad over an' done with. Better — Ah, dear Heaven, the little it takes to blacken one's heart. Just somethin' in the air, just a mouthful o' hot words, an' there's one runnin' like a mad thing with the whole world fallin' in an' crushin' one down. Never before has such a thing come to me — never — never before."

Face in hands, Annie sat looking before her out into the haze that wrapped the hills, still with that waking look in her eyes, that pensive shadow upon her face. A little while longer, thought the Minister, a little more unburdening of herself in words, and she would be herself again, awake and seeing. She looked at him.

"Have ye ever thought till your eyes burned?" She pressed a finger against her forehead. "Have ye ever thought till ye were afire just there? Ye think so? Well, that's how I've been these hours an' hours. Think? I've been mad with thinkin'. I've lain here lookin' an' lookin' — back an' forward — till me head blazed. I've lived through every hour of me life as far back as I can mind till this hour; an' I've gone on seein' an' seein' for years — Ah, the blessed old days! If only one could know in time. The free happy hours when one was a child, a wee thoughtless child, without care or pain; the days when one was a girl an' there was only sunshine in the world; the times I had, away back, when Jan Farmer was here in Emo, an' Harry Thomson made love to me, an' every man in the country would ha' given his eyes to have me! To think o' what I was then. I could run miles. I could dance all night. The days went like minutes.

Ah, dear heart, the tomboy I was, the times I had, the chances — the chances! I wonder" — Her voice died out, and her chin sank upon her hands.

What was she wondering? thought the Minister, his mind busy among by-gone things. Was she deep in the might-have-beens, wishing, regretting, contrasting them with what had been; seeing herself the wife of another than Wee James, maybe a lady in big London, maybe mistress in Emo, maybe contented and happy? All she said was true. Ten years ago she had had a countryside at her willful feet; now, in these vain hours of revolt, she saw herself only a hillside drudge, neglected, forgotten, tortured with memories of lost gifts and chances. It was hard enough, thought the Minister; yet surely was not too hard. Others had to bear burdens. Not she only, even among the patient toilers of the hills, had hours of torture and rebellion, questionings, wonderings. They came to every one. They had to be faced and borne — and borne alone.

"An' now," Annie went on, unclasping her hands and folding them in her lap, "all's gone — gone — gone. Never can I be young again, or merry any more. All the wishin' in life can't bring back one day — not one hour; an' no strivin' can keep back what's comin'. Ah, to think of it, to think of it! All that behind me," she said, and jerked her head backwards; "all that before me," she moaned, and shivered, and sat looking into the future. "Drudgery an' heart-break; work, work from dawn to dark; trouble an' trial an' pain; every day just the same, risin', toilin', goin' to bed, every day a little nearer to the end. Ah, but it's hard. Ah, but it's bitter hard!"

"It is, Annie," said the Minister. "But it has to be met."

"Ay. It's *got* to be met."

"And after all maybe it won't be so bitter. There are bright things even

there," said the Minister, and waved a hand toward the valley. "To-morrow the sky may be clear; to-night, perhaps, we may see the moon. Let us live in hope."

She did not answer; so the Minister looked at his watch and rose.

"It's nearly dinner time," he said. "Soon James will be coming from the meadow."

She smiled, but did not move.

"I promised the children I'd find you for them," the Minister went on. "Poor

little mites, there all alone! Annie, suppose you go back and find" —

She looked up quickly, dread in her eyes; then, with a cry, sprang to her feet and ran up the slope, down through the trees, and along the river bank. "Annie," she kept calling. "Annie — Annie!"

Slowly the Minister followed her; but when he reached the cottage, such a sound of joyful weeping came to him through the doorway that he paused, turned, and softly went away.

Shan Bullock.

CONCERNING SNARES.

OUR neighbor is deaf, so converse with her is of the slightest. She has the air of one contentedly withdrawn from others, as if she had herself cut the cables to be free from the worry of contradictory messages.

Still we are neighbors, with but a narrow hall between, so we often chance to meet. This time it was at the foot of the stairs; and as she would have slipped by, in her evasive fashion, we stayed her. We were two who met her, so shyness itself was shy of showing confusion. We are shy in the way of two, who live too close to be sure of the dividing boundaries of self, yet ever curiously conscious of our division from all others.

But we waylaid our neighbor. For on the table in the bay window was a bunch of heavy-headed, crumpled-leaved roses, which had come from her, and our room was fragrant with their breath, till the world seemed an old-fashioned garden wherein lovers walk.

We are used to the moor winds, with free, wild scents of gorse and heather. So a waft from the full-petaled crowd of roses beguiled us from the brave heights to sheltered pleasaunce fairness.

We stayed our neighbor to speak our

thanks, and, wishful to show some courtesy to the stranger within our gates, whose thought of us had been so gracious, we made her free of our books. For we are dwellers in the granite house on the moor's verge, and she but a bird of passage. We would give her straws for her nest. Truly we had no library, but there were full shelves, which had overflowed in streams on tables and desks, with runlets in big chairs and on the broad lounge.

So with full assurance we offered our books. But I must make you know, so far as it is given me to know, our solitary neighbor. She is tall and straight, with a quick, alert step. As I watch her set forth on her walks, always with a plaited straw satchel on her arm, I feel sure that she is going in a set direction to a known end, — not losing herself and the morning on the moor. Her face is strong and rugged, but softened as forceful faces are by the attrition of the years. There is an out-of-door fascination about it, as if she had lived much in the open, and taken as good, summer sun and winds of rough weather. Her eyes are fine, dark and clear, and when she smiles they flash across the face

brightness like sudden sun across the moor.

In answer to my wish that she would come and take books at her pleasure, I won the smile, which shot with itself into my mind the line, "Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth." She looked so real, so true, so sun-warm to the depths. Then came the answer:—

"You are very kind, but I read very little. *Books are such a snare.*"

In some dazed way, Doris and I staggered into our own room, dropped into our easy-chairs, and our eyes met in a wide wonder which broke into peals of laughter.

The neighbor is deaf, so we dared to laugh; but *neighbor*,—shall we ever find her that after such confession? We are set apart as by some cataclysm of nature.

We looked about our book-inhabited room, gasped, and laughed again.

We thought that we knew all phases of our books. We had summered and wintered with them through wandering years; had crowded our trunks with them, to the damage of dresses within and the dismay of porters without; had mourned over the many to be left and the few to be taken; had bought books as long as the coin of the realm held out, then coveted them in fine bindings in that "resort of the fashionable world for a hundred years," and in worn leather and yellowed vellum in many a dusty corner beloved of the unfashionable for thrice a hundred years. We knew them for an entertainment to the eye, an exhilaration to the mind, a consolation to the spirit. We knew them as companions for the hour, as chance wayfarers on a journey, as friends "until death us do part" and beyond; for surely the Immortals do not die.

We know the books which must be read aloud, with pause just made for acquiescent word or divergent thought; the books for lonely hours when two are a multitude; the books which never lift their eyes and look you full in the face

save in the light of the winter fire, and those other books which give their spirits in the greenwood shadows. We know the books which win lightly with a quick smile at the first word, the books which are good comrades on a long road; and we all know the books which are ours by election, without which we could not have been, and which, without ourselves as readers, could not have been.

But a cold, strange light struck all our books, standing on shelves, piled on tables, or prisoned in packing cases,—books of our love, of our lounging, of our memory,—in that phrase of accusing, "*Books are such a snare.*" It took our breath away, then set us talking, and now I write in defense of the accused.

I have to thank our neighbor for shaking me suddenly from my own standpoint, giving me another outlook with a changed perspective. Doubtless I have heard sermons and listened to diatribes on the danger of miscellaneous reading; and in my day have had romances ruthlessly confiscated, which neighbored class books, to the peril of the latter. I have read stories against story-telling, and books against the making of books.

Still, the simple words wherewith my neighbor declined, as might the fly to walk into the parlor of the spider, struck me sharply. Perhaps her personality weighted the words, for I feel in her a self-sufficing strength, an insulation from many of the currents of life. I watch her often as she sits on a garden seat on the terrace, busy with sewing or letter-writing, and I feel that she is both intent on her work and conscious of the wide, sweet world about her. She is resolute of purpose in some simple practical way by which her life is made of worth, yet responsive to the moods of the untamed moor.

She is a woman of few words; I cannot hope to win her to any elucidation of her own position. So I must make light by striking a few lucifer matches from my own private box. Is it the loss

of time which she feels to be the snare of reading? But as a wise Indian chief said of the hurried white stranger, "He has all the time there is." And there would seem to be boundless time in the long days of her lonely life. No one has ever rightly divined how many hours go to the making of a day in the rainy season of Dartmoor. I speak feelingly, for even two with books have failed here of all means of measurement. Pendulums are weighted and heartbeats retarded; nothing is regular but the drip-drip upon the pane. What does our neighbor make of the gray, unending hours? There may be needle-work, — perhaps that most pathetic, for another woman's children, — and fancy-work for charity bazaars. But is the spirit companioned? Whither do her thoughts wander? There are friends, doubtless, in well-regulated households. But well-regulated households are mostly so dull, and friends have their rigid limitations as to possibilities of romance.

Are we not all of one age, of one race, of one weather? When a veil of rain drops between ourselves and the moor, is it not time to set sail for "the seacoasts of Bohemia"? And where seek our barks save in our books? Then away to Arcadia, Utopia, the Blessed Isles or our own *châteaux en Espagne*. Or if we have a realistic conscience as our chart, still are the seas spacious, and the shores which wait us more wondrous than our dreams. With Columbus we may draw the circle of the globe. And the world is the heritage of each, — the unfelled forests of the newest West, the fantastic temples of the oldest East, the ardency of Arab sands, and the white bergs of the Polar Sea. Shall we miss our own? Have we not right to all, from the century-unstirred shadow of the Sphinx to the veering of the wind-mills which challenge Don Quixote his heir?

Is the snare of books in that they tempt us to give to creatures of the imagination that sympathy which should

be called forth by the men, women, and masks of our acquaintance? But the last so predominate. We wear such well-schooled faces that we may neither read nor reveal the tragedies beneath the smiling seeming of our lives. It is etiquette to ignore the tumultuous heartbeats which make life. Neither depths nor heights are good form in the world of safe compromise wherein we dwell. One may not drop a plummet to sound the deeps of any neighbor; nor shall one dare scale the brave heights of idealism, save to know how lonely is the height, how far from the sheltered gardens where faces smile and low-toned voices answer.

So from superficiality and from solitude the refuge still is in books.

There we meet the great souls in their utmost stress and storm. We may rave with Lear in the black night, or scorch our eyeballs with Dante in flames of Inferno. We may touch the genius-riven depths of life, denied us in the living. In life we can know truly the travail of but one soul, and even pain is not so lavish of its gifts in the measured finite. Poignancy is as rare a bestowal as ecstasy. To most, experience is disappointment, disillusion: not the too much of pain, but the too little of joy; not the scathe of flame, but the trail of the common dust.

So, in moods of protest, we plunge to the tragedies of despair or mount to the passion of joy. We ride with Joan the Maid, — triumph, triumph all the way, though the goal be martyr fire. We strain our souls to the imperial height of Cleopatra dying into empire more spacious than Caesar could offer, — Lord of the wide-winged Eagles.

As for the friends of real life, we know socially but some little inlet of the great waters, where the craft are few and slight, like ourselves, but fit to hug the shore, to seek moorings in shallow waters.

But there is the great sea, with its equinoxes of passion, its strong-winged

ships, its venturers, its wrecks, — wide waves for the golden galleons, cold depths for the shivered hulks. We cross blue waters in the morning sunlight with the Argonauts; with Medina Sidonia on the flagship of the Armada fight “the winds of God,” and with Raleigh of the unhorizoned soul sail into the sunset.

So we travel on all water ways. If we dwell where the sea’s music swells overstrung for weak lives to bear, and if we have watched our own proud ships sail forth, only to be beaten back against the rocky coast, hollow wrecks through which the sucking waters draw to their inexorable engulfing; then God give us book friends to lure us to inland meadows and dappled shadows of home orchards. We have need of Chaucer’s May blossoming and Lowell’s day of perfect June.

The westering sun throws a glorifying ray across my neighbor’s roses, and I see other roses than these, — great bushes in my childhood’s gardens where I gathered them in big nosegays for my pet teacher’s desk. The days in the schoolroom were so long, and the afternoon hours loitered so. But through the open window came droning bees, and sometimes a stray butterfly would settle on the very roses. Then all the children smiled, and the giver of the posy from the loveliest garden in the tree-

shaded village street felt herself praisefully part of honey and bees and butterflies and all summer diversions in the dullness of things. I am afraid that the gray child likes still to be on the butterfly side of things as against the school-room rules of life.

Now it is another garden, looking to the blue Pacific, and the roses gathered are brought to an invalid’s room. These are more weighted than the child’s roses, — not all with fragrance, not all with honey. They do not lure the butterflies; but strange, winged thoughts flutter, then settle, then drift far. The summer pales and the petals drop.

A terraced garden on the Pincian Hill, — roses beneath the cypress spires. A child gathers them, and lays one tragic red by the stained marble of a dead Cæsar; one ivory pale beside the poet with dream-dim eyes, who sang, when Rome was young, “the sense of tears in mortal things;” and yellow roses — roses in chorus for the silent, sad Apollo. One watches, not glad with the child, nor calm with the dead gods — and doves wheel in the garden till the swift, purple twilight falls.

Where have I wandered? How long have I dreamed? This is the grayness of the Devon gloaming.

O grave, wise neighbor, roses are such a snare!

L. Studdiford McChesney.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

JOURNALISM AND CRITICISM.

“A MAXIM which it would be well for ambitious critics to chalk up on the walls of their workshops is this: Never mind whom you praise, but be very careful whom you blame.” So wrote Mr. Edmund Gosse ten years ago. There is no such partial legend to be seen, one may

fairly guess, in the workshop of the accomplished author of the recently reprinted volume from which this remark is quoted. Mr. Gosse was about to speak of certain special cases, of Winstanley, of Dennis, of Jeffrey, critics of merit, each damned to posterity by a

single error. Probably the permanent standing of a critic seldom depends upon his judgment of contemporary work; but Mr. Gosse's saying is of interest for its implication that reviewing is criticism. Rope-walking is a precarious business, but, after all, it is one possible way of getting across the gap. With all his tumbling into the net of commonplace or of fancifulness, the reviewer must be admitted to accomplish the real feat surprisingly often.

Mr. Brander Matthews has just been preaching upon the text of M. Jules Lemaitre's saying that "the criticism of our contemporaries is not really criticism, but simply conversation." "Now the aim and intent of book reviewing," says Mr. Matthews, "is to engage in this very discussion of our contemporaries, and this is why book reviewing, which is a department of journalism, must be carefully distinguished from criticism, which is a department of literature." The distinction which is trying to be made here hardly achieves the standing of a difference; for Mr. Matthews, after quoting Arnold's definition of criticism as "the art of seeing the object as in itself it really is," proceeds: "Book reviewing, however useful it may be, has a far humbler function; it may be defined as the art of informing readers just what the latest volume is, in kind, in character, and in quality." How the reviewer is to fulfill this requirement, to inform readers what the object is, without first performing in some manner the critical function of seeing it "as in itself it really is," Mr. Matthews does not suggest.

There is a sense in which all criticism is, to use Mr. Gosse's modest phrase, "sign-board work." The business of a sign-board is undeniably affirmative; we cannot regret that the negative method of reviewing has gone out of fashion. "The course of those who direct criticism," says Mr. Halsey sensibly, "will be to choose the books that have real

value and some actual utility in the life of man to-day. To these, chosen from the great mass, and making perhaps ten per cent of the whole output, they can give attention. Let their motive be to inform readers with clearness and good judgment as to the contents of those books. In the main all this will mean that the reviews will not be unfavorable. Dealing, as the article will, with books having at least some temporary value, there will be in most cases commendation." That is, the time for slashing criticism has gone by: what cannot be praised may now safely be ignored. But it seems that this principle should determine one's choice of books rather than one's treatment of them, for if faint praise damns the author, excessive praise makes quite as unequivocal disposition of the critic. There is no denying that the book review has lost much of its potency as well as most of its terrors since the consulship of Jeffrey. In England, to be sure, some relish for critical manslaughter still lingers. It is matter for congratulation, on the whole, that an American *Saturday Review* would appeal to a very small constituency. But we are in some danger of falling upon the other extreme of undue gingerliness. By requiring the reviewer always to mind his company manners, we may in the end bring about the sinking of his function in that of the special advertising agent. Whatever may have been true in the past, at present, surely, the author is sufficiently served in the matter of advertising by the publisher, without any enlistment of special officers or plain-clothes men. It would be a sad thing for criticism in the larger sense if the future reviewer should deliberately elect amiability rather than discrimination; and if so the honest expression of opinion should be relegated finally to guerrilla service in irresponsible "journals of protest."

Granted the utmost freedom, the reviewer may find one aspect of his task

ungrateful : that his office denies him as a privilege what high authorities are unanimous in urging upon the general reader as a duty. An interesting compilation¹ has just come to hand which, wholesome food to the reader, turns to ashes in the mouth of the reviewer. How pleasant it would be at times to fall back upon this advice of Schopenhauer's : "Be careful to limit your time for reading, and devote it exclusively to those great minds of all times and all countries, who o'ertop the rest of humanity, those whom the voice of fame points to as such." Or upon this of Ruskin's : "It is of the greatest importance to you, not only for art's sake, but for all kinds of sake, to keep out of the salt swamps of literature, and live on a little rocky island of your own, with a spring and a lake in it, pure and good." But what has the professional book-taster to do with such luxuries of exclusiveness? And how far must he feel himself cut off from the gentle privileges of the reader set forth in those three famous rules of Emerson's : "1. Never read any book that is not a year old. 2. Never read any but famed books. 3. Never read any but what you like." Yet the reviewer is not altogether envious of these immunities. He may, or so it seems to him, ride the flood of contemporary literature without being swept away by it. There are small discoveries to be made ; and there is always the luxury of first-hand judgment, arrived at and offered, whatever may be its final value, in all sincerity.

It must often be difficult, even for Mr. Matthews, to draw the line between the review and the critical essay. When we reflect that a large proportion of the best critical essays in English — those of Macaulay, Carlyle, and Bagehot, to cite three obvious instances — were nominally

reviews of current books, the intimacy of the two forms becomes evident. But the critical essay is in itself an extremely flexible medium. Here, for example, is Mr. Halsey's book,² the first part dealing with literary conditions of the moment, the second with certain notabilities of the past ; Mr. Matthews's volume³ of longer essays on more general topics ; and Mr. Paul's collection⁴ of miscellaneous papers ranging from an essay on Sterne to a discourse on The Philosophical Radicals. Varied as their subject-matter is, these three books may properly be spoken of together as exemplifying the journalistic treatment of literary themes.

Most of Mr. Halsey's papers have already served time in the newspaper or the newspaperish magazine. Their preservation in book form reminds one a little of Carlyle's forty-volume dissertation upon the virtue of keeping one's mouth shut : for the book is hardly more than a bit of flotsam upon the tide which the author expresses some willingness to stem. The essays contain valuable information ; but in structure they are discursive and ill articulated, and in style not only lacking in distinction, but at times declining to an utter commonness which a single quotation will sufficiently suggest : "The collected volume of Twice-Told Tales will long contain about the choicest productions in the short-story line that our language has been enriched by."

Mr. Herbert Paul's standing as an English man of letters is indicated by the fact that most of the essays in his present volume were originally printed in *The Nineteenth Century*. The chosen themes are of great interest : what could be more alluring to the lover of sound criticism than such titles as *The Classical*

¹ *Right Reading* : From the Writings of Ten Famous Authors. Chicago : A. C. McClurg & Co. 1902.

² *Our Literary Deluge*. By FRANCIS W. HALSEY. New York : Doubleday, Page & Co. 1902.

³ *Pen and Ink*. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

⁴ *Men and Letters*. By HERBERT PAUL. New York : John Lane. 1901.

Poems of Tennyson, The Decay of Classical Quotation, and The Art of Letter-Writing? Unfortunately in their treatment one finds a deficiency very much like that of which we have just spoken: an impression, if not of perfunctoriness, at least of incomplete grasp and of uncertain touch. In two or three papers, notably in *The Victorian Novel*, the sense of desultoriness is particularly discomfiting. In such an essay pretty full mention of the chief novelists and their work would be a matter of course; but a mere collection of such special notices cannot be taken to constitute an essay on the theme in its large aspects. This paper, like many of the others, abounds in clever phrases. Two passages about Dickens may be cited; the first as an example of Mr. Paul's aphoristic skill, the second, of his sober criticism at its best. "A generation has arisen," he says, in speaking of the changes in taste since the time of Dickens, "which can be charitable without waiting for Christmas, and cheerful without drinking to excess." The other passage needs no gloss: "The school of Dickens, for which he cannot be held responsible, is happily at last dying out. Their dreary mechanical jokes, their hideous unmeaning caricatures, their descriptions that describe nothing, their spasms of false sentiment, their tears of gin and water, have ceased to excite even amusement, and provoke only unmitigated disgust. With their disappearance from the stage, and consignment to oblivion, the reputation of the great man they injured is relieved from a temporary strain." The latter passage possesses unusual roundness of form; Mr. Paul's sentences as a rule are detached and choppy, and fail to conceal, as a smooth style might, the invertebrate character of his argument. The most satisfying of the essays are those on Sterne and on Macaulay and His Critics. Mr. Paul plays the part of special pleader extremely well.

Mr. Matthews's volume may be taken

to have stood much more than the Emersonian test of time, since it is now reprinted after a lapse of fourteen years. To the present writer, however, it seems to rank fairly with the later work of Mr. Halsey and Mr. Paul. In one or two respects, probably, the opinions expressed would not conform to the author's final judgment. He would not now take the work of Mr. Rider Haggard so seriously; and one main point in the essay on *The Dramatization of Novels* would be abandoned, — the point of the introductory paragraph, summed up in this sentence: "And if we were to make out a list of novels which have been adapted to the stage in the past thirty years or so, we should discover a rarely broken record of overwhelming disaster." It is evident, too, from the substance of the concluding paper on *The Whole Duty of Critics* that Mr. Matthews had not then begun to strive for his distinction between reviewing and criticism, since the critics whom he is exhorting are reviewers. Apart from these matters of detail, the Mr. Matthews of these essays is precisely the Mr. Matthews from whose latest paper we were quoting a few moments ago. His fault as an essayist is a fault, partly, no doubt, of personality, but largely of method. What one feels very strongly in Mr. Halsey, one feels distinctly in Mr. Paul and Mr. Matthews, — a deficiency in that spontaneity and definition of thought, in that compactness and refinement of expression which, far more vitally than any partition of categories, distinguish literature from journalism.

From the real essayist one has more to expect and less to fear than from any other worker in the field of belles-lettres. The bird's-eye viewer of book announcements may well find his vision and perhaps his patience taxed by the extent and intricacy of the prospect. Here and there, luckily, the eye finds a straight path to some green clearing or shining water which lies without shadow of

doubt in the book lover's paradise. At such moments the essayist has his innings. We are feeling a little doubtful about Mr. So-and-So's forthcoming novel, or about Miss This-or-That's new book of verse. How do we know that the divine fire may not have waned or even gone out altogether: this business of inspiration is such a tricky one. But the essayist with his lesser torch,—we shall know just where to find him, ready to lead us with even pace along the well-known waysides of his choice. We shall not make the very highest peaks of Parnassus, but the journey is sure to bring us through a pleasant and profitable country; and there will be no serious accidents by the way.

Among the titles which may have cheered the prospector at the beginning of this season is that of Mr. Dobson's new book of essays.¹ This second volume of *Miscellanies* gives more than it promises, for to the group of studies, mainly in the eighteenth century, which we had looked for, is added a considerable collection of verses. The prose papers occasionally, as in *The Grub Street of the Arts*, present a baffling complexity of allusion to those who do not know their Old London and its faded worthies, but they will not resent it. Mr. Dobson could make interesting reading of a census report if he chose to take the trouble. For such papers as Mrs. Woffington, *On Certain Quotations in Walton's Angler*, and *Vader Cats*, no shade of allowance need be made by anybody; they must surely be charming to all comers. But Mr. Dobson will not be remembered merely as a fancier of obscure antiques. The most valuable essay in this volume, *The Story of the Spectator*, turns again a much-thumbed leaf, and without spectacular novelty of method gives the disputed passage what one feels to be its final interpretation.

¹ *Miscellanies*, Second Series. By AUSTIN DOBSON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1901.

The verses are all of the right Dobson flavor, though here and there with a certain diminution of richness which their occasional nature has made inevitable. Sometimes (as in *After a Holiday*) there rings a deeper strain, to remind us that this debonair minstrel does not see life go by always in motley. But in the main he has contented himself with the natural register of his own delicate lyre; and in the lines written *For a Copy of The Compleat Angler*, in *The Philosophy of the Porch*, in *The Holocaust*, and in many others, he has shown all of his old grace and melodiousness. No fewer than eight of the bits of verse which conclude the volume are inscribed to Mr. Edmund Gosse. The briefest is among the best:—

"Gossip, may we live as now,
Brothers ever, I and thou;
Us may never Envy's mesh hold,
Anger never cross our threshold;
Let our little Lares be
Friendship and urbanity."

Ten years ago Mr. Gosse produced a volume of brief sketches on odd first editions which chanced to be in his own library. It is now reprinted with an added note on the original edition of White's *Selborne*. Nothing could better indicate what slight material may turn to literature in the right working. Most of the books treated are curious and rare rather than intrinsically valuable as literature. Mr. Gosse is professedly speaking to bibliophiles; but his aim, or his fate, is to find a literary interest in these first editions of his; to achieve by tempered praise, or, at least, by kindly laughter, a discriminating sympathy with certain almost forgotten literary ambitions. Except White's *Selborne*, *The Shaving of Shagpat*, and *Peter Bell*, hardly a title is likely to be familiar to the casual reader; but unless he is insensible as well as casual, there is not a paper which will fail to interest him. Surely, we reflect, if one modern critic can extract such excellent music from these ancient

instruments, long mute and untroubled, others, though of a humbler sort, need not despair utterly of their experiments with the many-stopped inventions of this day.

Two other volumes¹ must naturally be included in any comment upon the essays of the past year, and as they represent a somewhat graver and more measured type of criticism, they may well be spoken of last. Each contains, within confined limits, a body of carefully considered criticism, the accumulation of years. It would hardly be too much to assert that not since the day of those most famous of all English Essays in Criticism (unless, indeed, we except certain work of Professor Dowden and Mr. Gosse) have two volumes of critical papers appeared of such weight and ripeness. Work of this sort must necessarily lack the intimate ease of Mr. Dobson's, and the glancing lightness of Mr. Birrell's. It cannot be denied that Mr. Brownell's manner is often involved, and occasionally even puzzling; but so is his theme. Very rarely comes a critic like Bagehot, or (to cite an antipodal instance) Arnold, who is able to gain subtle effects almost without departure from the vernacular. Mr. Brownell does not achieve this; the subtlety of his thought is often mirrored in his expression rather than concealed by it. He has not the knack, or perhaps the bent, for putting things concretely; and his reward is that the reader will not be misled by mere fluency into a fancied understanding of what he could not be likely to understand without effort. A simple illustration of the two methods suggests itself. "Thackeray," wrote Bagehot, "looked at everything — at nature, at life, at art — from a *sensitive* aspect. . . . He had distinct and rather painful sensations when most men have but confused and blurred ones. Most men have felt the *instructive* headache,

during which they are more acutely conscious than usual of all that goes on around them, — during which everything seems to pain them, and in which they understand it because it pains them and they cannot get their imagination away from it. Thackeray had a nerve-ache of this sort always; he acutely felt every possible passing fact, every trivial interlude in society." With what effect of almost physical force does this figure of the "instructive headache" come into impact with the inert mind. Mr. Brownell contents himself with a plain record of the fact. "Thackeray was extremely sensitive, and his susceptibility was as highly organized as it was sensitive." Whatever else he has to say to the point is by way of increment rather than of illustration. One more contrasting parallel may perhaps be cited. Of that curious Thackerayan harping upon snobishness which reached its fullest expression in *The Book of Snobs*, Bagehot wrote warmly: "Mr. Thackeray, as we think, committed two errors in this matter. He lacerates 'snobs' in his books as if they had committed an unpardonable outrage and inexpiable crime. 'That man,' he says, 'is anxious to know lords; and he pretends to know more of lords than he really does know. What a villain! What a disgrace to our common nature! What an irreparable reproach to human reason!' Not at all; it is a fault which satirists should laugh at, and which moralists condemn and disapprove, but which yet does not destroy the whole vital excellence of him who possesses it; which may leave him a good citizen, a pleasant husband, a warm friend, — 'a fellow,' as the undergraduate said, '*up* in his *morals*.' In transient society it is possible, we think, that Mr. Thackeray thought too much of social inequalities. They belonged to that common, plain, perceptible world which filled his mind,

¹ *Victorian Prose Masters*. By W. C. BROWNELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.
Essays of an Ex-Librarian. By RICHARD

GARNETT. London: William Heinemann. 1901.

and which left him at times and at casual moments no room for a purely intellectual and just estimate of men as they really are in themselves, and apart from social imperfection and defect." Mr. Brownell, in the character of apologist, replies to this verdict, so often echoed during the past forty years: "The Book of Snobs is an amazing series of variations on this single theme — hardly robust enough in itself to have avoided flatness and failure, in the course of such elaboration, by a writer less 'possessed' by it. This at least is what saves its perennial interest for other readers than those familiar with the particular society it satirizes, for other than English readers, that is to say. 'You must not judge hastily or vulgarly of snobs; to do so shows that you are yourself a snob. I myself have been taken for one.' These statements are for all nationalities. It need hardly be pointed out that hypocrisy constitutes one of the most effective elements which the novelist can use in portraying human life on a large scale and under civilized conditions. Imposture of one kind or another almost monopolizes the seamy side of any society's existence. In the material of the novelist of manners it has the same place as crime in that of the romance of adventure. It is the natural concomitant of gregariousness, the great social bane, the social incarnation of Ahriman, the shadow if not also the middle tint of the social picture. Almost inevitably the novelist, who both by predisposition and by practice handles it well, presents a picture of sound and vital verisimilitude, and of profounder and more universal significance than a study of most other social forces affords."

The difference in manner is obvious. The preference for vigor and simplicity lies with Bagehot; but Mr. Brownell's argument is as plainly superior in breadth and discrimination as it is inferior in concreteness and audible enthusiasm. Walter Bagehot was a notable critic by the

grace of Heaven, while Mr. Brownell's power is the result of broad study and conscious attainment. His essay on George Eliot is interesting for its contention that the novelist lacked the æsthetic sense and had no style; that her power is the power of the moralist rather than of the artist. "Thus there are no 'passages,' either 'fine' or in any way sustained, in her works; at least I think of none, and if any exist I suspect they are put into the mouth of some personage with whom they are 'in character,' — in which case they would be sure to be very well done indeed. Every sentence stands by itself; by its sententious self, therefore. The 'wit and wisdom' of the author are crystallized in phrases, not distilled in fluid diction. Their truth strikes us sharply, penetrates us swiftly; the mind tingles agreeably under the slight shock, instead of glowing in expansive accord and dilating with actual conviction." The passage reminds us of an oddly different judgment in Professor Dowden's essay, written many years ago: "At the same time the novels of George Eliot are not didactic treatises. They are primarily works of art, and George Eliot herself is artist as much as she is teacher. Many good things in particular passages of her writings are detachable; admirable sayings can be cleared from their surroundings, and presented by themselves, knocked out clean as we knock out fossils from a piece of limestone. But if we separate the moral soul of any complete work of hers from its artistic medium, if we murder to dissect, we lose far more than we gain. When a work of art can be understood only by enjoying it, the art is of a high kind." Well, one takes one's choice in such a flat disagreement among the doctors. It need only be said (to adapt the sentence last quoted) that when a piece of criticism can be made profitable only by agreeing with it, the criticism is of a shallow kind. In this case one hardly feels that Mr. Brownell is without some secret relenting

toward the quality of George Eliot's art — else why is she included in his august assembly of Victorian Prose Masters?

The papers in Dr. Richard Garnett's collection are of considerable variety. Dr. Garnett is that somewhat rare manifestation, a scholar who is also a man of letters. Even the more particular of his present essays are therefore of interest to the not erudite reader. The more general of them, however, are of greatest moment, — the papers on Coleridge, Emerson, Matthew Arnold, and especially the essay *On Translating Homer*. From two of these papers we may quote briefly: "We entirely agree with Mr. Frederic Harrison that Arnold's fame will mainly rest upon his poetry, and that it will be durable, pure, and high. . . . If we were called upon to indicate Arnold's place upon the roll of English poets, by comparison with one of accepted fame, we should seek his nearest parallel in Gray. Both are academic poets, the dominant note of each is a tender and appealing pathos, each possessed a refinement of taste which in some measure degenerated into fastidiousness, and tended to limit a productiveness not originally exuberant." This from one of Arnold's contemporaries is the sane and conservative sort of judgment which may well make one pause before accepting the generalization of M. Lemaitre.

Upon the main theory of Arnold's lectures on translating Homer is based the very suggestive essay to which Dr. Garnett, with the proper assurance of one who is master of his subject, does not hesitate to give Arnold's title. The present essayist, however, fails to agree with Arnold that Homer should be rendered in English hexameters. He contends that the principal reason for the continued supremacy of Pope's version is simply that all subsequent translators of note have eschewed Pope's medium. Dr. Garnett offers excellent reasons for his belief that the letter and spirit of Homer

may best be rendered in English by means of the heroic rhyme which Pope's muscle-bound manipulation deprived of its due credit. Of Dr. Garnett's own experiments, subjoined to the essay, one is tempted to quote what he himself remarks of Arnold: "His own attempts at Homeric translation, indeed, were by no means fortunate, but this in no wise detracts from the value of his criticism." They are apparently lacking in the rapidity and directness if not in the nobility which he follows Arnold in prescribing to the ideal translator. They are not unsuccessful, however, in showing of what flexible treatment a metre is capable which the world has come to associate with formality and rigidity. Dr. Garnett's prose style is less involved and conscious than Mr. Brownell's, but this is because his intellectual method is simpler. Certainly, taken together, these two volumes, with their serious appeal to the intellect, suggest the necessary qualification of so taking and significant a remark as Professor Dowden's: "The most valuable critic is the critic who communicates sympathy by an exquisite record of his own delights, not the critic who attempts to communicate thought."

H. W. Boynton.

No analysis of American character can be trusted which does not specify, among other traits, a large endowment of idealism. Your genuine Yankee is practical, and few have surpassed him in grappling with the concrete difficulties of life or in material prosperity; but he differs from others who have got on in the world — from the Dutch, for instance, or from the English — in remaining at heart an idealist. The more you see of the English, the more you are inclined to look on Shakespeare as un-English, because he is idealist and uninsular; but Emerson, the supreme modern idealist, was the representative American, as Victor Hugo and Ernest Renan were the representatives

Recent Dante Literature.

of the two chief types of modern Frenchmen. This Yankee idealism often hibernates, and sometimes it volatilizes in the pursuit of fads; but when the great issues call, it responds, and it transforms in the twinkling of an eye the myriads who seem ordinarily bent wholly on money-getting, or on comfort, into the hosts of the Lord, resolved to sacrifice everything for a righteous principle. Yesterday, you saw only salesmen at their counters, merchants at the exchange, bankers planning audacious enterprises, farmers haggling with the country storekeeper over their quarterly barter: to-day, they are all volunteering in a cause on which the welfare of the race depends. Strangers, who happen to visit us at a time when our material side is uppermost, fall into wonderful misconceptions; and even our politicians, when they reckon too confidently on the uninterrupted sway of our "practical" qualities, are often swept down by an outburst of idealism.

To this quality, among other influences, we may trace the singular hold which Dante has had during the past sixty years on the foremost Americans. The number of his readers here at any one time is small, but it is choice. Out of the handful have sprung Longfellow, Lowell, and Norton, each of whom has contributed a work of capital importance in the Dantean field; nor should George Ticknor, the earliest distinguished American expounder of Dante, or Dr. T. W. Parsons, who wrote one sterling poem on Dante and an incomplete translation of the epic, be forgotten. Contrast their achievement with the barrenness of the literary product of Classical scholarship in America. Until the last generation our higher education was based on Latin and Greek, yet from among the throng of adepts in the Classics, and from the larger throng who were driven through them on the way to culture, not one has produced a first-rate translation of Homer or the Greek dramatists, nor of Virgil or Lucretius; and nobody here has written

on any of these such an essay as Lowell wrote on Dante, a piece of genuine literature and an addition to literary criticism. The names of our few Latinists and Grecians known outside of the narrow circle of their specialties are those of men who have compiled grammars or revised texts worthy of very great respect, but having no more to do with literature than the study of the structure of the larynx has to do with oratory. And even our best Classical specialists, with perhaps two or three exceptions, rank below the Germans. Not long ago one American professor told me with mingled awe and exultation that Curtius had once referred approvingly to an emendation of an obscure Greek text suggested by another American professor! Very good; but how many days go by in any college or university in the world where Greek philology is studied that Curtius himself is not still cited?

Thus it is that although our Classical scholars are many and our Dante scholars few, the literary achievement of the Classicists has been insignificant, while that of the Danteans has been relatively large. Is this because, let the Classicists strive as hard as they will, they can never so purge themselves of the anti-pagan legacy bequeathed by Puritanism as to become really Classical in spirit? Or is it because the pedant, who struggles for mastery (and usually conquers) in every teacher, instinctively fastens on those portions of Latin and Greek which have always been the favorite victuals of pedantry? Whatever the explanation, the fact remains that Dante has inspired works which in any survey of American literature during the past fifty years could not be overlooked; and it should be added that such works as Dr. Fay's Concordance, Mr. Koch's Bibliography, and Latham's edition of Dante's Letters, not to mention articles on special points, bear equally high testimony to American philological scholarship.

Dante's idealism, with its vivid specific

illustrations, appeals strongly to the highest type of American idealist. To the French, he has meant little, because they are not idealists. A race which has never really persuaded itself of the supremacy of the moral law — a race which expressed its characteristic views of life through Montaigne in the sixteenth century, through Molière in the seventeenth, through Voltaire in the eighteenth, and through Renan in the nineteenth — could not possibly find Dante's moral intensity congenial. The French think that they have exhausted him when they have turned over Doré's drawings of the Hell.

But let us not generalize farther. Dante's treasures are so varied that men who differ most widely among themselves are his admirers. Minds as far apart as Gladstone and Matthew Arnold called him master; dilettanti like Rossetti and Pater — (Pater, who declared Shadwell's sing-song verse the best English equivalent for Dante's *terza rima*!) — sought Dante as if *he* were a dilettante; and so one might go on to enumerate the diversified company of those who would agree only in their admiration of Dante's genius. But the almost simultaneous publication of the Rev. Charles Allen Dinsmore's study, *The Teachings of Dante*,¹ and of Professor Charles Eliot Norton's revised translation of *The Divine Comedy*,² is a sufficient example of this. For in most matters, certainly in the forms in which most of the deepest concerns of life are expressed, Mr. Dinsmore and Mr. Norton would evidently not coincide, but in their idealism and in their moral earnestness the orthodox minister and the open-minded agnostic unite.

Mr. Dinsmore's book is a surprise, because it suddenly springs up and proves its right to exist in a field which seemed already overcrowded. One would have

said that for the average English reader Symonds's handbook, Maria Rossetti's *Shadow of Dante*, and Mr. Edmund Gardner's recent marvelously compact primer would suffice; but one may have these and other manuals and still find Mr. Dinsmore's book of great value. Interesting it certainly is. Mr. Dinsmore differs from Symonds, Maria Rossetti, and Mr. Gardner in being interpretative rather than descriptive. They are intent on historical, biographical, and literary elucidation, and on disentangling the skein of allegory; he is concerned with the upshot of it all, with Dante's message.

The broad interpretation he gives of Dante's view of sin and redemption is unusually fresh because he approaches *The Divine Comedy* as a Calvinist. The depth of his criticism can best be shown in two or three brief quotations. "Our modern orthodox" (that is, Presbyterian) "view," he says, "beginning with faith, emphasizes the redemptive grace of God, and insists that man is saved, not by what he does for himself, but by what God does for him and with him. . . . We measure progress by our deepening consciousness that our lives are 'hid with Christ in God,' and out of this sense of intimate relationship grow all Christian joy and peace and hope. Coming to Dante from the atmosphere of the modern pulpit, we are surprised at the utter absence of this feeling of the union of the soul with God during the process of salvation. . . . Another characteristic continually manifests itself. One cannot fail to note how conspicuously Christ is absent from this mighty drama of salvation. His work of atonement is assumed, his deity is fully recognized, but he himself is rather a celestial glory in the background than a pervasive presence on the scene of action. In Dante there is not the faintest intimation of the

¹ *The Teachings of Dante*. By CHARLES ALLEN DINSMORE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

² *The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri*.

Translated by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Riverside Edition. 3 vols. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

thought so prominent in these days, that Christ is Christianity. His is distinctively a gospel of a system, ours of a person. . . . He differs from nearly all pre-eminent preachers of righteousness in his starting point. He begins with man, they with God."

These extracts will suffice to show that Mr. Dinsmore goes to the very foundations; but only a reading of the book itself can give an idea of the ease and vigor and attractiveness with which he discusses his great themes. He is evidently a theologian; but above the intellectual pleasure which theological disputation brings him, he no less evidently sets practical religion, the application of doctrine to conduct. As he reads with his own eyes, and thinks with his own brain, his criticism has an unacademic freshness which is like a cool breeze in the desert. Books with him are not mere topics for idle conversation, but vital facts, compounded of good and evil, to be used or shunned by the soul which has dedicated itself to righteousness.

At the outset, a casual reader might be misled by Mr. Dinsmore's many admiring references to Jonathan Edwards into expecting criticism of only parochial range; and, indeed, it is a mistake to call Edwards "our Puritan Dante." Edwards is now remembered chiefly for having mistaken a demon for God, and for describing the everlasting torments of hell with such terrific vividness that he has filled far more insane asylums on earth than seats of the blest in heaven. It is time that posterity, which has repudiated his abominable teachings, should let his name sink into oblivion. Herod has been execrated for causing the slaughter of a few hundred innocent babes; but Edwards devoted his talents to convince the world that an omnipotent monster has gone on creating myriads of millions of human creatures, of whom hardly one in every thousand is "saved," and he calls this monster, who had not Herod's excuse, "God," that is, Good. Let us

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have done with Edwards, and cease to imagine that he is in any sense a Dante.

But in his citation of modern authors, as in his references to the Bible and the Classics, Mr. Dinsmore is often very striking: as when he points out that Vassall Morton, the hero of Francis Parkman's only novel, agrees with Dante in figuring "the depth of wretchedness as the bondage of a quagmire." After reading his chapter on Purgatory in Literature, in which he concludes that the methods of expiation described by Hawthorne in *The Scarlet Letter*, and by Tennyson in *Guinevere*, are "Dantean rather than Christian," you recognize a literary critic of independent judgment, just as, in the following passages, you perceive that he has converted certain large modern philosophic ideas into terms of literary criticism.

After stating that Dante is the greatest of all champions of the freedom of the will, in contrast with Shakespeare, who, in *Hamlet*, in *Macbeth*, in *Othello*, virtually "declares that man but half controls his fate," Mr. Dinsmore continues: "The leading Greek dramas still more impressively interpret man as a grain of wheat between the upper and nether millstones of adverse forces. The characters appear to be free, but if one looks deeper down, he perceives that they are the representatives of vast world powers, while the tragedy is the suffering of the individual as the two malign energies crush against each other. The classic tragedy is commonly constructed on the essential antagonism between the family and the state. The necessity of such collision is no longer apparent to us, and we have changed the name of the colossal powers that make sport of human life. For family and state we read heredity and environment, — taskmasters as exacting and irresistible, which allow even less room for the freedom of the individual will."

Such passages as these should convince readers who are in earnest that

Mr. Dinsmore has written a book for them; lovers of Dante have already welcomed him as a congenial colleague. Merely as a running commentary on Dante's life and the chief currents of The Divine Comedy, his book may be freely recommended; while for its special qualities, to some of which I have briefly alluded, it deserves to be weighed by all students in this field.

Ten years have passed since Professor Norton first published his translation of The Divine Comedy. These years have tested the work and left no doubt that it is the best in English; they have also popularized the conviction that prose, and not poetry, is the better medium for the translator to use. The person who can read a great poem in the original naturally desires to have the *form* which stamps it as poetry reproduced in a translation; but when he makes the experiment, he will find, in the case of two languages as dissimilar in their prosody as are English and Italian, that he must be content with a form which does not at all correspond to the original. In spite of many attempts, our poets, writing spontaneously in English, have never succeeded in naturalizing the Italian *terza rima*: Shelley came nearest, in that remarkable fragment, The Triumph of Life; but no ear accustomed to Dante can get equal satisfaction, or satisfaction of the same sort, from that as from the Italian; and no ear trained to English verse would mistake Shelley's *terza rima* for native, in the way in which the *ottava rima* in Byron's Beppo and Don Juan is native.

An equivalent metrical form for the *terza rima* of The Divine Comedy being out of the question in English, what shall a translator bent on a metrical version do? If wise, like Longfellow, he will prefer blank verse; if foolish, or dilettante, like Mr. Lancelot Shadwell, he will choose Marvell's Horatian Ode as his pattern. Before our age of realism, which insists on the closest fidelity to

fact, a translator might candidly announce that he proposed to put as much of the foreign poem into a genuine English metre as he could, regardless of metrical correspondence. Pope practically said this when he turned Homer's hexameters into heroic couplets; and, in the realm of painting, the old masters did this when they clothed Christ and his apostles in contemporary Renaissance garments, and were untroubled by the anachronism. Pope's poem possesses many excellences, but they are due to Pope's genius working in a medium over which it had absolute mastery, and not to any close resemblance to Homer; but to-day, when we wish to know what Homer, and not Pope, actually says, it does not satisfy us.

And so we are thrown back to a prose translation as the vehicle which can convey the *substance* of Homer's epic or of Dante's, and convey it without interposing an English metrical form which no more represents that of the original than a cornet can represent a full orchestra. There is, of course, another medium, the so-called "poetic prose," a sort of *tertium quid*, of which the less we say the better. "Sir," quoth Dr. Johnson, referring to Macpherson's Ossian, the most celebrated specimen of poetic prose ever perpetrated in English, "Sir, a man might write such stuff forever, if he would *abandon* his mind to it." Persons who delight in it have certainly never felt the rhythm which belongs as structurally to all good prose as to poetry; they, the fatuous ones, would paint the lily and throw a perfume on the violet. In vain do you tell them that, though walking and dancing have each their proper grace, to try to combine the two produces a ridiculous caper. In literature, as in life, a pet is not the less fondled for being a mongrel.

Accepting thoroughbred prose, therefore, as the proper medium for translating The Divine Comedy, the best translation will be that which gives in the

best English the exact meaning of the original. It will be as truthful as a "crib," but it will have also those literary qualities which we look for in our racy prose. That such a happy combination could be hit upon, Dr. John Carlyle showed more than fifty years ago. His version was so good that had it covered the three canticles, instead of the first only, Mr. Norton has said that he should not have undertaken his translation. Mr. Norton has the obvious advantage over Dr. Carlyle in coming half a century later, when many obscurities due to imperfect text have been cleared up, when the minute details of Florentine and Italian history in Dante's time have been laid bare, and the few plain facts in Dante's own career have been separated from much fiction. But Mr. Norton's superiority has a still deeper cause than the wider information which is now accessible to every reader of Dante: it rests not merely on more knowledge, but on a more intimate sympathy. Dante has had many devotees, but among them all none has surpassed Mr. Norton in a union of qualifications for understanding his spirit, and for communicating it to others. Add to this a command of English equal to every need, — English so transparent that it allows the meaning of the original to shine through without taking the slightest tinge from the translator's personality, — and you have the ideal translator.

It would be easy to demonstrate by parallel passages that Mr. Norton's version excels both in accuracy and in English style that of Dr. Carlyle, his only serious competitor in the first canticle, and those of Mr. A. J. Butler, Mr. Dugdale, and others, in the second and third; but such a method could be conclusive only if there were space here to give extracts sufficiently long and varied to be fairly representative. A few test passages might satisfy the expert; but any doubter who will read in succession the several versions of a single canto

cannot fail, if he have an ear for English prose, to pronounce Mr. Norton's the best. And if he then compare the English line by line and word by word with the original, he will find that Mr. Norton interprets most closely Dante's thought.

This new edition is almost a new work, so carefully has Mr. Norton scrutinized every word and substituted the better for what was good before. This results, in some cases, in the adoption of a different interpretation. Thus in Francesca da Rimini's story the lines

"Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
Quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso"

become "Many times that reading urged our eyes, and took the color from our faces," instead of the earlier, "Many times that reading made us lift our eyes, and took the color from our faces." John Carlyle has it, "Several times that reading urged our eyes to meet, and changed the color of our faces." Mr. Butler, who shows a tendency to paraphrase, says, "Many times did that reading impel our eyes, and change the hue of our visages." Which did Dante mean? That the reading so absorbed Francesca and her lover that it urged them to return to it several times, or that the amorous story caused them more than once to raise their eyes and look at each other, and to change color as they thus discovered their mutual passion? The reader may choose; I cite the passage to show how through what seems a slight verbal emendation the new edition sometimes differs widely from the old.

More often the changes have apparently been inspired by the wish to make the English read more smoothly. Take, for instance, the opening of the twenty-sixth canto of Hell: "Rejoice, Florence, since thou art so great that over sea and land thou beatest thy wings, and thy name is spread through Hell. Among the thieves I found five such, thy citizens, whereat shame comes to me, and

thou unto great honor risest not thereby." So reads the earlier version; the latter runs thus: "Rejoice, Florence, since thou art so great that [thou beatest thy wings over sea and land, and thy name is spread through Hell! Among the thieves I found five such, thy citizens, whereat shame comes to me, and thou dost not mount unto great honor thereby." The ear acknowledges at once the superiority of the latter version. And so from the first page to the last, there are few lines which do not bear witness to the ten years' polishing which Mr. Norton has bestowed on this edition. He has treated word and phrase and sentence as a jeweler treats his gems. Anybody who compares the two versions will learn how a mind of the most delicate critical sensitiveness works, — how patiently, how reasonably; now cautious, now trusting boldly to imagination. Here we see taste in action.

This new version not only supersedes the old in the text, but also in the notes, which are at least trebled in number, though still brief, pertinent, and uncontroversial. With these volumes a person reading only English can get an intimate knowledge of the substance of *The Divine Comedy* — yes, and more than the substance — and an explanation of all the really important difficulties. If any passages remain dark, it is because they are dark in the original, and the translator does not believe in substituting for Dante's words an explanatory paraphrase. We wish that it had been possible to reprint as a general introduction the essay on Dante which Mr. Norton prepared for Warner's Library a few years ago; for nowhere else in the same compass — not even in Lowell's essay — can the novice and the expert alike find so precious a survey of Dante and his work.

"Next to writing a classic, the best service which a man of letters can render is to translate a classic so that it shall live in a new language as if it were

a native." This Mr. Norton has done, and those of us who take the highest view of literature must feel grateful to him for this final revision: an artist less conscientious than he would have been satisfied with his earlier achievement. Now Dante lives in English, and it may well turn out that this translation shall stand as the chief literary product in America during the past twenty years. Our fiction varies with the seasons, nay, with the months and weeks: who recalls now the title of the novel which last June or July a dozen of our best known critics declared would be read as long as the English language lasts? I wonder that the older novelists — Mr. Howells, for instance — do not republish under new names their earlier works; would anybody know? Our critics now expound literature according to the social position of authors, or, following Walter Pater, books are to them like different kinds of candy, and the business of the critic is to describe the flavor of each as it glides over the palate. Our poets — but let us respect their *incognito*. Amid such conditions, common to periods of reaction, it must be beneficial to have attention once again centred on Dante, who is a sure antidote to persiflage and dilettantism, and to the worship of the things which perish, and who, of all poets, teaches how man makes himself eternal. To Mr. Norton let us apply Sainte-Beuve's shining phrase, "*La belle destinée de ne pouvoir plus mourir, sinon avec un immortel!*"

William Roscoe Thayer.

WHEN an actor on the literary stage has scored a decided hit upon his first appearance, and that, too, in a philosophic rôle, it is natural that his reappearance after long study of another part should excite very general interest. Eight years ago Mr. Kidd gave the world his *Social Evolution*, and the popular favor it found was instant and widespread. He again in-

Kidd's Western Civilization.

vites the suffrages of serious readers upon a second work,¹ entitled *Western Civilization*.

The sources of the two books are in part the same. Mr. Kidd's earlier conception of religion as devoid of any rational sanction and yet as a necessary qualification for survival in the inter-racial struggle for existence figures largely in the present work. So, too, the fuller analysis he now offers of recent social movements in the Occident was in a measure prefigured in the earlier book, two of whose chapters, by the way, bear the same title as the present volume. In the interval between the two productions, Mr. Kidd, as his abundant footnotes indicate, has been reading widely, particularly in the domains of history, philosophy, and economics. His new speculations bear evidence of the new tracts of thought he has traversed, but are nevertheless an expansion of the conceptions latent in *Social Evolution*.

The overture to the present work might be styled the Bankruptcy of the Social Science of the Present. This is the upshot of three of the four opening chapters. In chapter two we catch an anticipation of the theme which recurs in every subsequent chapter,—Social Altruism (or what Mr. Kidd delights to call "Projected Efficiency"), the guarantee of social survival. The chapters succeeding are mainly historical studies which explain how the progress of the Western world from the period of classical antiquity to the present time must be interpreted in the light of the doctrine of Projected Efficiency. The two closing chapters depict the Modern World-Conflict where unrighteous Mammon under the shelter of *laissez faire* has the world by the throat, and the future of humanity transformed by the magic of Projected Efficiency.

¹ *Principles of Western Civilization, Being the first Volume of a System of Evolutionary Philosophy*, pp. 481, with Appendix. By BEN-

While criticism is not Mr. Kidd's forte, the earlier part of the book which is devoted to the failure of social philosophy, both in various theoretic presentations and in its practical embodiment in *Western Liberalism*, is interesting, though not always convincing. But his very audacity extorts one's admiration when he bunches together Condorcet, Diderot, Helvétius, Bentham, Mill, Karl Marx, Nietzsche, Loria, and Herbert Spencer, as typifying substantially the same fundamental social philosophy. It is much like seeing a novice at pool pocket a brace of balls by a *massé* shot that an adept at the game would never think of attempting. Still Mr. Kidd is probably not very far wrong when he insists that all the philosophers he names have conceived of the ideal state as merely a paradise of outward comfortableness for the living generation, and have not realized that the Present in some measure is always held in fee of both the Future and the Past. What Mr. Kidd overlooks is that Burke is not the only protestant against the theory of the Utilitarian state. J. H. Green and W. S. Lilly are but two among many modern philosophers who have held a higher conception of its meaning and end. Mr. Kidd in his position is not nearly as lonely as he imagines himself. Even "at this present time also there is a remnant according to the election of grace."

The constructive portion of *Western Civilization* is keyed to the pitch of Projected Efficiency, and practically the entire value of the work as a real contribution to social philosophy will hinge upon the estimate that is set upon this doctrine. The elements which went to its making seem to be three. Darwin's notion of "fitness" is the first. Any one of the myriad organisms that is to survive the competitive struggle

JAMIN KIDD. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

must surmount the difficulty of "not enough to eat and liability to be eaten." Bagehot's application of the notion of fitness to nations or civilizations is the second. The past of history may thus be conceived as the survival of those social or institutional types which have best withstood the assaults of weaker and more perishable types. The third and the distinctive element which colors the whole conception of *Projected Efficiency* is Mr. Kidd's insistence upon potential fertility or the power to perpetuate one's kind, as essential to the ultimate survival either of a species or a civilization. No organism or nation or institution or civilization can survive unless, besides successfully battling with the obstacles of the present, it leaves behind it a progeny endowed like its progenitors with the power

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

It cannot be said that this phase of fitness was overlooked by Darwin, who explicitly included "success in having progeny" as part and parcel of the fitness that made for survival. But Mr. Kidd maintains that Darwin habitually forgot or underestimated this element, and placed the centre of significance of the struggle always in the present time. Accordingly, Mr. Kidd proceeds to make the stone the Builder rejected the head of the corner of the new temple of social evolution. When once the winning peoples have survived the untold ages of military selection, Mr. Kidd thinks that the kind of fitness that thereafter makes for survival is the absolute subordination of "every interest of the existing social order . . . to interests which are not only not included within the present time . . . but which must remain projected beyond the content of even political consciousness." Apparently Mr. Kidd thinks that the ages of military selection are past, and that *Projected Efficiency* is to-day the only guarantee of racial survival. Under the guidance of this

conception the course of modern history is canvassed, often very entertainingly it must be granted; and, as we should expect, history is made to confirm the principle by "many infallible proofs," particularly in the realization of religious toleration and universal suffrage. Mr. Kidd assures us also that this beneficent law is soon to terminate the economic exploitation of the weak by the strong, whether amongst nations or individuals, and ultimately is to effect "the enfranchisement of the future."

It doubtless argues one a sordid *terre filius* to point out that Mr. Kidd has offered no proof that the ages of military selection have finished their work of winnowing the winning peoples from the moribund peoples. But some proof thereof would seem not altogether superfluous. It is also well to remind Mr. Kidd that in the sharp competitive struggle of to-day any undue subordination of present efficiency to the interests of the future makes commonly not for the survival, but for the extinction of the race that attempts such subordination. Natural Selection keeps a cash shop, and the customer who expects on the credit of generous entails provided for his posterity to get goods on trust is likely to be outbid by the man who planks down hard cash on the counter.

In the manner of presentation, Mr. Kidd has fallen far below the level he reached in *Social Evolution*. His thinking in that book was far from exact, but there was life and movement in the style which carried it along with a rush. In his latest book he is often obscure, prolix, self-contradictory, and repetitious. In one way, however, he still bids for the same popularity which his earlier venture attracted. The smatterers in evolution, and in religious and industrial philosophy, will all seemingly find their own views reflected in *Western Civilization*. To the pseudo-evolutionist the book will seem permeated with the rigorous doctrine of Natural

Selection. The religious philistine when he reads that "the present is passing out under the control of the infinite" — a typically ambiguous phrase — understands Mr. Kidd to refer to the coming of the kingdom of Grace. And finally, when the sentimental sociologist is assured by Mr. Kidd that the benefits of Collectivism are bound to be realized without expropriation or regimentation, and that the bills of Socialism will pay themselves, he is convinced that an epoch-making work has appeared. Mr. Kidd's second appearance may possibly delight the occupants of the philosophic gallery, but the judicious critic will register a different verdict.

W. M. D.

ROBESPIERRE, one of the great typical, symbolic figures of history, by **Belloc's Robespierre.** reason of his very typicalness has come to have in the mind of the less considerate reader a kind of false unity and simplicity of character. For most of us his personality is eternalized in Carlyle's lurid epithets, which discover him moving in the hot and smoky air of the French Revolution, "sea-green," "Jesuitic," and "incorruptible." But, after all, how hardly shall the mystery of a temperament be precipitated in a phrase. It is well to partake of the temper of that perennial humanism which forever distrusts all the categorical formulations of biography; it is right to be grateful for such a book as Mr. Belloc's *Robespierre*.¹

Mr. Belloc has not adduced many new facts concerning the career of his protagonist. Indeed, after M. Ernest Hamel's monumental *Vie de Robespierre*, published some four decades ago, this was scarcely possible. He has, rather, subjected M. Hamel's work to long scrutiny and meditation; he has interpreted it, subtilized it, and, in a good sense, Paterized it. He has endeavored so to wind himself into the heart of that

record as to stand where Robespierre's "own soul stood, looking out with his own pale eyes." This is, perhaps, a Quixotic enterprise, somewhat preciously phrased, yet, so it be well done, there is a sure place for precisely this kind of imaginative biography. Mr. Belloc has made due allowance for the darkness and uncertain illusion of his cave, and has produced an admirable study in subjectivity.

In fulfilling the resurrective function of his criticism Mr. Belloc wisely begins with externals. His elaborately drawn picture of the corporeal presence of Robespierre memorializes certain salient and significant physical traits that it is well to bear in mind.

"His frame was of a delicate mould, his hands and feet small and well shaped, his chest neither broad nor deep. He had not that vitality of action which proceeds from well-furnished lungs; neither the voice nor the gesture, the good humor, nor the sudden powers that belong to men whose fires have draught to them. . . . His eyes, whence most his self pierced outward, gave immediate evidence of the homogeneity, sincerity, and circumscription, as they did also of the half unquiet of his mind and of its unfittedness for reception. . . . His face was free from the lines which constant anxiety or ceaseless assiduity drew upon those of his contemporaries, nor had he any marked development of such indications of character, save in the furrows that flank the mouth, and that stand commonly for some perception of irony and for a habit of self-control."

As this prim figure grows more familiar to us we begin to know something of the mind by which it was informed. The mild deprecatory manner of a man but ill endowed with the thing we call force became impressive and imposing by the constant iteration of the intellectual formulas which held the hopes of a people. Robespierre, by Mr. Belloc's showing, was essentially the provincial lawyer

¹ *Robespierre. A Study.* By HILAIRE BELLOC. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

with a turn for literary composition. But coming early under the spell of Rousseau, and enjoying something of that spontaneous activity of mind, which the leisure of country life under the old régime afforded, he deduced the reasonable order of an ideal state. Mr. Belloc is particularly happy in portraying Robespierre's political complexion. His democracy was of the head rather than of the heart; not passionate, doctrinaire. The wild drama of the Revolution with its renaissance of epic song, its recrudescence of old thirsts, passed unheeded under Robespierre's Rousseau-like contemplation, as a tide slips under a mist.

Mr. Belloc's reader will be likely to revise a little his notion of Robespierre's importance as a leader of revolt. Indeed, in a strict sense he was not a leader at all; he was a symbol. He had no real initiative. His mind constructed systems in a void; when confronted with tangible, insistent facts he was chiefly an obstructionist. His interminable, painfully filed speeches expressed, but rarely determined, the course of the Revolution. As Mr. Belloc says finely, Paris made him an idea because he made Paris an idea. Yet when the storm and stress were over, and men had leisure and space to measure their leaders, Robespierre was seen to lack the quality of the great captains of reform; "he was seen to have neither instinctive human foreknowledge, nor the sad human laughter, and there was no exile in his eyes."

The essential dramatic course of Robespierre's life stands out in certain episodes of Mr. Belloc's narrative with the closely articulated structure of a Greek tragedy. His tragic fault of an ambition inconsistent with his creed cumulates tragically in that fatal moment when he looked at Danton, the incarnation of the primal force of the Revolution, and, as Carlyle said in words that Mr. Belloc has not bettered, "grew greener to behold him." When, a little later, he tacitly consented to Danton's

death, the descent to the catastrophe had begun. The losing struggle of Robespierre against the factions in the convention and in the committee, outwardly at the very summit of his power, while secretly his supports were sapped one after one, is a theatric katabasis that would have given pleasure to Aristotle. Then, finally, came that last pathetic act of Thermidor which brings, by pity and terror, a purification how beneficent.

All this is set forth by Mr. Belloc according to the best traditions of biography and with striking brilliancy of style. Indeed, if he errs at all it is through too great rhetorical care. His style has the effect of constantly preening itself, and his highly metaphorical manner sometimes evolves conceits that would have abashed John Donne. But, despite this suspicion of posture, his writing at its best is singularly sinuous, cogent, and suggestive. Above all, he has a peculiar gift for the apothegmatic expression of wise saws and historic lore.

The final impression we derive of Robespierre's character is curiously, but wisely, inconsistent with much that has gone before. We are led to remember that after all he was comparatively a young man, dying tragically at thirty-six, — as Danton had died at thirty-five, and Camille Desmoulins at thirty-four, — at a time when Wordsworth, himself not a very passionate young man, had felt that "to be young was very Heaven." In judging him it is well to side with the humane charity of Mr. Belloc's concluding paragraphs: —

"I return also to the memory of the jejune, persistent mind which has haunted me through the description of his fortunes. I fear to have done him a wrong. Such men may be greater than their phrases or their vain acts display them. I know that he passed through a furnace of which our paltry time can re-imagine nothing, and I know that throughout this trial he affirmed — with monotonous inefficiency, but still affirmed — the fun-

damental truths which our decadence has neglected or despised, and is even in some dens beginning to deny.

"He saw God Personal, the soul immortal, man of a kind with man, and he was in the company of those who began to free the world. God have mercy on his soul and on each of ours who hope for better things." *F. G.*

READERS at a distance are more likely **A New Study of Fénelon.** to remember certain eminent Englishmen by their family names than by the titles bestowed upon them late in life. We recall Sir Stafford Northcote rather than Lord Iddesleigh, and probably do not remember at all the second title, now borne by that statesman's grandson, who has proved in his brilliant monograph on Fénelon¹ his own claim to distinction. He also proves — though no proof was needed — that an impartial estimate of his subject is as yet more likely to be compassed by a well-instructed and clear-sighted foreign observer, than by a Frenchman to whom Fénelon's name has always been in some sort a party watchword. In the world as he knew it, from being viewed as a Saint by devoted disciples, he came later to be regarded as the precursor of the eighteenth-century sentimentalists and philanthropists, and even as an apostle of toleration. Since the Revolution he has appeared as the "typical enlightened priest blessing the typical enlightened despotism" of Cardinal Bausset's biography (which work, it may be said, has practically shaped the idea of Fénelon held everywhere by the general reader); he has been hailed as the champion of "a progressive Papacy at war with illiberal Kings and Bishops;" while to-day the dominant note is praise of his great opponent Bossuet.

No one of these aspects of his subject escapes Lord St. Cyres; he follows Fénelon

from youth to age, not only in the incidents of his life, but still more in his mental and spiritual history. Always it is the work of a trained thinker, intelligent, tolerant, not wanting in delicate insight, and so abounding in felicities of description and characterization, as to make the reading a constant delight. Unlike some of his predecessors, this writer can discuss Fénelon's Mysticism and even the Maxims of the Saints, and be not only admirably intelligible, but steadily interesting. The measure of truth in the differing views regarding him is faithfully set forth, though it need hardly be said that the legend of his tolerance is summarily set aside. The young priest sent to Saintonge to complete the missionary work so effectively begun by the dragoons was more humane than others, and by nature a proselytizer, not a persecutor; but for those steadfast (he would have said stubborn) souls not to be moved by torture or persuasion, he too desired no mercy. Above all an ecclesiastic, and an ecclesiastic of his time, it was not given to him to discern in some dim wise the infamy of the Revocation or even its disastrous impolicy. Yet this churchman and mystic was all his life a political reformer, and if his good sense was sometimes obscured by extravagant theories none saw more clearly the desperate condition of France. Through his tremendous Letter to the King "rings the Dies Iræ of the old régime."

That the author of *The Education of Girls* and the preceptor of the Duke of Burgundy was a genuine reformer in educational methods need not be said, nor how his life at Cambrai might typify that of the ideal Christian prelate. These are more grateful themes than his intercourse with the hysterical prophetess, who was to prove the evil genius of his life, or the miserable contest with Bossuet resulting therefrom; but nowhere are the writer's mental lucidity and fairness and his easy mastery of his sub-

¹ *François de Fénelon*. By VISCOUNT ST. CYRES. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

ject more convincingly shown than in the sketch of Madame Guyon and the history of the ills which followed in her train. Perhaps it may be contended that his studiously impartial attitude — an attitude which must often require a certain effort in studying a man whose extraordinary personal charm can still be felt in his written words — makes the critic occasionally seem too strenuously

just, or even at times self-contradictory. But this could hardly be otherwise in any thoughtful and comprehensive treatment of so complex a character. Lord St. Cyres has so realized the time, and the men and women playing their parts in it, that it is earnestly to be hoped this may be only his first study therein. And it is well that the first should be of Fénelon.
S. M. F.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

SOME two or three years ago she whom I delight to honor, as well as to love and obey, took occasion to announce, through the columns of the Contributors' Club, to the world at large, that we have no spare chamber. She had discovered, moreover, that none of our neighbors or friends have spare chambers; and from this fact, if I remember rightly, she deduced the degeneracy of poets.

It seemed to me at the time, and it still seems to me, that the importance of the spare chamber in a scheme of being is liable to be overrated. One can conceive times when the lack of the spare chamber, or its equivalent, is not to be deplored, when it may even assume something of the nature of a rescue, — in the case of relatives in the third or fourth degree removed, for instance. But this is a merely masculine view, and is tentatively advanced for what it may be worth.

There is, however, one feature of the modern dwelling — or, rather, lack of feature — that causes me much anxiety and some perturbation of soul. It is not, as in the case of the spare chamber, a mere internal defect, concealed from sight, and capable of being remedied by a little readjustment and crowding. The evil of which I speak is external and

irremediable. I refer to the disappearance of the woodshed. The street on which I live is thoroughly respectable and modern; some of the houses have plate-glass windows, all of them have porches, front and rear, and most of them have hydrangea bushes and shrub oaks in the front yard. But not one of them has a respectable, comfortable, interesting, enigmatic, open-faced woodshed stretching in the rear. The detriment to the outside of the house I pass over lightly. I am not prepared to defend the woodshed as an architectural ornament. Neither as a place to keep wood in, is the loss of the woodshed greatly to be deplored. Wood can be kept in the cellar. It can be sawed and split there if a man happens to be foolish enough to take exercise that way, or old-fashioned enough to have boys to do it. As a utilitarian appendage the woodshed cannot be defended. Man has dropped his useless accessories. He stands upright, walks on two feet, eats with his fork, and goes to receptions. Yet who shall say that there does not, now and then, as he chases the solitary and slippery pea, with a fork, over the surface of his plate, or bows above the white-gloved hand of his hostess, who shall say that there does not arise in his soul a longing for the old, wild joys of swinging?

—swinging by a tail from bough to bough, where the cocoanuts grow and the parrots scream. These amputated joys of being are gone forever; and in their place has arisen — evolved man, with sleek tail coat and a taste for olives.

The moral of which is — the woodshed.

The inner significance of the woodshed is not to be atoned for by an aspect of cleanliness and respectability. Perhaps there is not to-day, living, a man who can define what the woodshed did for his innermost soul, the moral support that it gave to his spinal column, the air of ownership it imparted to his walk. Yet a little thought will make it obvious to the most hardened that with the disappearance of the woodshed man has lost the one spot that made him, in the eyes of gods and men, a household-er on the face of the earth. There was sometimes a loft above the shed, reached by rickety stairs and too disreputable to be cleaned, where one could keep fishing tackle and snowshoes and muskrat traps and bits of old iron and copper and invaluable ropes and string. There is always something a little pathetic to me in the sight of a man getting a piece of string out of a well-arranged bag behind the pantry door, or off a respectable ball in the upper left-hand drawer of his desk. Oh, for the joys of hunting! The search in the woodshed chamber for the bit of string or rope the right size and length and strength — the triumph of finding it — if one did — and the glow of making something else do, if one did n't! Order and respectability! Chaos is no more, and the heart of man is as water in his breast. When the storms of life sweep over him whither shall he flee? Merely as a place of refuge the woodshed was worth the ground it occupied. In its ample doorway, with his hands in his pockets and his back to the kitchen door, man could stand, serene, and gaze at the weather — or at nothing. Is there

a place left to which man may flee — a place to which, when expedient, he may retire, with his hands in his pockets, and gaze at nothing? Is the cellar such a place, or the attic?

Between the mockings of the voice within and the whirling of the winds without, which shall a man choose? If he is a wise man, he will — when the storm within is at its height — don hat and overcoat and overshoes, — very slowly, that she may have ample time to reflect, — and he will open the front door carefully, and raise his umbrella to the blasts, and shut the door softly behind him, and descend the slippery steps with caution. Before he has reached the last one, perchance, the door will fly open and a voice will call to him, and he will reascend the steps and the door will close behind them. It is not necessary for the rest of us to intrude. Everything comes out right in the end. But the woodshed would have answered just as well, and have saved the overshoes.

It is a somewhat trying experience, be
On Parting our good will what it may, to
with Actors. have to listen to what Forrest and Charlotte Cushman were in their high noon of power; though far less so, of course, to scan in the pages of Lamb or Hunt the vital lineaments of eccentric and beloved comedians. The glamour of the relation is never quite communicable. No one can well imagine the bygone stage, nor has any pen or brush the divine magic which can force us to do so. All in it and about it is fleeting, imponderable: its conceptions, as has been touchingly said, are modeled in snow. And being, in their nature, most intimately leagued with the soul they are meant for, it is by a beautiful process of adaptation that they live nowhere else, and scorn independent existence. For the least birth under the laws of poetry, as of architecture, is concrete, though for the moment in no contact with man; even music is potential upon a library page, folded away for centuries from the

sound of strings ; but there is no Garrick, nor any Mrs. Siddons, except in enthusiastic tradition. We who honor them on hearsay act on a general principle : it must, we think, have been very great and sincere art to have awakened, even in that more sentimental past, such great and sincere laudation : but all oral, all written report, helps us little to form a genuine idea of these Richards, Belvideras, Mirabels, of our grandfathers. Nor can the generation after us, in like manner, do more than half believe the panegyrics passed upon our favorites of the theatre. Each is of necessity incredulous of the other : perhaps because the things of its own youth are the only oracle, perhaps because it has never had — not, indeed, the joy of knowing Kean, but the soul-intoxicating pleasure of losing him ! The parting which is “sweet sorrow” is the parting of the stage.

It is a luxurious agony, that chance to say Good-by. We come processionally, with scrolls and flowers, to give our friends across the footlights “the wage and dues of death.” We would fain be summoned to look our last upon the faces which never wore a shadow, yet drove our dullness and care afar ; to gather, with a glow of recognition, all that was and had been between us from long ago ; to shed a common tear, perhaps, and so pour a common libation ; to take on the porcelain of our own minds the whole warm-hued picture, the Watteau masterpiece of a minute ; and pass to other worlds with a triumphant remembrance, never to be washed away, of what our own best pleasures were in this, and what the mien, the accent, the soul's form and fire, of those who gave them. This sort of *enchantment* worked upon the auditor is the actor's special glory, and his top of attainment. The public is fickle, cruel, forgetful : an epicure of effects. He who is ill and absent, and returns, or he who is long at a disadvantage, from some unjust cause, and yet, for one reason or another, plays on and on, moving here

and there, ever less conspicuously, sees himself annulled in the memory of the stalls before his hour. “And the name died before the man.” A deliberate parting, at almost any time in his dramatic life, seems to him a terrible moral extravagance. Such it is ; yet there are none who cannot afford it. It is the inexpedient master-stroke. If actors but knew it, and acted upon it earlier, there is nothing so exquisite they can achieve as a deliberate farewell ; and better than the bravest final tour is the single final occasion. The leave-taking of a national favorite still young at heart, still equipped to win, is comparable to the finest deaths of romance, and as sure as they of moving hearts. In an art where everything must pass without abiding memorial, it is of the utmost consequence that the final impression, at least, upon contemporaries shall be vivid, and bitten in by some poignancy of affectionate admiration. Any other consummation is debased. Our heroes and heroines, “happy-starred, full-blooded spirits,” must not, so to speak, die in their beds. We demand of our beneficiaries, in their perfect prime (and we do it with elegant disregard of all non-æsthetic considerations) nothing less than professional suicide. As they stand there, bowing themselves out, after a last victorious evening, they have indeed drained the poison-cup, and won immortality. Their garments, as they sweep through our day-dreams, can have now no frayed edges, as if they had worn themselves out in our service. They shall be a complete legend, an intact precedent ; they shall never be forgotten. Every boy in the galleries who catches, like a spark in air, those arch, urbane, finger-tip kisses, tossed vanishingly from the wings, and is alive fifty years after, must be forever comparing the radiant women he knew with the strange new puppets of degenerate fashion. He must be forever growling : —

“I wad na gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hunnerd score o' 'em !”

To have one such expression of passionate loyalty from any old lover is vindication enough for a player. And nothing secures it, nothing inlays it in lasting gold, like the willful rupture, at some tenderest moment, of the closest tie in all the arts.

In enumerating the forces friendly to **The Friendly Pillow.** man, no scientific book that we can recall has mentioned the Pillow. Yet in the experience of all it is one of the most constant and helpful of friends. How many tender hopes and quaint fancies are breathed to it; how many passionate or yearning prayers does it hear, too sacred for human ears; how many joyful smiles are moulded in its sympathetic surface, and how many tears it can absorb! The conspicuous trait in the personality of the pillow is receptivity. Pudgy and rotund in physique, it is like pudgy and rotund people, eminently endowed with the power to absorb confidences, and digest them without inconvenience.

Hence its responsiveness to mood, its wondrous adaptability. Come to your pillow in a passion, it will reflect your hot breath and fill satisfyingly your clenching fists; come to it in serenity, its linen will be cool and clean, its texture ineffably restful; come to it in grief, it will encircle and protect you with its warm, solacing folds.

As a confidant, the pillow is strong exactly where human beings are weak. It does not exhaust you with an ill-adjusted mood, or drive you mad with well-meaning, irrelevant philosophy. It offers no solution for your problems, it makes no pretense to understanding your heart. It is entirely inert, impassive, incommunicative. Moreover, it is wonderfully patient. You pour upon it a torrent of abuse, you plead with it and narrate to it, you dig your elbows into it; in the middle of your violence you suddenly caress it, or laugh to it, or attempt to stuff it in your mouth; and all the while it makes no retort, it accuses you of no

inconsistency, it does not look hurt or amused. How many people do you think would endure such manhandling? Let us appreciate the gentle pillow.

The discretion of the pillow equals its gentleness. One need never be afraid to tell a pillow anything. Its reticence is complete. With a human confidant you constantly distress yourself with scruples; you suppress this detail, or generalize that problem. With a pillow, plump comes the whole story, and the air is cleared.

A pillow is never impatient and it never interrupts. It is an oddly stimulating thought to consider how many great novels and other works of literary or musical art have had for their first audience — pillows. If you outline to your pillow the plot of your new story, it does not point out flaws or nail incongruities. It is patient; it waits for you to see them yourself. If you softly whistle to it the theme of an embryonic sonata, it does not hint plagiarism, or in any other way convey disapproval. On the contrary, it listens so patiently and respectfully, that you must be an unappreciative performer indeed if you are not moved to fresh creation. One cannot too highly praise the perfect justice and candor of the pillow. There is nothing about it of pretense, — unless possibly the sham; and that, thank Heaven, is obsolescent. You always remove the sham, too, before getting at close quarters with the pillow; whereas, in the case of most people, the sham, whatever there is of it, is fixed.

We must not lay so much stress on the passive and receptive qualities of the pillow as to forget its more positive traits. Of these the most valuable is what we may call its composure, or serenity. It is never ruffled (we are speaking metaphorically), but always pleads deliberation. When, after a long and baffling day, spent fighting with intangible enemies or getting rubbed the wrong way by the thousand insignificant

frictions that insult philosophy, you at length lay your weary head upon your pillow, what large and detached views does it not gradually suggest! It calms your boiling brain with a purely animal quiet; it answers your fretful bewilderments with an impersonal imperturbability. Without speech or sign, it unanswerably asserts the wisdom of patience, of postponement. It reminds you of the medicinal quality of time, of the drowsy syrups of the world. Like a hand on the brow, it tranquillizes you, not mentally, but elementally. What man has not held with his pillow some such conversation as this:—

Man. I am at the end of my rope. I can stand this no longer; what am I to do?

Pillow. How soft I am.

Man. Yes, you are deliciously soft—but what has that to do with my problems? I think I'll get up and dress, and go—but I might wait till to-morrow.

Pillow. Wait a while. Don't your legs feel heavy?

Man. Luxuriously heavy, and my eyelids, too. Let's see, what was I thinking about?—What a jolly old boy you are!

Pillow. Jolly old boy you are. Jolly old boy you are. [*Aside.*] He's leaning harder now; he'll be asleep in no time.

Thus practically does the pillow pursue its friendly service. Of course it would be grotesque to claim too much for its devotion. Doubtless there are times when even its white surface looks uninviting, when its impersonality repels rather than attracts us, and when we prefer even an ill-adjusted, indiscreet, impatient, interrupting, and irrational human being. But that only proves that nothing in this world can be everything. The pillow is not a microcosm, but it *is* a pillow;—let us not under-value or fail to be duly thankful for its ministrations.

INDIVIDUALS who compose the world of readers are seldom pleased at being classed as component parts of "the general" to which a work of genius is so often caviare; yet the public opinion of all must to a certain extent be taken as expressive of the private judgment of each. This is the age of hurry, of condensed information and superficial cleverness; so it is not altogether surprising that a poem fifty sonnets in length, psychological in matter and more or less obscure in manner, should have met with no general recognition or appreciation.

Modern Love, by George Meredith, is far more than a poem,—its detractors would call it far less; for it is also a philosophical essay, a study of the human heart, a novel in little, a riddle—we must confess it—as regards certain enigmatical words and deeds of some of the characters. But the analytical eye will discover true clearness of thought and emotion shining out from depths of profound speculation through surface obscurity of phrase.

The story running through the fifty sonnets (if sonnets the verses of sixteen lines may be called) is of the slightest. The seemingly needless unhappiness of an "ever-diverse pair," who are yet strangely akin, and the subtle causes and effects, of that unhappiness are the themes on which Meredith bases his flash-light revelations of internal storm and stress. We are given to understand that the marriage began by being one of ardent love, the lovers of equally high ideals and lofty ambitions, but sensitive and proud, given to deep self-analysis and morbid questionings, *modern* in all the shades of meaning in that word which has come to be synonymous with emotional and intellectual complexity. Another man and woman are introduced, but only as side lights to throw the central characters into bolder relief, unimportant save in their effect on the husband and wife whose unnecessary alienation

A Meredith Footnote.

and final pitiful reconciliation are the real subjects of interest. The "gold-haired lady" is merely an incidental result of their spiritual separation, and the inevitable "other man" is hardly more than the "disturbing shadow" of the forty-sixth sonnet, though some interpreters assign to him the more important rôle of first cause in the domestic shipwreck. Jealousy is, of course, an important element in the estrangement of husband and wife, — not the vulgar suspiciousness of an untrusting pair, but the gnawing dread of changed relations between two persons whose similarity of temperament is a real element in their silent suffering. For in this tragedy of temperaments the minor note of discord is struck not by any outward circumstance of woe, but by the action of these two highly organized and complex individualities on each other. And in this it may be taken as typical of the domestic and social disasters of the present day. As Meredith himself tells us, —

"In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot."

We find hints at the causes of the alienation between husband and wife in the tenth and fiftieth verses. In the first of these the husband cynically warns all lovers that love is

"a thing of moods:
Not like hard life, of laws."
He further throws light on his own case by continuing: —

"In Love's deep woods
I dreamt of loyal Life: the offence is there!
Love's jealous woods about the sun are curl'd;
At least, the sun far brighter there did beam.
My crime is that, the puppet of a dream,
I plotted to be worthy of the world.
Oh, had I with my darling help'd to mince
The facts of life, you still had seen me go
With hindward feather and with forward toe,
Her much-adored delightful Fairy Prince!"

In the closing sonnet the writer offers a clue to the unhappiness of his characters in the following impartial explanation: —

"These two were rapid falcons in a snare,
Condemned to do the fitting of the bat.
Lovers beneath the singing sky of May,
They wander'd once; clear as the dew on flow-
ers:

But they fed not on the advancing hours:
Their hearts held cravings for the buried day.
Then each applied to each that fatal knife,
Deep questioning, which probes to endless dole.
Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life!"

A matter-of-fact reader may fail to find in the poem sufficient outward cause for the wrecked happiness of the man and woman, but such a reader has been warned what to expect in the ominous quotation with which Meredith precedes *Modern Love* in its latest edition — "*This is not meat for little people or for fools.*"

That the poem is full of faults and unnecessary obscurities none but a Meredith maniac would deny; but these defects are comparatively unimportant, and do not impair its real significance or diminish its value. We may sometimes be puzzled and even irritated by the irresponsible manner in which the husband appears by turns as "I" and "he," and by the too flattering confidence Meredith places in his reader's ability to distinguish at once between "Madam" and "My Lady." But these puzzling points can be satisfactorily settled at the second reading, which the poem requires for even partial comprehension. It is, in truth, an audacious reader who dares to hold any opinion for or against this most subtle of life studies, till, after patient labor, he has solved to his own satisfaction the many verbal intricacies with which smooth places are made rough, and has come to some conclusion in regard to sundry ambiguous phrases. Then only can he properly appreciate the intellectual as well as the literary value of Meredith's great poem. But after paying the cost of the first step into the mazes and mysteries of *Modern Love*, the adventurer will find that with each re-reading some

new meaning will be made manifest, some different thought suggested or fresh light thrown on the problem dealt with, — a problem likely to exist wherever civilization adds intricacy to human nature and complexity to human emotions.

A few English poets and critics have made bold to set down in print their opinions that *Modern Love* is second to nothing of its class in any age. Algernon Charles Swinburne is among its ardent admirers. But it is not merely as a whole that *Modern Love* takes high rank among human documents, whether of poetry or prose. Many of the verses may be appreciated singly, and form in themselves complete poetic expressions, — notably numbers XI, XIII, XLIV, and XLVII. But in truth each may be singled out for its own peculiar quality, of poetic beauty, of penetrating knowledge, of brilliant epigram, or of biting cynicism; and so each separate sonnet, sometimes roughly hewn and of crude workmanship like a marble of Michael Angelo, has in it something of the same strength and virility and eternal truth. The philosopher, the humorist, and the student of the human heart are revealed in the work of the poet, as the poet, the architect, and the painter are suggested in the creation of the sculptor. And surely, the sincerity of each separate manifestation of power goes to make up the unity of a man's completed work, which, in its result, we call genius.

It was on board the steamer *Van derbilt*, from Havre to New York, that I first met Stillman. Dear old Huntington, the Tribune correspondent, had most warmly commended him as a fellow traveler sure to blossom into a friend. He spoke of him cordially in the carriage which conveyed us to the Havre station; and when, a few hours later, I recognized a figure familiar from Huntington's whimsical description, I boldly uttered the magic word, and was heartily grasped by the hand ere two syllables had been ut-

tered. As Moore says of a letter of introduction: —

"Impatient of the tardy claim

Your friend was mine — before he read it." And in truth I had found a delightful companion, whose conversation was an animated pictography while his quick-moving fancy literally "played with the clouds and mocked the skies." Our fellow voyagers consisted principally of some coal barons from Pennsylvania, so oppressed by their possessions as to be scarcely articulate. So Mr. Stillman fell back on my companion and myself (both students from Heidelberg) for society. Thus we saw a great deal of him during the long days and nights required for the old-fashioned side-wheeler to make the voyage. Sitting on the deck, mechanically watching the never ceasing play of working beam and piston rod, we listened to a world of description, and it seems now a lifetime of experience crowded into those days and hours, almost recalling the marvels of the hash-eesh dreamer in condensation. From the Adirondack forests which he loved, to Hungary where he had served with Kossuth, he sped with dizzying rapidity, making mention of times and places and men and women, we had all read of, but never hoped to see. Of Ruskin, Lowell, and other magnates of the pen he spoke delightedly, though with the calm assurance of long familiarity, while something in the modesty of his tone and the sincerity of his manner gave his listeners a confidence in the truthfulness of his assertions, which else might have sorely taxed our credulity, — so various were his opportunities and his acquaintanceship.

Stillman was at this period in the prime of early manhood; yet I noted that his daily improvisations dealt only with the past. The future and its problems had at that time no interest for him. The gigantic war-cloud then looming up, the events whose culmination was so soon to drench in blood our fair na-

tive land (a war in which we all were to take part), all was unnoticed, as were the events now troubling the European horizon. He professed no desire to advise or direct or even to scrutinize the future, bringing to its contemplation a fatalism which was temperamental. In short, it was only when Ruskin concerned himself with Modern Painters that Stillman withheld his allegiance. As if to give credibility to all that we had been hearing of that intimacy it may be noted that Ruskin *did* come on to Southampton to bid Stillman good-by, bringing with him an armful of books for the latter's reading during the voyage; and I may mention among the oddities of great men, none ever puzzled me more than their taste in fiction. I had thought that nothing could surprise me on this subject after learning that Charles Sumner chose the Henrietta Temple of D'Israeli for his printed *compagnon de voyage*, but the armful brought by Ruskin to solace Stillman's sea dreams or realities were of such a character that I never cared to tell, well knowing that, to be believed, one must be credible.

A few months later we met again — this time in Washington. Great events had come to pass since we parted from our Southern fellow students on the wharf at New York, — they to go South, and we also, but by a different route. Fort Sumter had been taken, Bull Run had been fought, and the war was advancing in full crimson tide when I met Stillman on Pennsylvania Avenue and took him out to the camp of the 4th Penn. Cavalry, to see our companion of the steamer Vanderbilt. Stillman was unchanged as to his looks, nor had his originality of attire and appearance deserted him. Almost as tall as the tallest of Presidents, yet overtopped by our gigantic commander in chief General Scott, he looked the ideal recruit, and had come to offer his services as a Sharpshooter, a duty for which his Adirondack training admirably fitted him. In all else

unchanged excepting that he faltered somewhat in his Ruskinian faith, giving as a reason that he had too long been the lone trumpeter for a lost cause — that the consensus of artistic opinion veered away from the autocratic arrogance of any man's *ipse dixit*; and in short we found that an ecstatic convert, a zealous acolyte, by no means promised a willing martyr, in his case. Mr. Bryant had adopted a similar attitude when he deserted the Democratic party, alleging that it was the party that had changed, not he.

Discouraged at failing to be assigned service among the Sharpshooters, Mr. Stillman tried to find patriotic occupation for his too versatile powers, but eventually the good President thought he could find better use for our friend as a non-combatant, in helping to eliminate the Goth and Vandal abroad, and in warring on the Philistine: so he appointed him consul to Civita Vecchia, the ancient port of Rome.

Stillman went to his new duties sadly and reluctantly — not that he was enamored of war, but he felt that in the present crisis every able-bodied young man had a mission, and that his training in the forests admirably fitted him for any martyrdom of steel and lead that might befall him. I heard of him from time to time as doing yeoman service for his struggling country, but eventually the dark red tidal wave engulfed all save very near and immediate interests and peoples.

Many years had passed, in which, although I heard of my friend, I never actually met him, seeming to miss the opportunity, frequently, by the merest accident. Finding myself in Rome during the springtime of 1896, I resolved to look up Stillman, who was at that date living in Rome as correspondent for the London Times. He was occupying a modest apartment in the newer part of Rome, a position readily accessible, as becomes the abode of a journalist. Received by his beautiful wife with a

cordiality that seemed to bridge a lifetime of absence, — for I had not seen her husband since his marriage, and now the children were grown, — I was ushered into the sickroom, where I found my old friend convalescing from an attack of pneumonia. Not much changed; the thin, high-strung face had left but little space for wrinkles, while the bushy consistency of his hair rather concealed the gradual lapses from blond to gray. The rapid, nervous utterance was softened somewhat, either from ripening years or, more probably, because attuned to the now familiar sweet “bastard Latin” within whose spell he dwelt. He was fondling a small gray or brown squirrel from the Schwarzwald, while the darkened apartment not only shut out the glare of the Roman summer light, but imparted a domestic penumbra to the scene.

It was easy to note that Stillman's was the love for Italy that comes to all who sojourn long beneath her skies. “Yes,” he said, “I suppose that I know more about Italian politics than any one else who speaks the English language; at least, so say my friends. And yet, my successor is in training, under my direction, for my place as correspondent of the London Times. I am now sixty-eight, and must retire soon. Pity I could not have stayed in America. Why, I was once on the staff of what is now the Century. To leave that opportunity was one of my mistakes.”

I ventured here to hint the remark of D'Israeli, uttered in the prime of his glory: “Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, and age a regret, — no matter how well timed it all may have been, still a regret.”

“Perhaps so,” Stillman replied. “And now I'm trying to bring up my boy in the same reverence for truth that has grown with my growth and sustained me in so many lands. Ah! the waste of time spent in lying; the misuse of fac-

ulties employed to exaggerate, to make the worse appear the better reason, turning history into a fairy tale, and theology into special pleading.”

I asked about his plans and purposes for the future.

“No, I'll return to America only as a visitor. After all, I'm only an emeritus Yankee, I'm afraid; or, to speak more accurately, my patriotism reaches back beyond the stirring times of Valley Forge or the Boston tea party, to include Hampden and Cromwell as well as Washington; so probably England will be my home after I shall have been retired and made my bow to the London Times and its readers. In fact, the older I grow, the more inclined I feel to recognize London as the capital of the Anglo-Saxon world, of our greater America as of Greater Britain. Our country is old enough to need no witnessing of rampant boastfulness, and is grown enough to feel proud of her ancestry. Ever since a New York board of aldermen voted to open the Brooklyn Bridge on the birthday of England's Queen, I have felt that deep down in our bosoms we are still colonists of Great Britain, not in aims nor politics, but in the best interpretation of the word.”

The sweet face of Mrs. Stillman now appeared, and a tender shade of solicitude upon it gave warning, without word or gesture, that invalids must have rest. So I took my leave, and as the lady was conducting me to the outer air with the gentle courtesy of a privileged old friend, I found myself repeating sadly the favorite apothegm of Stillman the unresting, uttered on the steamer Vanderbilt to an accompaniment of hurrying machinery: “My respect for a man is in inverse ratio to the space between his promise and his performance.” A sentiment unconsciously condensed by one of his old Adirondack friends, a guide: “He done his level best.”